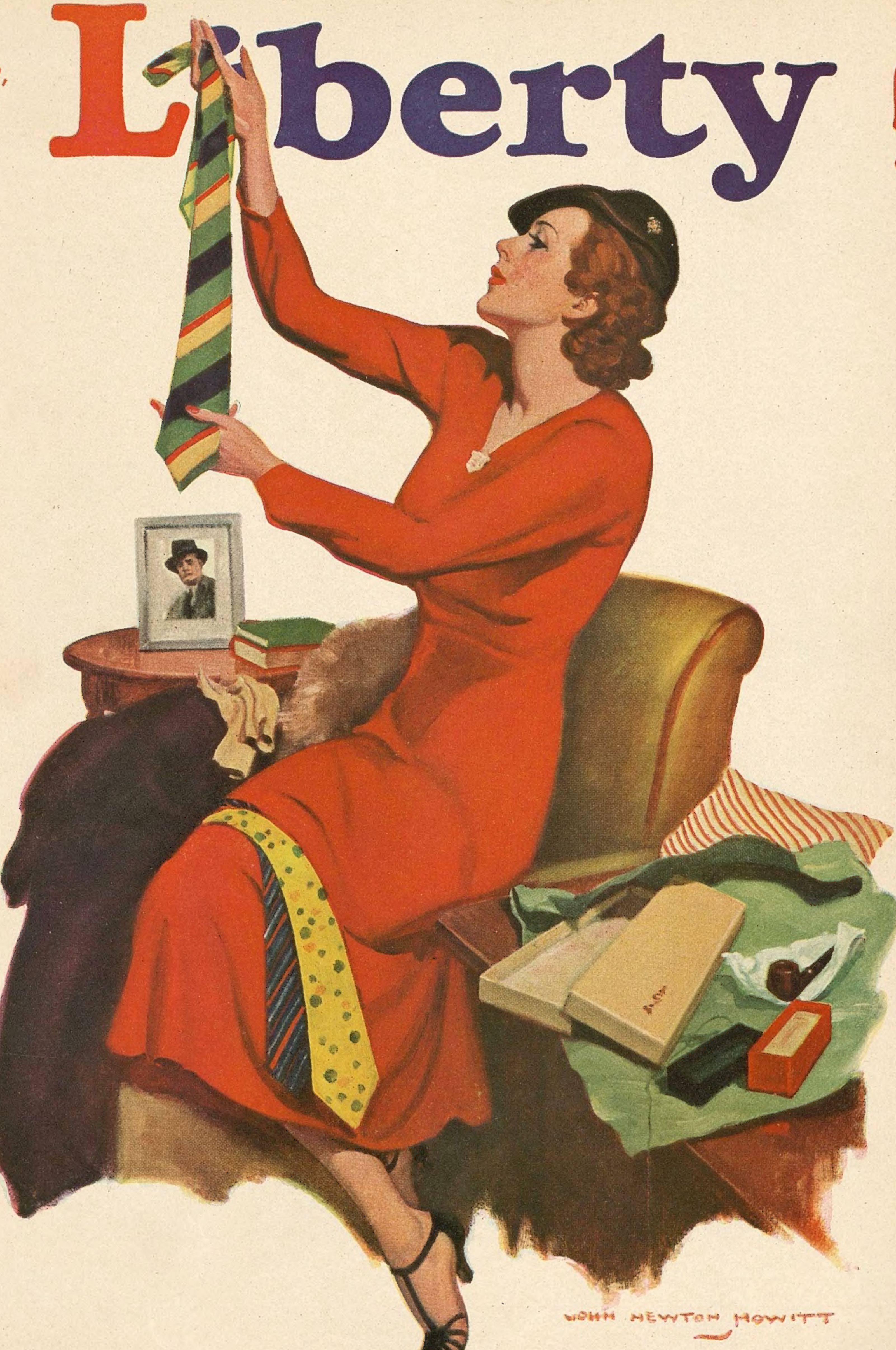
RAH RAH, RUSSIA! EXPOSING THE COMMUNIST COLLEGE IN AMERICA WITH COED DORMITORIES AND NUDE BATHING PARTIES

Liberty

DEC. 19,
1936

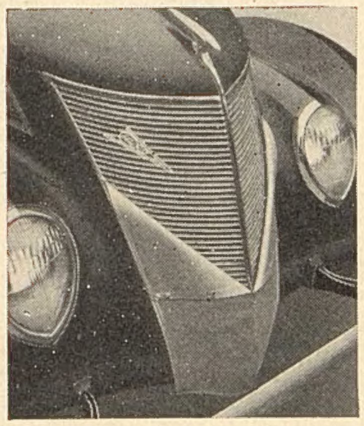
5¢

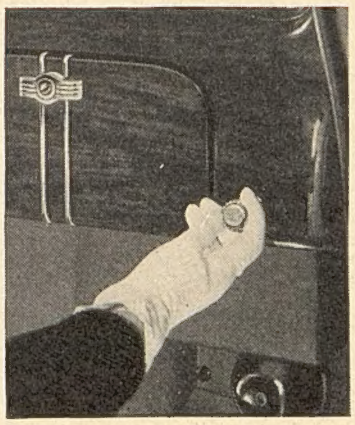


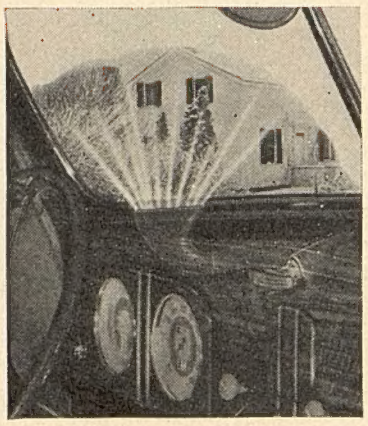
IF KING EDWARD SHOULD MARRY AN AMERICAN by Frederick L. Collins

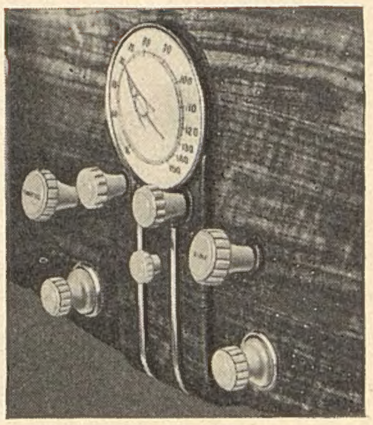
THESE PRESENTS ARE GREAT FOR YOUR FORD V·8

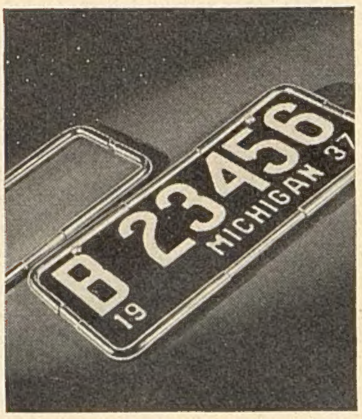
When Santa Claus calls up to say,
"What do you want for Christmas, eh?"
If we were you we'd hasten to state,
"Some of these gifts for our Ford V·8"


RADIATOR SHIELD

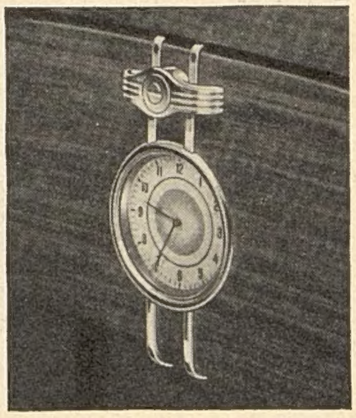

GENUINE FORD HEATER


WINDSHIELD DEFROSTER


GENUINE FORD RADIO

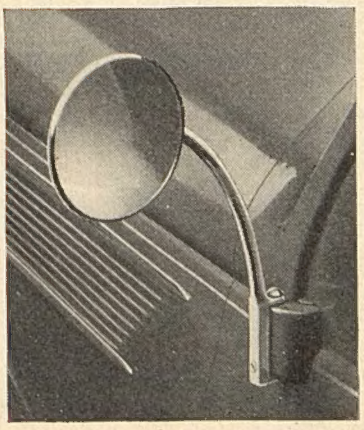


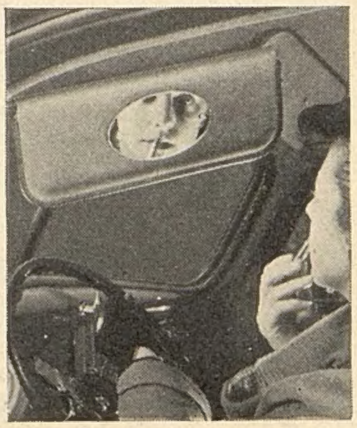
LICENSE PLATE FRAMES

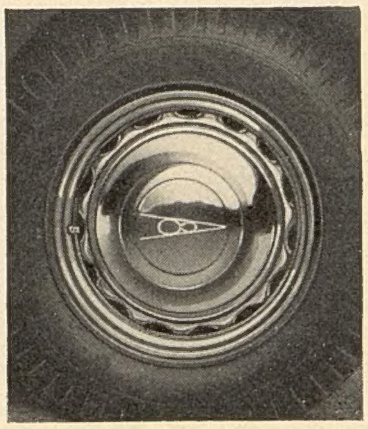

ELECTRIC CLOCK

ELECTRIC AIR HORNS

WINDSHIELD WINGS


SIDE MIRROR


VISOR VANITY MIRROR


HUB AND SPOKE COVERS

SPOT LIGHT

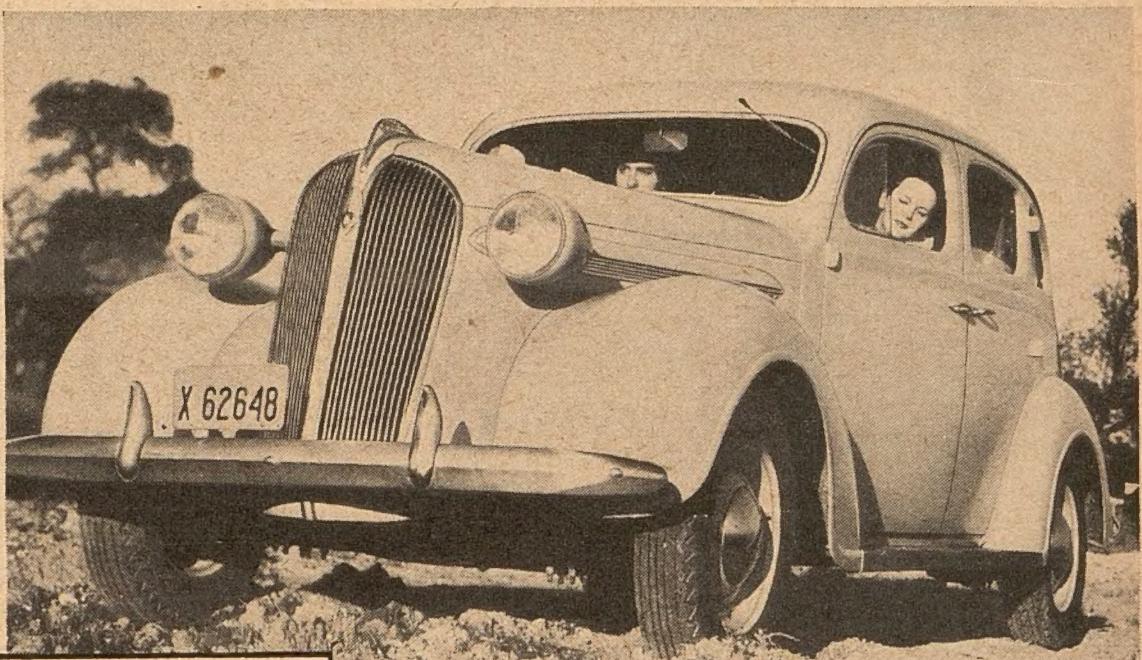
These and many other useful gifts at attractive prices. See any Ford dealer.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY · DEARBORN, MICHIGAN

Five Kinds of Insulation

GIVE YOU A NEW "HUSHED RIDE"

NOW THE WHOLE BODY PILLOWED ON RUBBER—with New Airplane-type Shock-Absorbers—Five Kinds of Insulation against NOISE—Plymouth again Startles the Low-Price Field with a New Kind of Ride—Largest, widest Plymouth ever built—it gives you most for your money!



New 1937 Plymouth De Luxe 4-door Sedan, $670 list*.

BIGGEST VALUE IN PLYMOUTH HISTORY

THINK of a car whose body is PILLOWED ON RUBBER...with giant aero-hydraulic shock-absorbers to soak up bumps.

You can hear a watch tick, it's so quiet... scientifically SOUND-PROOFED.

A BIG CAR your finger-tip can steer...no "wandering" or "straying."

SAFETY INTERIOR... All-Steel Body... Double-Action Hydraulic Brakes... FLOATING POWER engine mountings... New Hypoid rear axle—formerly used only in costly cars!

THAT'S ONLY *PART* of this new Plymouth's story. Get it *all!* See your Chrysler, De Soto or Dodge dealer. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION.

MORE ROOM!—Front seats are 3" wider... 2½" more in rear. More leg and head room. Seats are "chair-height" with low floors... and no "hump" in rear compartment.

EASY TO BUY

This beautiful 1937 Plymouth is priced right down with the lowest. The Commercial Credit Company has made available terms as low as $25 a month.

$510

And up; *all prices list at Factory, Detroit. Special Equipment Extra.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

PLYMOUTH

The Best Buy of All Three!

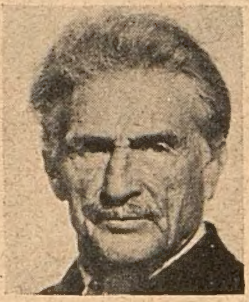
DECEMBER 19, 1936 **Liberty** VOL. 13, NO. 51

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WALLACE H. CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

What Do the Workers Really Want?



BERNARR MACFADDEN

THE workers certainly want to retain the high standard of living they have reached by slow stages during recent years.

The English workmen most nearly approximate the American standard. The Italian and German workers undoubtedly come next, with Russia and Japan trailing along behind.

It is the American governmental system that has brought the workers the luxuries which they now enjoy. America's capitalistic democracy has given us nearly half the riches of the world, and there is no other country in which riches are so well divided as they are right here.

To be sure, we doubtless have more people on relief at the present time than the combined nations of the world, but appropriate encouragement to business from Washington will undoubtedly help to absorb those who are not chronic idlers. And if agriculture can be freed from the restrictions of recent years, several additional million persons should be supported from this source.

But the workers of this country should make up their minds as to just what governmental system they favor.

Naturally they want a larger share of the profits of business, and the general demand for a more considerate treatment of workers will undoubtedly bring about this result without governmental compulsion.

We have had recent evidence of this from many sources.

Several of our great corporations have announced wage increases. Therefore the question for the workers to ask themselves is whether they want to continue the freedom allowed American business in recent years, or whether they want to adopt some of the restrictions found in Italy, Germany, and Russia.

In Italy, under Fascism, employers and employees are told by governmental officials what wages should be, how many hours to work, and are definitely instructed in detail as to the nature of the privileges allowed.

Italy has made marvelous strides in recent years, but such a system here would stifle business initiative and would greatly restrict the development of American business.

We must acknowledge that our governmental system has given us the world's highest standard of living. Why trade it for the Italian, German, Russian, or even the English system? We do not need a Mussolini or a Hitler or a Stalin in this country.

To be sure, in England there are few, if any, restrictions on business, but the wealth in that country has not been divided among the people to the extent it has here. As a consequence we have a much better standard of living.

The recent election indicated that we want a change from our old system, and the workers have a perfect right to demand action; but great care must be used in changing our present system to avoid the possibility of joining the throng of poorly paid workers that we find in other countries of the world.

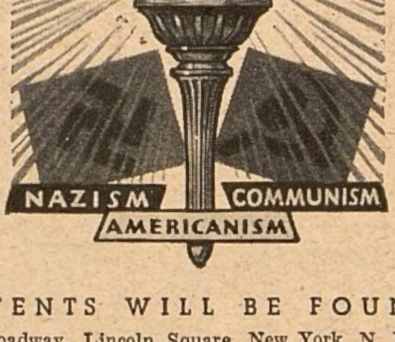
President Roosevelt stated on one occasion that experience is the best teacher. The lessons thus learned are dependable. We are not guessing when we know from an actual test that certain results can be assured.

Therefore let's hold on to all the good things that we have secured from the American system.

Business can surely be made to make a proper division of its profits without being restricted and hamstrung by regulations that discourage the development of the interest and enthusiasm that has built our great business organizations in the past.

We should give the workers everything they want to the full amount that business will warrant. But you cannot take blood out of a stone, and you cannot divide profits from a business when it is being conducted at a loss.

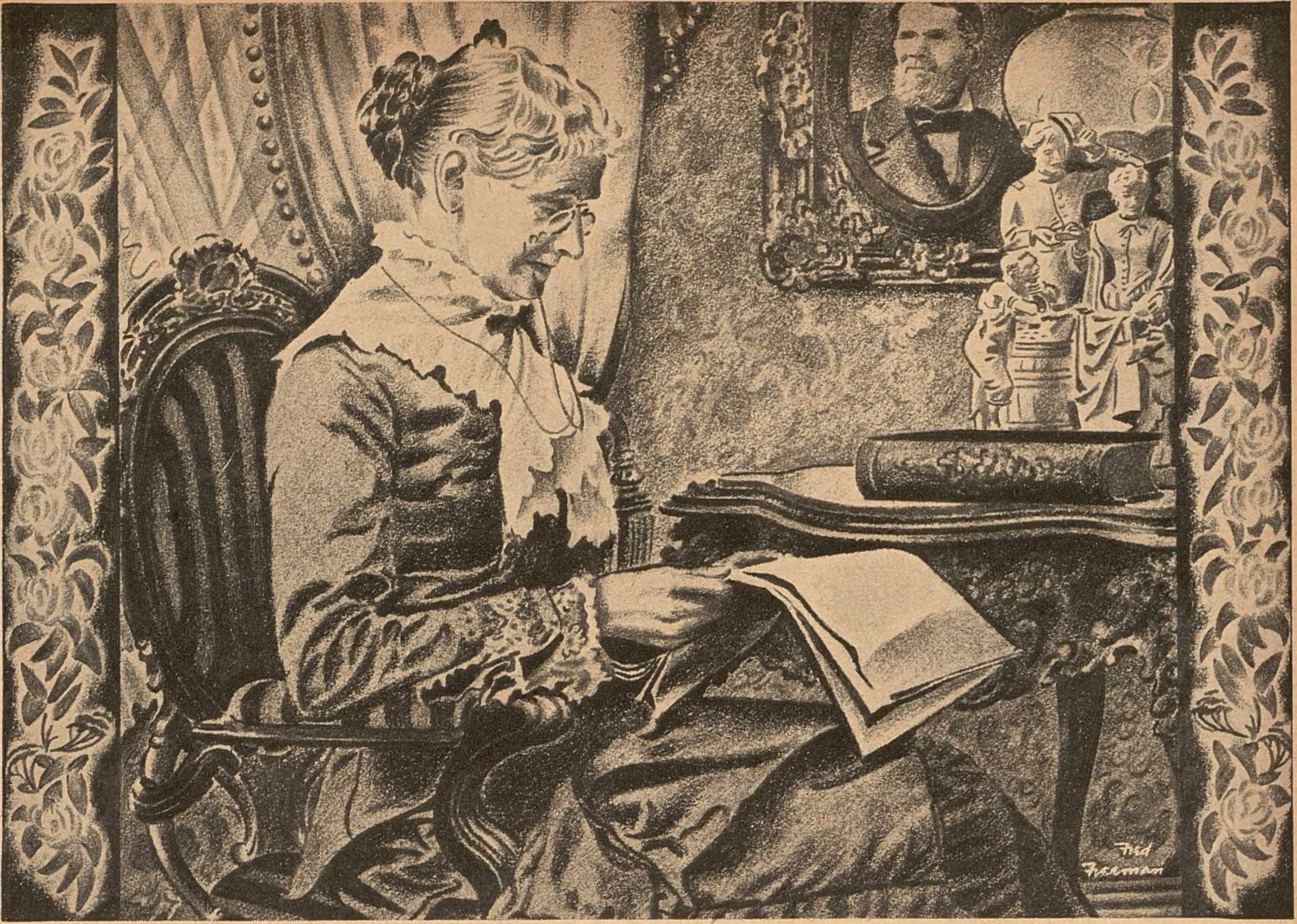
And in the changes that are now being considered, care should be taken to avoid losing the many privileges and luxuries that have now become necessities in the homes of the workers.



Bernarr Macfadden

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 66

Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 1926 Broadway, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1936, by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. All rights reserved. In the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5¢ a copy, $2.00 a year. In U. S. territories, possessions, also Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, $3.00 a year. In all other countries, $4.00 a year. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by first-class postage), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.



SHE SHOWED WOMEN HOW TO GO "*Smiling Through*"

We all know Lydia Estes Pinkham and her famous Vegetable Compound.

But few realize the courage it required to offer its benefits to womankind.

For those were the days when women were not the equal of men. When many thought that the use of ether was sinful. When the idea of relieving the suffering of women was dismissed with the statement: "Women were meant to suffer."

It took real fortitude to defy this tradition.

But Lydia Pinkham knew the effectiveness of her compound. For more than ten years she had been giving it away free to all who needed it. For ten years she had seen women come to her door, women harassed with the ordeals of their sex and pleading for relief. First her own neighbors; then women from all sections of her home town; finally travelers from the neighboring cities all around.

So she began to sell her preparation in order that she might have the money to advertise its virtues to *all* women.

What a furore that created! To talk in public print about the ordeals that women face! It was unthinkable! No wonder they sang songs about her compound! But then, the pioneer is always ridiculed.

Lydia Pinkham, however, would not be discouraged. Slowly her efforts bore fruit. More and more, women began to tell others how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was proving helpful, how it enabled them to go smiling through the ordeals of their sex.

Today the compound is in use wherever humans dwell. Increasing millions are using it gratefully—young girls crossing the threshold to womanhood, wives preparing for motherhood, women approaching "middle age." And Lydia E. Pinkham's genuine greatness is finally being recognized.

Lydia Pinkham was a pioneer. She held to her vision and battled to make her dream come true. Her work is being carried on in a great laboratory occupying six modern buildings. But the real monument to her memory consists of the millions of letters written to her by women in every walk of life—women who had found relief from pain—letters of gratitude to one who had had the courage to deny that "women were meant to suffer."

For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts* which must be endured, especially during

The Three Ordeals of Woman

1. *Passing from girlhood into womanhood.*
2. *Preparing for Motherhood.*
3. *Approaching "Middle Age."*

*functional disorders

One woman tells another how to go "Smiling Through" with

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

RAH, RAH, RUSSIA!

The Facts About America's Amazing Communist College . . . Coed Dormitories, Nude Bathing Parties, and (Believe It or Not) Funds from the U. S. Government!

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

WHAT did your boys learn at college this fall? What ideas are your girls bringing home this Christmas?

A group of fathers and mothers in Arkansas, alarmed by tendencies they observed, began to ask these questions in a big way, and with the help of a legislative investigating committee they got some big answers.

The institution under scrutiny was Commonwealth College, at Mena, Arkansas. The first witness was Lucien Koch, then president and director of the college, now holder of an important government post in Washington.

Being duly sworn, Dr. Koch was asked:

"Do you believe in the Bible?"

"I am not sufficiently acquainted with the Bible," he replied, "to state whether or not I believe in it."

"Do you believe in God?"

"No."

"Dr. Koch, have you ever voted?"

"I have not."

"Do you feel that you owe allegiance to this government where you live?"

The witness sidestepped the question with a statement of his beliefs anent freedom of speech.

"Can you answer my question, yes or no?"

"No. It would be unfair to your question for me to answer it so abruptly."

"Do you have a higher regard for other governments than you have for the American government?"

"I believe that the government of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics [Soviet Russia] is in many ways superior to the American government."

"Do you believe in that to such an extent that you would attempt to overthrow the American form of government to arrive at that principle? Will you answer my question, yes or no?"

"To do that would be unfair to your question."

Throughout his testimony Dr. Koch's tenderness for the feelings of the committee continued to prevent his answering questions anent his loyalty to his country's government.

"Do you respect the American flag?"

Here, at least, was one that the president of an American college and the future officeholder in an American administration might answer in the affirmative without fear of hurting anybody's feelings. What Dr. Koch said was:

"I refuse to answer without advice of counsel."

After admitting that he had gone to jail for four days as the result of his activities in the planter-tenant situation in Poinsett County, and identifying an issue of the official publication of the college, which announced the formation "without a dissenting vote" of "an all-inclusive united front . . . to build revolutionary student and teacher organizations in the colleges of the state," Dr. Koch was allowed to step down from the stand. He was succeeded by Charlotte Moskowitz,

Commonwealth College students giving ear to Lucien Koch (with hand to head) in his time as president and director.

by NOLEN BULLOCH

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PICTURES, INC.

"I believe that the Soviet government is superior to the American."—Dr. Koch.

secretary, treasurer, and member of the faculty of Commonwealth College, who was even more truculent than her superior in stating her views on both church and state.

"Do you believe in a Supreme Being?" she was asked.

"What do you mean by a Supreme Being?" was the reply.

"God."

"What do you mean by God?"

"As referred to in the Bible."

"I am sure I have never read the Bible. . . . My religion is my own code of conduct," she explained.

"You know what the common definition of God is?"

"No."

"Do you respect that flag up there?" the spokesman asked suddenly, pointing to the Stars and Stripes.

"I do not respect any symbol."

"What do you think the flag is for?"

"I don't know," she said.

After questioning other teachers, the committee switched from religion and politics to sex.

T. J. Thomas, a citizen who lived on the college property and who rented his land from Dr. Koch, was asked:

"Have you seen men and women at Commonwealth College in bathing together without clothes on?"

"Sure!" he answered.

"When?"

"Last summer. Down on Mill Creek in the swimming hole."

"How many?"

"Six, eight, or ten, a creekful of them."

"Does that occur often?"

"Oh, yes, pretty often," he allowed.

"Did you see any other indecent things in the swimming hole—that is, any actions on their part?"

"No. In the swimming pool they were just swimming."

"Any other place?"

"Well, yes; in the woods."

"Naked?"

"Just the same as naked."

"What were they doing?"

"You can guess the balance of it."

The committee's spokesman was not satisfied to guess. At his insistence Mr. Thomas was more explicit.

"Do you know who they were?"

"I know the girl. She was at the school last summer. She was just fifteen years old, going on sixteen."

"Was the man a student at the college?"

"Yes."

"Do you know of any other indecent incidents at this college?" the committee's counsel asked.

"Yes, sir," replied Thomas.

"Were the parties students in this college?"

"Yes; I guess I passed as near as five or six feet and could have kicked them if I had wanted to."

"Did they see you?"

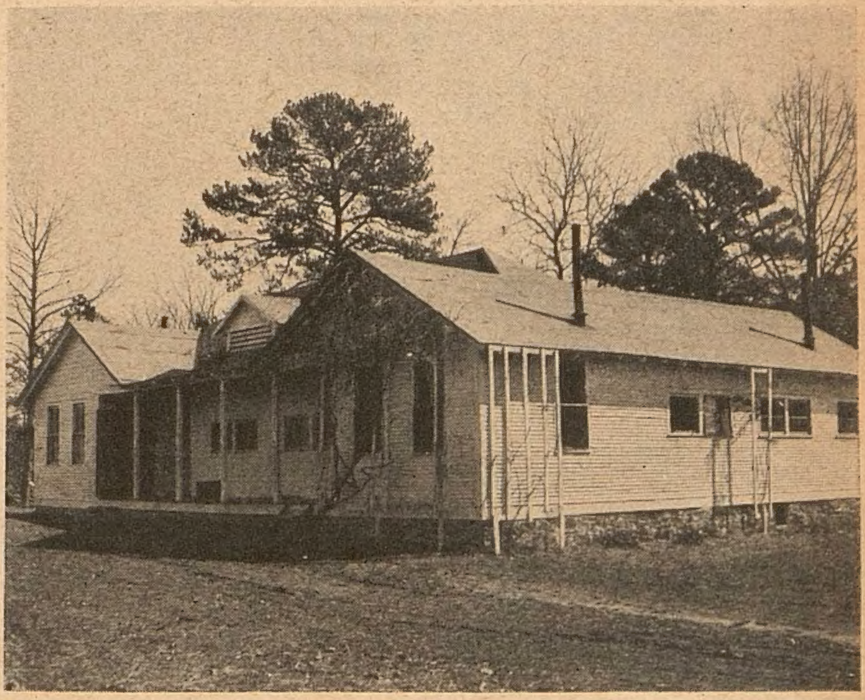
"Yes, and they didn't pay me any mind!"

Mr. Thomas then told of a play he had attended at the college in which Dr. Koch had a principal part.

"I saw him one night in a play at the college," he said, "divorcing and marrying them as they do in Russia."

"Was it shown in the play how they married in Russia and divorced in Russia?"

"Yes, sir. The girl spoke up and said, 'I want a divorce.' Lucien said, 'Why?' She said, 'He doesn't suit me.' Lucien then gave them a divorce," said Mr. Thomas.



Sensational testimony has pointed toward the Commonwealth dormitories. This is one of them.

"He was not actually giving the couple a divorce?"

"No; that was in the play. The girl went out and later came back with another man and said, 'We want to get married.'

"Lucien said, 'All right. Do you think this man will suit you?' And she says, 'Yes; we have been living together for a month and we think we suit each other.'"

"Now, after this marriage, was there anything said about this being the proper manner in which to be married?"

"All that was said was by Lucien Koch, who remarked: 'That is the way we do business in Russia, and we believe in it.'"

L. E. Shepard, a forty-eight-year-old Arkansan whose property adjoins that of Commonwealth College, also told of seeing mixed nude bathing and illegal cohabitation at the institution and "indecent conduct right before myself and others."

The star witness as to sex conditions at the college was, as it turned out, D. S. Tankersley of Mena, who, in his capacity of deputy sheriff, had been active in helping two fathers, one from Illinois and one from Louisiana, to recover daughters who had been lured to Commonwealth by two male students.

"So I goes out to the college," he began, "and I states to Mr. Benton [one of the founders] that I wanted to see these young fellows; and he goes out of his office and around to a bedroom and turns the light on, and pointed the two young fellows out to me. Them and their gals. They didn't have any beds, but had pallets. There were four rows of pallets, and they were paired off on the same pallet clear across the room."

"How many were in the room?" asked a committeeman.

"About twenty-five or thirty couples of them."

"How were they dressed?"

"Dressed in their nightclothes, the four I got out of bed were."

"Now, do you mean to testify that you went out to the college and found twenty or more pairs of men and women sleeping together in one room on pallets?"

"Yes," said the sheriff. "And if you will go out to the college Sunday afternoon or any nice warm afternoon, you will see them on all of them hills just lying around like they were on them pallets."

Then, like Messrs. Thomas and Shepard, Sheriff Tankersley went into details.

THE committee was naturally curious as to the effect of Commonwealth's anti-American and antimoral practices and beliefs on the normal, conventionally brought up students within its gates. Mrs. Irene O'Roark, a twenty-eight-year-old woman from Marked Tree, Arkansas, who had had two brothers exposed to these conditions, enlightened them on this point. At the high-school stage Marion Noble had been, so his sister said, "just an ordinary mild-tempered boy." He was a member of the Methodist Church. Then he went to Commonwealth College. When he came home at Christmas time, he was changed.

"Did you talk with him as to his beliefs on Communism and Socialism?"

"Yes. That was all he talked about."

"Did he say he was a Communist?"

"Yes."

"Did you discuss with him his religious beliefs?"

"Oh, yes. He is an atheist now. Doesn't believe in anything, he says."

"What is his belief as to free love?"

"He does not believe in marriage at all."

"Does he believe Russia is a better government than the United States?"

"Oh, yes; it is the only thing that will save America, so he says."

Mrs. O'Roark then told of her brother's relations with a female student at Commonwealth College, whom he brought to his sister's home. At first he said they were married, then owned up that they were not.

"Mrs. O'Roark," continued the questioner, "you have a younger brother, haven't you?"

"Yes."

How old was he now? She said, "Fourteen, I believe."

"Did he visit Commonwealth College last year?"

"Yes."

"Did your younger brother express any astonishment after returning from the college about conditions?"

"Yes. He told of the boys and girls living together, and about the bathing parties of the men and women, and he said that at first he never thought he would get used to it, but he finally got educated to it."

"Did he know any of the Soviet songs?"

"Yes. They sing songs about the Soviet Union at Commonwealth, and he would sing these songs 'until the world looked level.'"

"What did he say about the Red flag?"

"That it was the only flag, and that it was the only thing that would save the world."

IMAGINE the surprise of the Joint Legislative Committee when Minor Pipkin, an outstanding attorney of Mena, president of the Chamber of Commerce and head of the County Welfare Board, testified that the college was supported in part by funds supplied by the very government it was said to be planning to overthrow!

Nobody had to take Mr. Pipkin's word for it. He had the proof on government stationery:

FEDERAL EMERGENCY RELIEF ADMINISTRATION
WASHINGTON, D. C.

October 24, 1934.

Mr. W. R. Dyess,
State Relief Administration,
Little Rock, Arkansas.

Dear Mr. Dyess:

Mr. Lucien Koch, president of Commonwealth College, at Mena, Ark., has been here in the office presenting the claim of his institution as a special case for participation in the college student aid program. After consideration of the facts involved, Mr. Aubrey Williams agreed to approve this institution for participating in the program under the same condition as set forth in Mr. Hopkins' [Harry Hopkins] letter of July 3rd, namely, that it will be entitled to an allotment of funds basis of 12 per cent of the full time enrollment as of October 15, 1934.

Mr. Koch will have an official affidavit executed by the acting director of the college and mailed to you at an early date. Upon receipt of the affidavit you are hereby authorized by Mr. Williams to make an allotment of funds available to the institution effective the first of November. After approval by you and the state superintendent of education, the affidavit should be sent in here for our file. I am sending a copy of this letter to Superintendent Phipps so that he will have a clear understanding of the situation.

Very sincerely yours,
(*S*) C. F. KLINEFELTER,
Asst. Director,
Educational Division.

Although the affidavit required for this authorization was never signed by Dyess, nor approved by him; and W. E. Phipps, state commissioner of education, refused to approve the application and declared that he never received a letter referring to authorization of the grant of money, the federal funds began rolling in, beginning November 1, 1934.

It wasn't until this legislative investigation in March, 1935, that the citizens of Arkansas discovered what was happening to them.

The state authorities were apparently unable to do anything about the alleged teaching of seditious doctrines at the college. The teachers admitted that they expounded Communistic and revolutionary principles to their students, but insisted that that fact didn't mean that they necessarily espoused those principles themselves or urged them on their charges. Plenty of lay testimony was adduced to show that they did, but it wasn't considered valid against their given word.

There is every reason to believe that Senator Joseph T. Robinson, Congressman Ben Cravens, in whose district the outrage was committed, and Congressman W. J. Driver, in whose district the college agitators had been conspicuously active, did what they could to stop this perversion of taxpayers' money.

To Senator Robinson, Governor Futrell wrote the following letter:

Dear Senator Robinson:

The undersigned gentlemen of Mena, Ark., are now in the governor's office. They are outstanding citizens, as you well know.

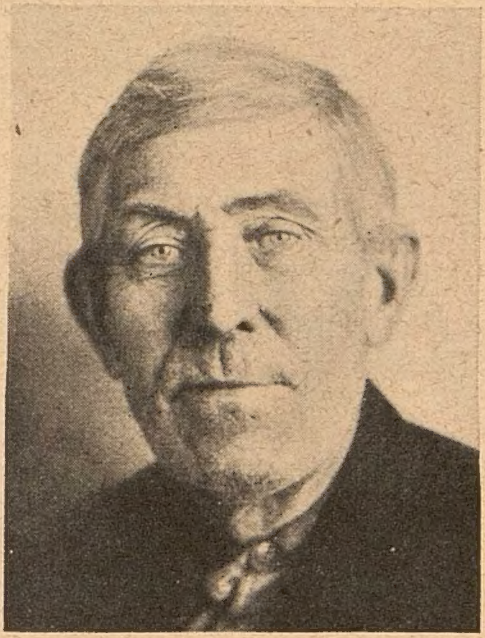
Mr. Pipkin, as spokesman, says there is no question that the Commonwealth College in that county is a Communistic institution and teaching Communism. These people are up in protest and justly so. Why should the United States be nursing a viper that will destroy it eventually if not stopped?

Therefore, federal funds should not be allocated to be used in carrying on that institution any more than the government would encourage and uphold mob violence by the United States army. It should no more do this than it would use the army to accomplish a revolution in this country.

I join these gentlemen in this protest that this institution receive no further aid from the United States.

(*Signed*) J. M. Futrell, Governor
Minor Pipkin
Henderson Jackson
A. W. Dodson
D. D. Clement
D. M. Watkins

Newspapers and periodicals on their rack in the Commonwealth College library. Below: Deputy Sheriff Tankersley, who testified as to student immorality.



Wrote Representative Driver: "It is quite embarrassing to an adherent of the administration to admit that any one connected with its policy and affairs is willing to give comfort to an institution and those in charge thereof who are directing every effort to subvert its principles and purposes." Wrote Representative Cravens: "It is no use to try to stop the funds for this year; we shall have to fight to keep the school from getting them next year."

Also interesting is the fact that, in addition to Dr. Koch, Mr. Clay Fulks, long a teacher at Commonwealth, Mr. William Cunningham, former instructor in Marxism, and Dr. William E. Zeuch, principal founder and first president of Commonwealth College, all are, or were until recently, on the government pay roll.

Fulks is editor in chief of the Arkansas Guide Book, a federal writers' project. Cunningham is director of a federal project in Oklahoma. Zeuch, until he resigned to establish another "college" on an island off the coast of North Carolina, was chief of planning of the Subsistence Division of the Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C.

MORE important is the fact that Commonwealth College, in spite of all that testimony—and much more—is still a going concern.

Aware of this fact, Liberty authorized me to go to Arkansas and enroll as a student at Commonwealth College.

I reached Mena in the middle of an afternoon. Shortly an elderly automobile drove up, and I met Henry Black of Illinois, teacher of "Social Revolution," and Marvin Sanford of California, instructor in "Propaganda in Journalism," who took me out to Commonwealth.

The school is located on the Tallihiana Highway. There were about two dozen frame buildings grouped around the campus: offices, residences, two sizable dormitories, a recreation and dining hall, a library, several classrooms, and a laundry. My companions dropped me at the recreation and dining hall. About ten young men and women were seated on the porch. One asked me who I was, and introduced me to the group. They were from New York, Chicago, Chattanooga, New Orleans, Cleveland, and Los Angeles.

A young fellow called Steve took me into the dining hall. I had just finished eating when Charlotte Moskowitz, secretary and treasurer of Commonwealth—she who had asked, "What do you mean by God?"—came in, and we walked over to the cottage of Richard Babb Whitten, a young Louisianian who had recently succeeded Dr. Lucien Koch as head of the school. Here the geniality which I had met with upon my arrival immediately disappeared.

"We know why you are here," Miss Moskowitz said. "You came to write a story about the school. You will have to leave. You can't stay."

"But what makes you think I am planning to write a story?"

"We know a lot of things," she said. "We have been looking for you. You recently wrote a letter to Chicago that you were coming to Commonwealth to gather material for a story."

I must have gasped. It was true that I had recently written, about another matter, to the managing editor of a Chicago newspaper that I was formerly connected with. I had told him he could address me at Commonwealth College, as I was planning to attend it. That letter was personal and confidential, and I told them so.

"Yes," Miss Moskowitz grinned, "it was personal and confidential. But we have a friend connected with that paper who makes it a point to obtain information." She turned to Whitten. "You are taking him over to Mena?"

Whitten nodded, and as we left the grounds I looked back toward the "college" whose instructors had admitted before a legislative committee that they did not believe in God or respect the American flag.

I had failed in my mission. I will never experience the advantages, whatever they are, of those courses in "Social Revolution" and "Propaganda in Journalism." But in my hour of defeat I had one consolation:

Thanks to the determined opposition of aroused Arkansans, Commonwealth College is no longer supported, even in part, by your money and mine!

THE END

SEWELL BOOTH

WHEN THAT DAY COMES

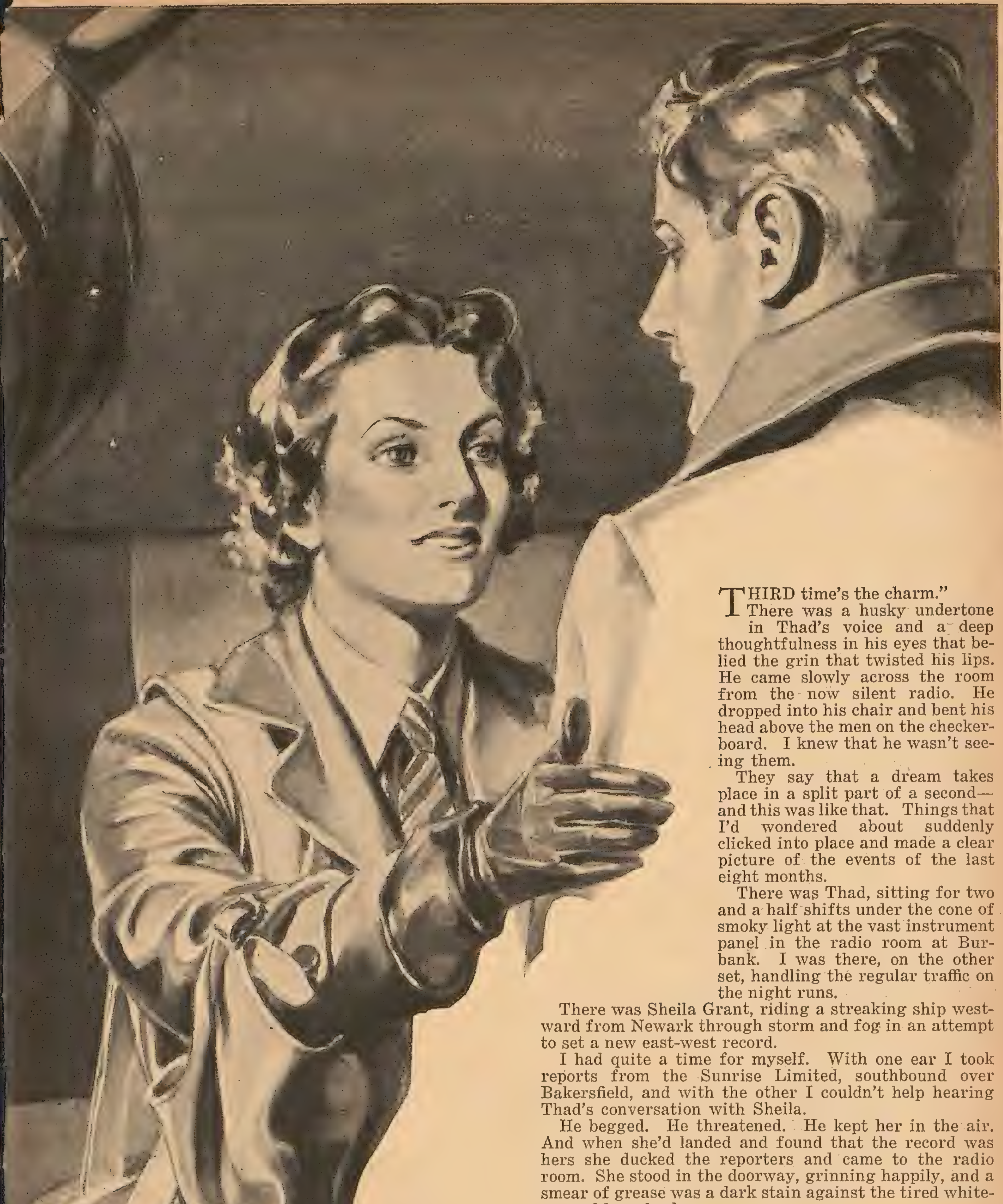
by

CHARLES C. LEAVITT

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

The Poignant, Dramatic Story of a Glamorous Girl of the Skyways and the Strange Thing that Happened to a Love that Lived Without Hope

ILLUSTRATION BY SEWELL BOOTH



Sheila jumped down. She hadn't changed. She still wore that old leather jacket.

"THIRD time's the charm."

There was a husky undertone in Thad's voice and a deep thoughtfulness in his eyes that belied the grin that twisted his lips. He came slowly across the room from the now silent radio. He dropped into his chair and bent his head above the men on the checkerboard. I knew that he wasn't seeing them.

They say that a dream takes place in a split part of a second—and this was like that. Things that I'd wondered about suddenly clicked into place and made a clear picture of the events of the last eight months.

There was Thad, sitting for two and a half shifts under the cone of smoky light at the vast instrument panel in the radio room at Burbank. I was there, on the other set, handling the regular traffic on the night runs.

There was Sheila Grant, riding a streaking ship westward from Newark through storm and fog in an attempt to set a new east-west record.

I had quite a time for myself. With one ear I took reports from the Sunrise Limited, southbound over Bakersfield, and with the other I couldn't help hearing Thad's conversation with Sheila.

He begged. He threatened. He kept her in the air. And when she'd landed and found that the record was hers she ducked the reporters and came to the radio room. She stood in the doorway, grinning happily, and a smear of grease was a dark stain against the tired whiteness of her cheek.

"Thanks, Thad," she said. "I'd never have made it if you hadn't stayed with me. I was in the soup for fair over Albuquerque last night and—"

I might have been in Halifax. I tried to keep my mind on my business, but I couldn't help knowing that she was in his arms.

Bradley, piloting the Sunrise, wanted our surface weather. I finished giving it to him in time to hear

Sheila say, "We've been good friends for a long time, Thad. Perhaps I love you."

I looked over my shoulder. I couldn't help it. Sheila was smiling up at him—a funny twisted little smile—and now her cheek wasn't the only one with grease on it.

"I'm not certain, Thad, because I don't want to love any one. I won't let myself! Not for a long time. I'm young. I want to fly. It's my life—everything—right now. Perhaps some day—"

There her voice died a dreamy death. Her eyes filled with visions. Visions of shattered records—of glory and fame and speed. There was nothing in them for Thad.

They left while I was bringing Bradley in. I watched the Sunrise roll smoothly up to the marquee. Static popped in my ears as I steered Flight Six away from a thunderstorm over Elko.

Thad Bennett and Sheila Grant. My best friend and the daughter of the man who owned the line.

There was a week, and if you saw Sheila you saw Thad, unless you were closer to her private life than I. And then Thad was telling me that the old man had promised him the chief meteorologist's job with Great Circle if he'd spend a year and a half getting practical experience at Station Four. He could have one man. He'd chosen me.

Station Four was a legend—a bugaboo. Donovan, the pilot who'd flown survey and mapping flights over the route, had said, "Station Four? Lonesome? Man, oh man! The nearest neighbor is a deaf-and-dumb hermit, and he lives two hundred miles away."

"Listen," I told Thad. "The fleshpots and I are just waiting for pay day. The man you want is Admiral Byrd."

Thad dragged me into the old man's office to look at the map. On the route over which Great Circle Airway ships would some day carry passengers and mail to the Orient a redheaded pin was stuck in the center of the most barren spot between Vancouver and Wrangell. The cabin and the emergency landing field at Station Four were under that pin.

I guess it was the redheaded pin that got me. I always was a chump where anything redheaded was concerned.

Donovan flew us in, and the first six months weren't bad. Every day I took a blank report out of my desk drawer. I put an impressive check mark through the body of it where I would have entered a summary of all radio calls if there'd been any. I signed my name, Tracy Boswell, on the bottom line where it read, "Radio Operator in Charge."

After I'd put the checked and signed report back in the drawer the first half of my day's work was done.

Thad was busier. Each hour between dawn and dusk he shot the sun and air. He recorded dew points and temperatures. He squinted at cumulus clouds and cirrus clouds or whatever clouds, if any, were apparent. At eight o'clock he wrote out his report and signed it "Thad Bennett, Meteorologist in Charge."

When I'd radioed it in to the Portland operator the other half of my day's work was finished.

I HAD about two hundred and forty reports in my desk—we'd been marooned for eight months at Station Four—when Sheila cracked the Three Flag record—Canada to Mexico—in a new, specially built racing job. From then on she really went to work.

Hardly a week went by without a radio flash telling of some new record she had established. Thad spent hours hunched over the set, and this night he'd snapped the switch to get the ten-o'clock news flashes.

Max Schmeling had defeated Joe Louis. The Coast Guard was rushing to aid a ship on the rocks in the Bahamas. The Giants had trimmed the Tigers.

I had just collected a quarter from Thad on that when the commentator's voice flowed smoothly into an announcement that brought Thad upright in his chair.

"At four fifteen this morning," the radio voice said, "diminutive Sheila Grant, queen of the women flyers, hurled her big black-and-orange monoplane into the haze that hung above the mountains to the east of Los Angeles. Unreported for eleven hours, she dropped down on Newark Airport with an astounding new west-east record to her credit. . . . Rumors of a possible romance between the daring young flyer and Carl Atcheson, son of Trans-American Air Express president J. L. Atcheson, were strengthened when it was learned that young Atcheson and his father would accompany Miss Grant on the westward flight to Burbank. Happy landings, all! That's thirty for tonight, friends."

Thad had switched off the radio. It was only when he

said, "Third time's the charm," that I realized that tonight was the third consecutive time that Carl Atcheson had been reported at B. to meet Sheila after a record-breaking flight. I thought about that, and while Thad stared with unseeing eyes at the checker men everything slipped into place to make the picture. I could see things as Thad had seen them.

A year and a half was a long time. There would be a "some day" after it had passed. What better way to spend that time than in earning a good job—taking advantage of a wonderful break?

It had been a good plan—a sound plan—except for that invariably overestimated maxim, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

That works, if you ask me, for a week-end or a week at most; but to trust to it for a year and a half was too much.

Four days later Donovan flew in on one of his bimonthly trips with the supply ship. He circled over that lonely valley where the only other visitors were an occasional high echelon of fast flying geese. He set her down easily, and before he wound up the engines again and went ramming away into the north he told Thad of Sheila's marriage to Carl Atcheson.

It was hard for me to feel sorry for Thad. I kept remembering the look in Sheila's eyes that night in the radio room. I couldn't help feeling that everything had happened for the best—but that didn't make the next four months any easier to bear.

Thad had arranged his future. His route had been as plain to see as that of the giant ships that would some day roar northward overhead.

It had all become a hopeless jumble. Nothing had any meaning. He had no heart to put in his work—no hope to carry him over the months that we had yet to go.

I kept after him—drove him; but those four months were an eternity I never want to live through again.

On a day when the chill of an early fall was in the air the voice of the Portland operator cracked in the speaker:

"Station Four. Special inspection ship leaving this field three ten P. M. today. Norlock—low-wing. Numbers N-C-four-six-one-two. Listen, Boswell. The old man's daughter is piloting this inspection run and everything's got to be just right. She'll be in after dark to spend the night, so check your field lights and floods."

I thought I heard the Portland operator chuckle; I couldn't be sure.

"Her husband's flying with her," he said. I knew he chuckled this time. "He's an inspector of airports."

I had to go out and tell Thad that Sheila and her husband were flying in. A queer resigned look slipped across his face like a mask. He shrugged his shoulders.

"That spare room will have to be worked on."

He was right. We worked until dark and Thad went out to switch on the field lights. I found him leaning against the cabin smoking a cigarette and watching the red glow of the boundary markers along the runway.

HE heard it first—the far-away whine of a speeding ship. It grew abruptly—changed to a devastating roar. Wing lights were colored pinpricks against the sky, and then the ship was a snarling streak of light and sound above the field.

It swung far out in a smooth high-banked turn. For a brief instant the ship's orange fuselage stood out in the reflected glare of the floods. Then it settled easily and rumbled up the runway toward the cabin.

I watched Thad light a cigarette. His hands were trembling. But when the ship stopped rolling he stepped forward and said calmly, "Hello, Sheila. Glad to see you." He might have been talking to Donovan, his voice was so casual. I could have led a cheer for him.

Sheila stood up in the cockpit. She said, "Hello, Thad. Hi, Trace," and jumped down. She hadn't changed. She still wore that old leather jacket—that famous jacket without which she would not fly. Her curly close-cropped hair was still tousled as though by a million miles of wind. I found myself looking for a smear of grease across her cheek.

The front-cockpit cover slipped back, and Carl Atcheson rose unsteadily to his feet. He stared with obvious distaste at our unpainted cabin by the runway.

"You've heard me speak of Thad Bennett and Tracy Boswell, Carl. My husband." She waved her hand toward him, and he said, "Why wasn't our schedule arranged so we'd have decent places to stop?"

"You're an inspector of airports," Sheila said coldly. "You're supposed to take 'em as they come."

"I could have inspected this place while we flew over it

in the dark," Carl insisted, and I felt myself getting hot under the collar.

"It's not bad after you get used to it," Thad said. "It's the process of acclimatization that's tough." Carl seemed to notice him for the first time. High in the cockpit he fumbled in his pocket, and keys jangled against the metal of the wing as he dropped them.

"The luggage," he said, "is in the rear compartment."

Thad held himself tightly. A vein in his neck stood out, throbbing, for a moment, and then he stooped and picked up the keys.

Sheila was turning slowly, following with her eyes the rugged outline of the dark peaks that rimmed the valley.

"*I* think it's lovely, Thad," she said. She was apologizing for her husband. She was telling Thad that it didn't pay to listen to him—that he was always like that.

Sheila had changed. I could see that now. A year ago her hands would have fluttered affectedly. She would have smiled at Carl, a sweet, slightly deprecating smile. She would have gushed, "Oh, Thad, isn't Carl a scream? He simply slays me! Don't let the old dear bother you."

I would have gnashed my teeth while she took Carl's arm and laughingly drew him out of sight to give him the tongue-lashing he so well deserved.

But now, calmly and coolly, she passed a situation that might have been embarrassing. "*I* think it's lovely, Thad."

I watched Carl standing in the cockpit, tall and blond and sullen. He sagged as though a constant cargo of liquor had burned away some vital timber that had once supported him. I thought how strange it was that the misery and unhappiness that he must have brought to her life had wrought in her this transformation.

Once again, as on that morning in the Burbank radio room, Thad and Sheila were alone together in a little world of their own. It was a world where a host of unexplained, incomprehensible things made a yawning chasm between them— a world which offered no future; but they lived in it for that moment and asked nothing more.

Blindly, it seemed to me, Thad accepted Sheila. I knew then that he always would—that no matter what happened to affect their lives, he would wait somewhere, at the edge of some field, for her to come flying in.

It was pleasant that night to have quiet talk and laughter echoing through that cabin that had known so many lonely hours. Out of the crowded grab bag of the past Thad and Sheila and I drew a thousand reminiscences over which to chuckle.

Carl was a sullen figure slumped in a chair, staring with bloodshot eyes at the fire that danced in the tiny window of the stove. Now and again I tried to draw him into the conversation, and was promptly rebuffed by the gruff ungraciousness of his answers. We came to ignore him, and it was better that way.

IT was late when Carl rose from his chair and, listing badly to starboard, made the last of his periodic jaunts into the adjoining room. Sheila followed him with her eyes, and when the door had closed behind him we could hear him banging the luggage around.

Sheila stood up and her hand went out to rest lightly on Thad's shoulder.

"Thad," she said—and once more I had the feeling that I might have been in Halifax—"I want you to know. Dad, with his dream of this line to fly to the Orient, jumped the starter's flag. He got in too deep at the beginning. Carl's father was going to take over the line." Her voice broke and she tossed her head impatiently. She put out her hand in a strangely expressive gesture toward the door through which Carl had disappeared.

I saw her chin quiver. I saw the white flash of her teeth as she caught her lower lip. She said, "Good night," and left the room without a backward glance.

We heard the murmur of her voice as she spoke to Carl, and his muttered reply. Her voice was suddenly higher and coldly level, and it reached us clearly through the cabin's thin wall:

"You've got to realize, Carl, that we're flying over bad country. I hate to think of the result if we should be forced down while you're in the shape you'll be in tomorrow. You've got to stop drinking. That last bottle is going out."

I had time for a silent cheer before Carl's answer came filtering through the wall.

"Don't touch that bottle!" His voice was heavy with menace, and Thad half turned in his chair. There was a bright alertness in his eyes.

There was movement in that other room. The quick sharp sounds of a scuffle—a blow—and Sheila's startled gasp.

In one long, smooth motion Thad was at the door.

"Sheila," he called sharply, "are you all right?"

She came out, a tiny figure in pajamas, with a bright robe thrown across her shoulders. A great red welt was swelling on her cheek and an ice-cold light flamed deep in her eyes.

Thad lifted her in his arms and carried her to a chair by the stove. He put her down; and as he straightened, the door behind him slammed. He whirled, rage flaming in his eyes. Sheila caught his arm.

"Don't, Thad. Tracy, don't!" I looked at Thad. If Sheila's hand on his arm had been a taut steel chain it could have held him no more tightly while Carl, precious bottle in hand, weaved a precarious way across the room and went out into the night.

MOVING silently then, Thad brought cold water and gently bathed Sheila's swelling cheek. Once, as though some part of the swirling thoughts that filled his mind had reached her, Sheila raised her hand to touch his lightly as he held the cooling cloth against her face; and at that he found his voice.

"Sheila," he said, "you're not—you can't be going on now."

"I couldn't, Thad. Not now. We'll be starting back first thing in the morning."

Every feeling he'd ever had for her—every hope he'd held for the future—welled up inside him and overflowed in a torrent of words:

"I don't mean that—the trip. It's your marriage. It can't go on, Sheila. It's killing you. I can't let it go on." He paused, appalled by the tears that crept from under her eyelids and glistened on her cheeks. "You see how it is with me," he said, "in spite of everything."

She saw, but she couldn't bear to have him put it into words. Slowly her fingertips crept up to seal his lips.

"I know, my dear." She took his face between her shaking hands. "Oh, Thad, darling, why must it be like this?" She broke down then. Her head fell forward on her arms and dry racking sobs shook her slender body.

Thad moved restlessly about the room, bringing a blanket to cover her, turning the lamp so her face was in shadow—finding, in doing things for her, a little relief from the torture of his thoughts.

She called softly and he went to her. She fumbled for his hand. Her eyes, troubled and dark against the white stillness of her face, met his.

"I'm being very foolish, Thad, but for months I've thought of the day when we would meet again. I've hoped that it might be a happy day; and when it turned out like this—" Her hand moved in a faint inclusive gesture, and when she said, "You've got to be my friend, Thad," something that was almost terror was threaded through the words.

Then, without even looking at me, she said, "Trace, will you get Carl inside? He'll be no trouble now."

I found Carl sitting on the ship's left wheel, elbows down on widespread knees, head and hands hanging limply. Sheila had been right. He was no trouble.

As I half carried him into the house he mumbled something about the last bottle being safe now, and I noticed a crafty look of triumph on his face. . . .

The whirling propeller dissolved in a blur of speed and flung streamers of mist across the runway. The engine was warm. The ship waddled out and turned for the take-off. Thad stood on a wing and leaned close to Sheila.

"Sure it's O. K.?" he shouted. We had argued and pleaded with Sheila, trying to convince her that it was insane to make the flight back to Portland with Carl out like a light in the front cockpit.

She nodded, and Thad leaned closer to hear her words:

"He won't come around till noon. If he does I'll sit down at Vancouver to let him sober up. Don't worry, Thad, and thanks, both of you."

Thad kissed the tip of his finger and touched it to her lips. She smiled wanly as he stepped from the wing. The ship gathered speed and took to the air.

It disappeared in the mist. Its strident song diminished, hung steadily in space as the ship turned, and then grew to a roar that beat the breath back into our lungs. Headed south, swinging low, the ship dipped across the field in a tremendous farewell salute.

It showed briefly through the mist, but in that instant Thad's hand gripped my arm like a vise. He raced for the cabin—for the radio—and I breathed a frantic prayer that Sheila had her set tuned in.

"Sheila—Sheila!" No wilder call had ever winged its way through space. She *had* to answer.

"Sheila—come back—come back!" It sounded foolish. It was foolish. Thad fought for breath and control. "Sheila," he cried, "one wheel didn't retract. One's up!"

CHARLES C. LEAVITT *has led a varied life. Born in San Francisco, he spent his childhood in mining camps. After studying agriculture, he worked at mining, surveying, building. He has also been a bank clerk, salesman, and student pilot. Three years ago he started writing.*

Silence gripped the set. He said "Sheila!" sharply, and then her voice, calm and low, came back to him:

"I'll cross the field again, Thad. I'll drop both wheels."

His "O. K." was automatic. He was on his way outside. Once again the thunder of the ship's exhaust grew to a devastating roar. It was a vivid streak of color in the opaque mist. The position of the wheels was unchanged.

Into the mike—a ragged edge to his voice now:

"Sheila, you said you'd drop 'em."

"I did, Thad." Steadily her words reached him.

"Left wheel's still up."

A mounting wildness showed in Thad's actions.

Twice more Sheila crossed the field, and the position of the wheels remained unchanged. Thad kicked over to the speaker and gave me the mike.

"Locked, Thad," Sheila admitted. "Wait—stand by while I figure this out." Her calmness was unbelievable. She was thinking aloud. "No hospital here, in case. Better to make Portland or Vancouver. A forced landing out there—certain crash. Carl"—we strained our ears to hear—"he wouldn't be much help, would he?"

There was a moment's silence.

"Thad!" We jumped as her voice cracked in the speaker.

"Coming down. Landed a little trainer on a flat once. But this job lands hot. Not certain." For the first time her voice wavered from its quiet steadiness. "You'd better have that chemical cart at—"

I broke in—I couldn't hear her say it.

"Everything's O. K., Sheila. Hit the center of the field as close as you can. We'll be there to give you a hand."

ALL the rest of my life I shall remember those next few minutes. The quiet that wrapped the field as the snarl of the engine died away. The occasional burst of sound when Sheila gunned the engine to keep it clear. The sudden appearance of the ship in the mist.

Sideslipping, fishtailing to brake that suicidal landing speed, Sheila fought it to the ground. In the last split second she kicked the tail around. The ship flattened, lifted, and, with its right wing hanging low, sat down hard on that single wheel.

She had done it! The ship rolled smoothly, canted weirdly to the right, and a shout of sheer relief and admiration broke from our throats—and changed abruptly to a choking scream.

So quickly that my eyes almost refused to follow, the ship swerved and lifted from the ground. It veered crazily in the air. A wing tip stirred a spurting puff of dust and the ship crashed heavily on its nose. The tail swung up, grotesque and ponderous, and went on over the crumpling fuselage. Echoes boomed dismally in the valley.

Thad and I raced across the field. Hot gasoline vapor rose in a cloud. At the moment that the wing tip touched, Sheila had cut the switch and folded her arms across her face.

Desperate with the knowledge that at any moment a searing blast of flame might envelop the wreckage, Thad dived under the shattered fuselage.

He clawed at the cockpit cover above his head. His groping fingers fumbled with the catch of Sheila's safety belt, and her inert form came tumbling down, head foremost, upon him.

Choked and nauseated by the billowing fumes, he dragged her clear, and I slipped in where he had been. One look told plainly that Carl Atcheson was beyond all help. He shared a crumpled cockpit with a still smoking engine. . . .

Sheila lay on the cot by the stove while Thad dressed a gash above her eye. He had finished his job when her eyelids fluttered and she looked up at him.

She said "Thad!" as though she'd known he'd be there. He bent above her, and she whispered, "Carl?"

THAD couldn't meet her eyes. She closed them slowly, and a shudder went through her from head to foot.

Thad said, "Drink this," and she obeyed as though in a trance. She slept then through the morning, while Thad kept his vigil at her side.

When she awoke, her first words were, "He's—he's dead?"

Thad nodded soberly.

"I killed him! I killed him—didn't I, Thad?"

A strained, wild note crept into her voice and she clung frantically to Thad's hand.

He talked to her tenderly, reassuringly, without result.

Her voice, riding the edge of hysteria, was high above his. Her restless eyes, feverish and hot, would not be still.

"I killed him. I did! I've prayed that I might be free again. I wanted him out of the way. It's just as though I'd crept up and murdered him in his sleep. I mur—"

"Donovan to Station Four." The speaker cracked behind my head and I know I jumped a foot. I jabbed the plug on the mike.

"Station Four, Donovan. Boswell. Go ahead."

"Over Vancouver at six thousand. Give me two hours. I've got the old man, the doc, and two mechanics. Is your runway clear?"

I said, "No. It will be. Call me in thirty minutes."

With the little tractor that we'd used to plow the runway through the winter I dragged the wreck to the edge of the field.

I looked at it—at that one crushed wheel pointing somberly toward the sky—and thought of Carl, who had sat so dejectedly on the other wheel.

I remembered his babbled assurance that his last bottle was safe.

I scrambled up on the wreckage, and saw, wedged with tragic security in the gear-retracting mechanism, that last, half empty bottle.

I didn't touch it. I went inside, where Sheila's high, shrill voice with its growing hint of madness was turning Thad's face to a stricken mask.

I spoke into the mike loudly, with an insistence that forced Sheila to be still—to listen.

Donovan's voice came in to me, and I said:

"Carl Atcheson killed himself. He was drunk last night. He hid a bottle of liquor in the retracting-gear recess in the wing. That bottle jammed the mechanism."

I cut it there—and walked out of the room through a startled silence that spoke, somehow, of relief and happiness and something that was almost joy.

THE END

If King Edward Should Marry an American

Would He Risk His Throne, or Strengthen the Ties of World Friendship? . . . An Arresting Survey of What Might Happen

by

FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

AN English king to marry an American girl?

The most imaginative writer of glamorous romance could scarcely conceive such an appealing love story. But if it happens—and there now seems reason to believe it will—its final place in the world's literature will be not the storybooks but the histories.

How about the effect on the futures of the two English-speaking countries? Will the presence of an American woman on the English throne increase the sympathy that binds them together, and eradicate misunderstandings?

And how about the effect on that far-flung empire which is held together by the slender circlet of the crown? Will King Edward's marriage with a woman of non-royal blood, a native of a democratic country, stay—perhaps forever—the rising tide of agitation and disaffection so visible in less favored European nations?

At all events, we of this generation have, enacted before our eyes, what may well be the greatest romance of modern times.

David Windsor's love for Wallis Simpson is in the open. A skeptical world has appraised it for what it is—the love of a strong man for a fine woman.

Who can doubt the genuineness, the sacredness of a love for which a king is willing to risk his throne? And that, clearly, is just what King Edward is willing to do.

During the first weeks of his reign Britain's solemn conservative Premier, Stanley Baldwin, is said to have urged His Majesty to make a royal marriage with one of the few eligible European princesses. It is said that the King did not mince his words. "Stanley," he is said to have exclaimed, "if you don't leave my private life alone, I won't come to your old coronation!"

This conversation, doubtless apocryphal, was widely repeated in Mayfair circles. It was regarded as a good joke. London laughed.

It is still being repeated. But London no longer laughs. The King's alleged rejoinder is now regarded as reflecting accurately the inmost royal thoughts.

That infallible British barometer, the rate of insurance at Lloyd's, registers with accustomed sensitiveness this growing appreciation of the King's attitude. The cautious manufacturer of coronation postcards or souvenirs, wishing to protect himself against loss through postponement or alteration in the coronation plans—such, for instance, as might be caused by a royal wedding or a double coronation—could, until recently, buy $1,000 insurance for a mere forty dollars. Now he must pay $260 for it.

In other words, the shrewdest guessers in King Edward's world are six and one half times surer than they were a few weeks ago that he is going to marry Mrs. Simpson!

His right to do so is unquestioned. All this talk in our newspapers about a king's marrying a commoner or an American or a divorcee being contrary to the Constitution is twaddle. As Prince of Wales, Edward could marry only a person approved by the King and Parliament. As King, he can marry Mrs. Simpson the day after her divorce becomes final. All he has to do is to inform his Privy Council of his intention to do so.

It is possible that such a marriage would be interpreted as automatically raising the bride to royal rank. It is likely, however, that—to be on the safe side and to assure the throne to the children of such a union—Edward would ask Parliament for special legislation making his wife either queen or royal consort.

Three courses are, therefore, open to him:

1. To marry Mrs. Simpson without consulting any one—just as any of his subjects would marry the woman of his choice.
2. To marry her, and ask Parliament to make her his royal consort.
3. To marry her, and ask Parliament to make her his queen empress.

Should he follow the first course, his wife would probably remain technically in a morganatic status. There is nothing left-handed or undercover about a morganatic marriage. George IV contracted such a union with Mrs. Fitzherbert, who was greatly respected by both court and nation. The children of morganatic marriages are as legitimate as those of any other kind. They are usually created dukes and duchesses. But they do not inherit the throne.

A royal consort is halfway between a morganatic spouse and a reigning monarch. Prince Albert, impeccable husband of the impeccable Victoria, was a royal consort—and, as everybody knows, his position was an eminently dignified and successful one. He never became king, but his son, grandson, and great-grandson could and did succeed to the throne.

A queen is different from a royal consort only in the degree of deference shown her at court functions and certain personal prerogatives of doubtful value. For example, if you were entertaining friends in your own home and you received word that the queen was about to call on you, your friends would immediately leave—not as an insult to the royal lady, but out of respect to her rank. As queen, the socially inclined Mrs. Simpson would miss meeting a lot of nice people!

But to get back to the growing conviction that the King is going to make Mrs. Simpson his wife—on *some* basis or other—in the near future. The first, although perhaps the least important, factor contributing to this belief was the divorce of the Simpsons in that grim courtroom at Ipswich which was the imagined scene of that other famous case, Bardell versus Pickwick.

That Mrs. Simpson could obtain a divorce, and would whenever it was necessary, has long been an accepted fact. The significance of that divorce action lies in the fact that it was instituted just in time to make possible a royal marriage before the coronation in May.

The six months required by British law before a decree nisi becomes a decree final expires April 27, just fifteen days before the coronation. Meanwhile, Mrs. Simpson has taken the magnificent London residence occupied until October 7 of this year by Mrs. Cuthbert B. Stewart, who is quoted as saying that Mrs. Simpson has sublet the premises for seven months.

Mrs. Simpson's period of divorce waiting expires April 27. The lease on her new house expires May 5.

Int. photo

"Her delicately chiseled features, her pallid complexion, bespeak breeding."

The coronation of King Edward is scheduled for May 12.

These facts are at least suggestive.

Against the view that the wedding will take place before the coronation are the known sympathy of the King for those honest tradesmen who have gone ahead and manufactured everything in the souvenir line from doilies to shaving mugs with one royal portrait on them instead of two, and an understandable feeling on the part of his advisers that a royal wedding coming directly before the crowning at Westminster would turn that solemn ceremony into an "also ran."

Moreover, weight has been given to the view that the marriage will take place after the coronation by the appearance in a large section of the world's press of an apparently authoritative and wholly uncontradicted statement that "in June, 1937, one month after the ceremonies of the coronation, will follow the festivities of the marriage of King Edward VIII of England to the very charming and intelligent Mrs. Ernest Simpson of Baltimore, Maryland, U. S. A."

This statement, although not presented as official, was issued only after the King's long-time secretary and friend, Sir Godfrey Thomas, had conferred at length with its reputed author, William Randolph Hearst.

It was, moreover, couched in most diplomatic, most dignified, and most convincing terms. It referred to the fact that his love for Mrs. Simpson was "a righteous affection," that he "is convinced that this [his forthcoming wedding] is both the right thing to do and the wise thing to do," and that "his marriage with this very gifted lady may help to bring about beneficial cooperation between English-speaking nations."

"Primarily, however," it continues, "the King's transcendent reason for marrying Mrs. Simpson is that he ardently loves her, and does not see why a King should be denied the privilege of marrying the woman he loves."

This last has the true Edwardian ring. To those who know the King best, it makes the cabled statement seem at least as authoritative as if it had been prepared by a dozen Cabinet Ministers and signed "Edward R."

A few weeks ago there was scarcely an Englishman outside the King's own circle of friends who would not have laughed uproariously at such a suggestion.

Today England, like London, no longer laughs.

It takes Wallis Simpson as the King intends her to be taken, as she deserves to be taken—seriously.

SO much has been made of her quick tongue, her tireless activity, her love of fun—what one of her intimates describes as "the damnedest yen for romping since Mary Pickford cut off her curls"—that the public has lost sight of the fact that this darkly beautiful woman is an accomplished conversationalist, an experienced hostess, a dignified, even stately woman of the world.

Her delicately chiseled features, her low-pitched voice, her almost pallid complexion, unrelieved by rouge and with only the suggestion of lipstick, bespeak her breeding, which is—as anybody who goes to Baltimore will find out—quite as good as King Edward's own.

The Warfields of Maryland and the Montagues of Virginia—the latter her mother's people—go back to the very beginning in America. In England they go back much farther than the House of Hanover or Windsor. In fact, Pagan de Warfield came to England with William the Conqueror, and was rewarded for his valor with a royal grant in that same Windsor Forest where the present King of England takes his morning exercise.

By birth, by breeding, by the glowing radiance of her own personality, therefore, Wallis Simpson is in every way fit to be a queen.

More important, perhaps, even than her social fitness for queenship is the inspiration she has already become in the life of David Windsor the man. It

Acme photo

In the Balkans, where the King told a photographer to go as far as he liked.

Is this mansion a halfway house toward Buckingham Palace? It's her new home.

has been assumed, just because news of the association between the King and "the beautiful American" first reached the public after they were seen in casinos and restaurants, that Wallis Simpson was a product of the hard-playing, hard-drinking Mayfair and Riviera set which so often surrounded the Prince of Wales in his moments of pleasure.

The facts are quite different.

Wallis loves to play—but not across the green tables of gambling casinos. She drinks so little that if it weren't for the requirements of social usage she would probably drink nothing at all. She loves to dance, and does so exceedingly well. She is one of the few women of Edward's acquaintance who have no difficulty in following his intricate dance steps. But it wasn't dancing which brought them together. It was gardening.

Edward and Wallis met not on the dance floor but at a quiet week-end party in his favorite home, his country retreat, Fort Belvedere.

Now, Edward's chief preoccupation at the Fort is digging in his garden. Wally's chief preoccupation, wherever she is, is digging in a garden. They found that they subscribed to the same horticultural magazines, had the same ideas about dahlias and climbing roses. Even now they are planning to do something drastic about Buckingham Palace. George's and Mary's ideas ran to star-shaped geranium beds and crescents of cannas. Edward's and Wallis's don't.

The King is genuinely fond of music, but only since he has known Mrs. Simpson has he found in it a continuing pleasure. He and she have been almost constant attendants in the royal box at Covent Garden. When they reached Vienna after their Balkan vacation, the first thing they did—after Edward had had a Turkish bath and Wallis had had a hair treatment—was to rush to the State Opera. They went every night during their stay. It has become a real interest with His Majesty.

The King has a considerable gift for homemaking. He designed many of the rooms at Fort Belvedere—including, by his own admission, the bathrooms. With Mrs. Simpson the doing over of old houses has long been an obsession. Together they have found a quiet intimate joy in planning the substitution of livableness for austerity in the various royal residences.

As the result of all this, Edward has become a different man. Three years ago he was fed up with the world—bored, jaded, even grouchy. His old friends hardly knew him. He acted like a person who was tired of living. It was almost certain that he would refuse to become King.

Then he met Mrs. Simpson. His whole attitude changed. He became again the gay, amusing, good-natured person he had always been. All talk of his not ascending the throne died as his interest in life revived.

EDWARD'S family, Edward's kingdom, Edward himself—they all owe much to this charming, capable, characterful woman of forty. They may even owe to her the life of the King and his presence on his throne.

It is hardly likely that so chivalrous a gentleman as King Edward would go out of his way to place such a woman in an embarrassing position before the world. It is hardly likely, to put it bluntly, that if he didn't intend to marry her he would publicly establish her at this time in what amounts to royal state.

The residence modestly referred to in the news dispatches as "16, Cumberland Terrace" is in reality a palace, into which, during the weeks preceding Mrs. Simpson's entry, were poured seven vanloads of costly furnishings. It is presided over by one of the royal housekeepers, a Mrs. Mason, specially assigned; and its kitchen is equipped with pots and pans sent from Buckingham Palace and Fort Belvedere.

It is a coincidence, perhaps, but an interesting one, that Number 16, Cumberland Terrace rises majestically from land belonging to the Crown. The lampposts outside its door bear the initials "G. R."—George Rex.

The papers have been filled with stories of $50,000 silver-fox furs—good American furs from Wisconsin, by the way!—$125,000 emerald necklaces and a total of $1,000,000 in jewelry. These things mean little or nothing so far as prospective marriage or queenship is concerned. Far more significant is the fact that Mrs. Simpson rides in a royal car driven by a royal chauffeur and accompanied by a royal bodyguard.

The car is one of two specially designed Canadian-made machines ordered by King Edward during the first week of his reign. He got one. Mrs. Simpson apparently got the other. The chauffeur is George Ladbrooke, long the King's favorite driver. The bodyguard is Inspector David Storier, assigned by Scotland Yard to protect the King's person.

It is small wonder, therefore, that the man in the world's street has made up his mind that Mrs. Simpson's removal from her modest flat in Bryanston Court to her palace in Cumberland Terrace is the halfway stop on the road to Buckingham Palace itself—especially since the life which Mrs. Simpson is now living is just the life which a future Queen of England would be expected to live. The atmosphere in which she has been placed is just that in which a man so gallant as the present King of England would be expected to place his future wife.

In fact, it is King Edward's own attitude, more than anything else, which has finally convinced the world that he means to marry Mrs. Simpson.

OBSERVERS recall how, at the very beginning of the romance, when King George and Queen Mary were entertaining for the Duke of Kent and the Princess Marina, Edward disappeared after the dinner—to which he had been unable to wangle an invitation for Mrs. Simpson because of the then royal rules about divorced persons—and appeared an hour later, while dancing was in progress, with her on his arm. They also recall how he dropped out of the Jubilee procession of his royal parents, rushed to the sidewalk on Pall Mall below the window from which Mrs. Simpson was viewing the parade, and waved to her to come down and join him.

They remember how he insisted on her presence at dinners in St. James's Palace to which the great dignitaries of the kingdom were invited; how he "brought her home" to the family party at Balmoral with all three of his ducal brothers and their duchess wives; how he left his guests at Sandringham for several hours the Sunday preceding her divorce to comfort her in her retirement at Felixstowe; how he welcomed her back from Ipswich with a quiet dinner at Buckingham Palace—the first he had given since taking up his residence there.

Then there is the little matter of twenty-five dollars' worth of roses every day for two years. Of course the King is a rich man. But that's nearly $20,000 worth of roses—and even the possessor of a kingly fortune doesn't do that sort of thing for any woman except the one with whom he is genuinely in love.

As a matter of fact, the King has made no effort at any time to conceal the genuineness of his regard for Mrs. Simpson.

When an officious Balkan policeman seized the camera of a newspaper photographer who was about to take the first of that series of candid snapshots of the royal vacationers, Edward personally—although he loathes having his picture taken—restored the camera to the man and told him to go as far as he liked.

When timid friends rushed to him with the suggestion that he address personal notes to editors of the great London papers, asking them to ignore Mrs. Simpson's suit for divorce, he indignantly refused. "If any one wants to talk about my association with Mrs. Simpson," he is reported as replying, "I'll give them plenty of chance."

And why shouldn't he?

There is nothing to be ashamed of in the kind of love he bears Mrs. Simpson. There is certainly nothing to be ashamed of in the fact that its object was born in the United States of America.

The British Empire has stood solidly behind its Prince's unwillingness to marry except for love. It should stand behind its King's determination to carry that principle to its logical conclusion. Informed opinion in this country and in England is that it will do just that.

But if it doesn't—well, what's the use of being a king if you can't marry the woman you love?

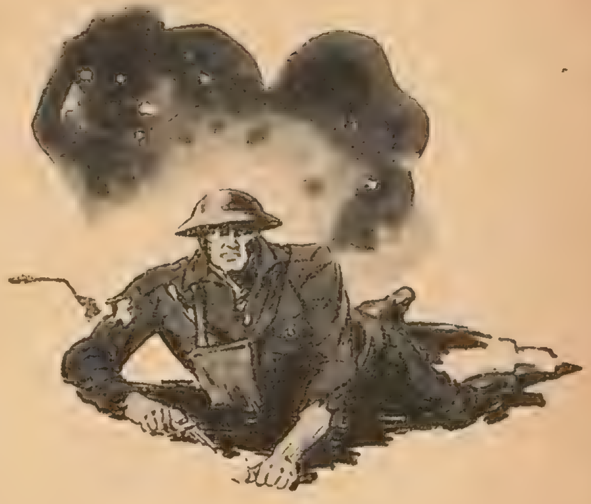
THE END

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

He Learned About Women

by GUILES DAVENPORT

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 45 SECONDS



TWO men sat in a dugout on the Western Front. It was September, 1917. One of them, a middle-aged sergeant of infantry, was perched on the corner of a bunk watching with a quizzical eye the young officer seated on the floor below him.

The officer had spread a letter before him and was beating it with his fist in steady rhythmic blows, his eyes fixed on vacancy ahead.

The sergeant thought it a strange thing to do, particularly since the missive was not a military letter. It had the proper stamp of a letter from the States. The sergeant had seen it. He had seen the captain give it a tentative pat before slitting it with his knife. He had even put it to his nose. And now he was hammering it into the dirt! It was very strange but none of the sergeant's business.

The sergeant decided to abandon the problem, and sat dully in his own special vacuum. A filter from the brilliant moon outside danced across the floor.

Then his trained ear caught a new note in the confusion outside. He moved to the lower step of the dugout. A flutter of machine-gun fire sounded.

The sergeant coughed. The captain looked up dully.

" Things are gettin' hot, cap'n."

" I'll take a look," replied the captain. He jumped to his feet and ran up the steps. He called back something over his shoulder which the sergeant took to be an order to remain where he was.

The letter lay face upward on the floor. Stooping, the sergeant read it at a glance. No more than a dozen lines. But they were enough. They were enough to send the young officer out to inspect death. The sergeant muttered a curse. Seizing a pouch of grenades, he took the steps at a single bound.

He hopped to the firing step from time to time, despite the swarms of bullets raking the parapet, to peer out into the moonlit area between himself and the enemy trenches. He bumped men right and left and shouted questions at them. Only one had seen the captain—the man on post outside the dugout entrance. A counterattack was in action about fifty yards down the line, and no one had time to answer. He stumbled down the traverses, yelling like a Comanche.

" Oh, that damn young fool! If he gits himself killed—"

He ran into a packed mass of men in a forward traverse. They were waiting with drawn faces.

" Where's Cap'n Prentice? "

" He just went up ahead," said some one.

The sergeant dashed on.

A lieutenant standing on the fire step stopped his headlong rush.

" Where the devil are you going, sergeant? " he demanded.

" Cap'n Prentice, sir! He's running around like a crazy man, trying to get himself bumped off! "

" If he wants to get himself killed, he's come to the right church."

" But where is he? " screamed the sergeant.

" So far as I know, he's up top somewhere. He went over before we could stop him."

The sergeant seized the parapet and pulled himself gingerly up. Like a turtle he craned his neck to see all parts of the bullet-swept sector. He threw himself forward into a shell hole. Now he could think. The roar increased and he emitted a prolonged yell. Several times he shrieked the captain's name, cursing as the crash of the shells drowned out his voice.

In all his nearly forty years he'd never seen such a fool thing, the sergeant told himself. That's the trouble with these kid officers. He planted his face in the forward side of the hole and played turtle again. A man thinks because he's old enough to get married— But they ain't the same—marriage and war.

GINGERLY the sergeant crawled from his hideaway and slithered forward to the next hole. From time to time he shouted. He moved like a wary chess player for a distance of twenty yards. There was no letup in the relentless downpour of steel.

A little to the right front of the shell hole in which he found himself was an area of several square yards as bare as a table. Looking across it he was horrified to see the unhelmeted head of a man appear. It was the captain. Slowly his body rose as he scrambled forward upon his knees.

" Don't try it, cap'n! " The sergeant's voice rose in a scream as he sat bolt upright. The officer continued to move, head down, his body swaying. The sergeant leaned forward, his lips on the lip of the shell hole. They moved as if in prayer.

The poor crazy lad—he ain't had anything to eat for two days. All he needed was that letter to set him off.

" Come on, skipper! Don't let 'em get you."

He was shrieking now at the poor crawling fool who inched along as though each move would be his last. The sergeant lifted his head for another shout, and a fiery hammer struck him in the back. A bronze button from his blouse smacked into the forward wall of the shell hole. He sank slowly forward, emitting, as he did so, a single last yell so powerful that it seemed to lift the captain bodily and propel him into the hole in a heap.

The sergeant lay with one cheek in the dirt. " Are you hit, cap'n? " His voice was a whisper.

The officer looked at him blankly and gasped. " Peters! What are you doing here? "

" You didn't get hit? "

" No, Pete; but what are you doing here? "

" I came out to tell you something, cap'n sir, if you don't mind."

" Oh, Pete, you fool."

" Yessir. It's—it's— Pardon me, cap'n, but you was crazy, and I couldn't—" His voice faded.

" Pete! Pete! " The hand on Sergeant Peters's shoulder slid down, and he felt that it was strong and steady. It was all right now.

" It's about that woman of yours, sir. I gotta tell you, because I know 'em and you don't—pardon me, sir—and they won't play the game."

" What woman, Pete? My wife? "

The sergeant nodded painfully.

" Yes, sir, your wife. I hope the cap'n'll pardon me, but I read that letter. That's why I followed. You didn't know that there wasn't no use getting all excited about it—that they ain't worth it."

The captain gently pushed the sergeant's helmet back from his forehead. He leaned forward to listen.

" I've seen dozens of 'em, sir." Peters's voice was barely audible now. " And some of 'em has loved me—and I've loved some of 'em. And when you get back home, she'll break your heart all over again if you let her. I told one of 'em once—"

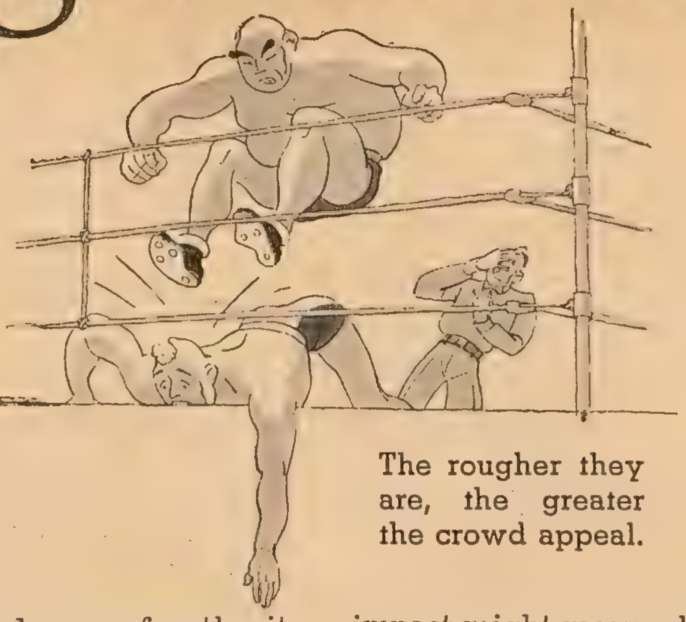
The captain leaned closer.

" I told her one good war was worth a dozen o' her.". . .

The captain stayed long on his knees, until the firing ceased. He bent over and, picking up his friend, strode upright toward the friendly trenches. He knew what he would say to his wife when he got back home again!

THE END

Peeking Under the Mat



The rougher they are, the greater the crowd appeal.

NIGHT in and night out they perform. From provincial town halls in Canada to outdoor arenas in Florida; from little walled-in boxes on the outskirts of the sticks seating a scant few hundred to Wrigley Field, Chicago, which has packed in thirty-five thousand wrestling fans, the bone-benders attract the crowds.

What is the appeal of professional wrestling that draws people to an exhibition of modified murder which the majority believe to be faked?

Having personally participated in several hundred of these bouts, I believe I can say with some degree of authority that these people, supposedly civilized, have a certain lust for brutality.

The rougher and bloodier the contest, the greater the appeal, and members of the fair sex are frequently more vociferous and all-absorbed wrestling fans than their male escorts.

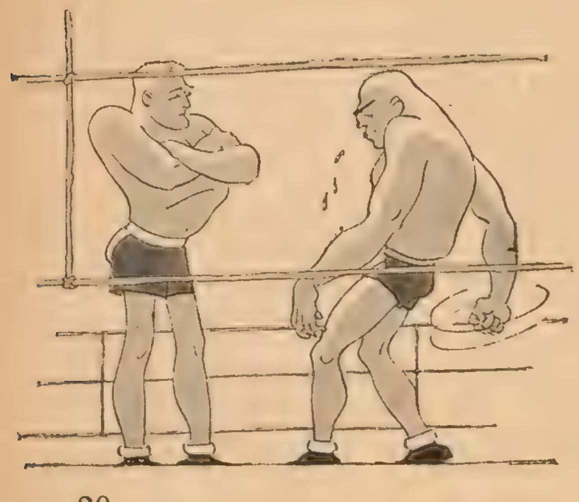
That is why the promoters are smart enough to realize the appeal of having a so-called "champion" with the physique and features of a Greek god and, until recently, a man actually born in Greece and possessing a body that would have done his ancestors proud. In addition to this, the now passé Jim Londos possessed a histrionic ability which included a repertoire of emotions that would have put any of the Barrymores to shame.

Partly because he was able to exhibit these emotions to the delight of a palpitating public, Mr. Londos was able to amass a very tidy fortune. His late successor, Dan O'Mahoney of the Emerald Isle, also did quite well for himself in a financial way, until pinned by Dick Shikat, the German, who in turn was defeated by an unknown.

A few professional wrestlers come by their acting ability naturally, but usually it is acquired as the result of long and tedious rehearsings in private gymnasiums. A school for the training of wrestling histrionics was available for professional recruits in a certain New York hotel. Mats covered the floor, the doors were carefully guarded, and here the younger and inexperienced pupils were instructed in the art of showmanship by veterans of the game.

Young performers who possessed a fair degree of knowledge in the art of wrestling proved the hardest to teach, for being good wrestlers they were inclined to use more strength than is necessary in the professional game. Hours of practice were necessary before they learned the gentle touch of the pro—the art of grasping a hold gently but at the same time making it appear savage.

By way of example—when a wrestler is lifted into the air by an opponent and then hurled to the mat, the ensuing crash is caused primarily by the hurled wrestler's feet striking the mat simultaneously, and *prior* to the landing of the rest of the torso. It's all done so quickly that it's difficult to follow.



Rudy, as usual, was to play the part of the villain.

If you happen to be a wrestling addict, the next time an exponent of the flying tackle is billed in the local arena, be careful to note that each time this man lets go with a flying tackle, he makes sure that he is not in line with one of the ring posts, *i. e.*, his opponent is not between him and a ring post. The flying tackler sees to this, for if he missed his man the post would still be there and the impending impact might mean a broken neck.

The most difficult trick for the young wrestler to learn is that of stepping into an elbow smash. This is permitted in the professional game and is done by striking a blow with the forearm to an opponent's jaw. (Closed fists are supposed to be illegal.)

Now, it is unnatural for a person to step into a wallop of this sort. The natural instinct is to pull away, but pulling away causes an opponent to mistime his blow, with the result that the impact almost takes the receiver's head off when this act is not properly executed.

When properly executed, this blow lands on the side of the neck and is done so fast that it has the appearance of a blow to the jaw. The wrestler who receives the blow carries out his part of the act by staggering back on his heels and acting as though he had suffered a devastating blow.

The referee is usually a part of the act, having been informed in advance by the promoter, or whoever is in charge of the wrestlers, who the winner will be, what fall will be used for the finish, and the approximate time of the bout.

In most cases the referee is as much a part of the act as the grapplers themselves. He will wave his finger in a threatening manner, gesticulate for the fans' benefit, and even become entangled and go to the floor with the wrestlers. This usually makes a big hit with the crowd.

The ways and intrigues of wrestling promoters would shame a foreign diplomat. One of the legends in the wrestling game that has more than a measure of truth is that when there is a question of doubt in a promoter's mind that a professional wrestler will not throw a bout in accordance with instructions, he requires the grappler to put up cash or real estate as security that there will not be a double-cross. This is not common practice, but it is said to have happened in the case of more important bouts.

From my association with the game, I would hazard a guess that the wrestling business is controlled by a group of promoters in several larger cities throughout the United States. One or two of these promoters actually engage in wrestling and I know of a case, in fact I was one of the principles, where I was booked by a certain wrestler promoter, wrestled him, and in turn was paid by him.

The chances are that there are but few promoters in America today who do not know that bouts are faked, but to have them admit this, even under oath in court, is unlikely.

It is a strange fact that in professional wrestling the wrestlers in most cases do not actually know who is the better man.

Some of the bouts are so realistic that one cannot be blamed for believing them to be real contests.

If, however, you can take your wrestling or leave it, according to your whim—here's how it's done:

A Wrestler Reveals Some Piquant Secrets Behind the Groans and Grimaces of a Gay and Goofy Game

by NORTON B. JACKSON

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

The author: "My part was that of the hero."

By way of illustration, let us take a concrete in-the-flesh example:

The scene—Rudolph Sandler's office in a New York hotel. Several wrestlers are sprawled around the room. I knock and am admitted. Rudy, who is sitting at a desk, on which is piled a stack of U. S. currency, looks in the mirror in front of him to see who is approaching. " 'Lo, kid. How was it? " meaning last night's bout in Harrisburg. (The inquiry is superfluous, for Rudy has the cash returns and record of attendance from brother Bernie, who was also on the Harrisburg program. Perhaps I wrestled Bernie Sandler on that card. I don't remember.)

Rudy pays me thirty-five dollars for my bout at the Mosque Temple in Harrisburg. This amount includes my carfare, meals, and whatever expenses were incurred in the trip to Harrisburg and back. He also hands me my bookings for the following week. It reads like this:

Monday, Albany; Tuesday, Newark; Wednesday, Washington, D. C.; Thursday, Harrisburg [again]; Friday, Coney Island.

The list does not tell who I am to wrestle—that is incidental, and I can find that out by buying a local newspaper when I get to the town in which I am to wrestle.

Tuesday night I am in Newark—Laurel Garden, to be exact. I have discovered through the sport column of the local paper that my opponent is none other than Mr. Rudy Sandler.

Sandler and I have separate dressing rooms, but that does not matter. At least, it's no obstacle, for Tiger Bill Nelson is also on the card and, incidentally, shares my dressing room. Sandler's instructions were passed on to me through Tiger Bill.

The orders were as follows: Rudy, as usual, was to play the part of the villain, employing unfair tactics in order to arouse the crowd's wrath, punching with the fist (illegal, if you don't know the referee), butting, gouging, even biting. My part was that of the hero. I heroically and histrionically battled for my life, asking no quarter and (in accordance with instructions) taking no unfair advantage. During the bout, when Rudy had been particularly villainous, with the result that the crowd was in an uproar, he murmured, as we locked our heads together, " Boy, they're hot! "—which meant the crowd was crying for Sandler's scalp.

It is not essential that the bout be worked out in detail, although this is often done. Two experienced professional grapplers can put on a good show though they never have met before. There are certain things to do that aid an opponent in taking spectacular holds and falls, and he in turn reciprocates by literally putting the right foot forward, or arm, as the case may be, in order that his opponent may easily get a hold. These manipulations are accomplished with certain gestures and facial grimaces. This is showmanship and the result is an interesting bout.

Authentic wrestling, as practiced by amateurs, is like a game of chess. There is a check for every hold, but unless one really understands this sport it is uninteresting to watch.

The requirements that go to make a good professional wrestler are, first, that he must have the color or showmanship that is required. The more of this, the greater his attraction as a drawing card. He must have a physique of some sort—good or freakish. If he is a good acrobat or contortionist, so much the better. Of course it is essential, and part of the trade, that he be a good actor. Paradoxically enough, it is not essential that he be a good wrestler. There are amateur heavyweights in athletic clubs throughout the United States who could throw the majority of the professionals. The promoters, however, have their cops, or "shooters," to handle troublesome challengers. One in particular is a capable wrestler, although not much of a showman. He is, nevertheless, a handy man to have around when the rival promoting groups bring along a fellow who can really wrestle and who is free with his challenges.

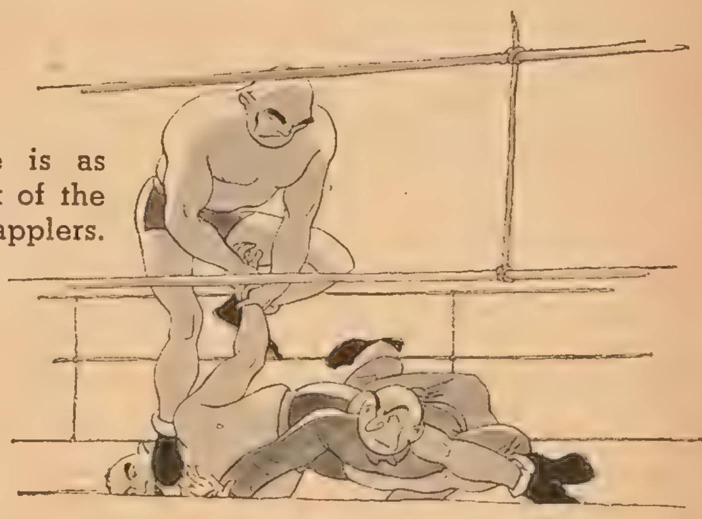
Despite all the apparent brutality in the ring, there is a strong feeling of comradeship among the professional grapplers. After all, it is merely a business, and the two fellows who are apparently murdering each other in the ring, and who fought all the way to their dressing rooms, are very likely to be the best of pals and even roommates.

Eliminating the rare but occasional double-cross in wrestling, it is the exception when any real physical harm is done intentionally.

There are occasions when the best laid plans of mice and men go haywire, and in this connection I can recall, with bitter memories, the time a Greek in Pottsville, Pennsylvania, tore the muscles loose on the left side of my jaw with an elbow smash. Nor can I forget the night in Norfolk, Virginia, when a rotund Swede broke my nose. But those were double-crosses, and today I philosophically look back and charge them to the lessons of youth. You see, they didn't want to lose to me.

And so the next time you attend a wrestling exhibition and the roof shakes with the cries of " Kill the big bum! " and the ring trembles to the thud of crashing perspiring bodies, remember, dear reader, that the boys are merely making a show, that their object is to give you a thrill. Remember that it's all in fun!

THE END



The referee is as much a part of the act as the grapplers.

THE Fourth BRIDE

by NAOMI LANE BABSON

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

MR. WONG SHAU-YI of Hongkong liked to ride from his home to his office in a private ricksha. Silver mountings, brocaded cushions, bright blue livery for his runner and for the extra man behind: what a pleasure to ride like that! First a quick trot around the curve of the mountain, with the harbor spread out like a show before his eyes: sampans, junks, yachts and launches, ferryboats, freighters and liners from all the world; more than one of them carried goods marked for the Wong warehouses. Down a steep street, then. Down into the full-flowing traffic of Queen's Road. *Cling-a-ling, cling-a-ling*—the silvery jingle of his bell opened a way for him through the crowd, while grunts of awe and admiration came to his ears. This was the way for a Chinese merchant to travel; this was what he had dreamed of in those far-off years when his bare feet blistered on hot pavement. Let the young folks have the car and the smart Indian chauffeur; they did not satisfy Mr. Wong's pride as his glittering ricksha did.

At nine o'clock on an April morning he was put down at the entrance of the Bright Moon Department Store, and proceeded with the leisurely dignity becoming to the owner to his offices on the sixth floor. Splendor encompassed him; the great building was full of luxuries: imported food, soap, perfumes, powders from France and England; Shanghai silk, and silk from India and Japan; blankets from Scotland; shoes, stockings, bridge tables, bathtubs from America. In the shining offices telephones jangled and typewriters clacked, and the mounting profits of the Bright Moon Company, first computed on adding machines by young men in foreign clothes, were afterward checked by strong yellow fingers rapidly manipulating the black beads of an abacus.

A hot day this. Mr. Wong puffed a little from his long climb upstairs. He could have taken an elevator, but he liked to walk through the store, savoring his power. It kept the clerks on good behavior, too. Seated at length in an armchair in his own room, with his legs well apart, Mr. Wong lifted his linen *shaam* and fanned his stomach, for, in spite of the prosperity of these latter years, some of the habits of his youth remained. Forty years it was since he had begun business with a bamboo tray hung from his shoulders and the peanuts arranged by pennyworth.

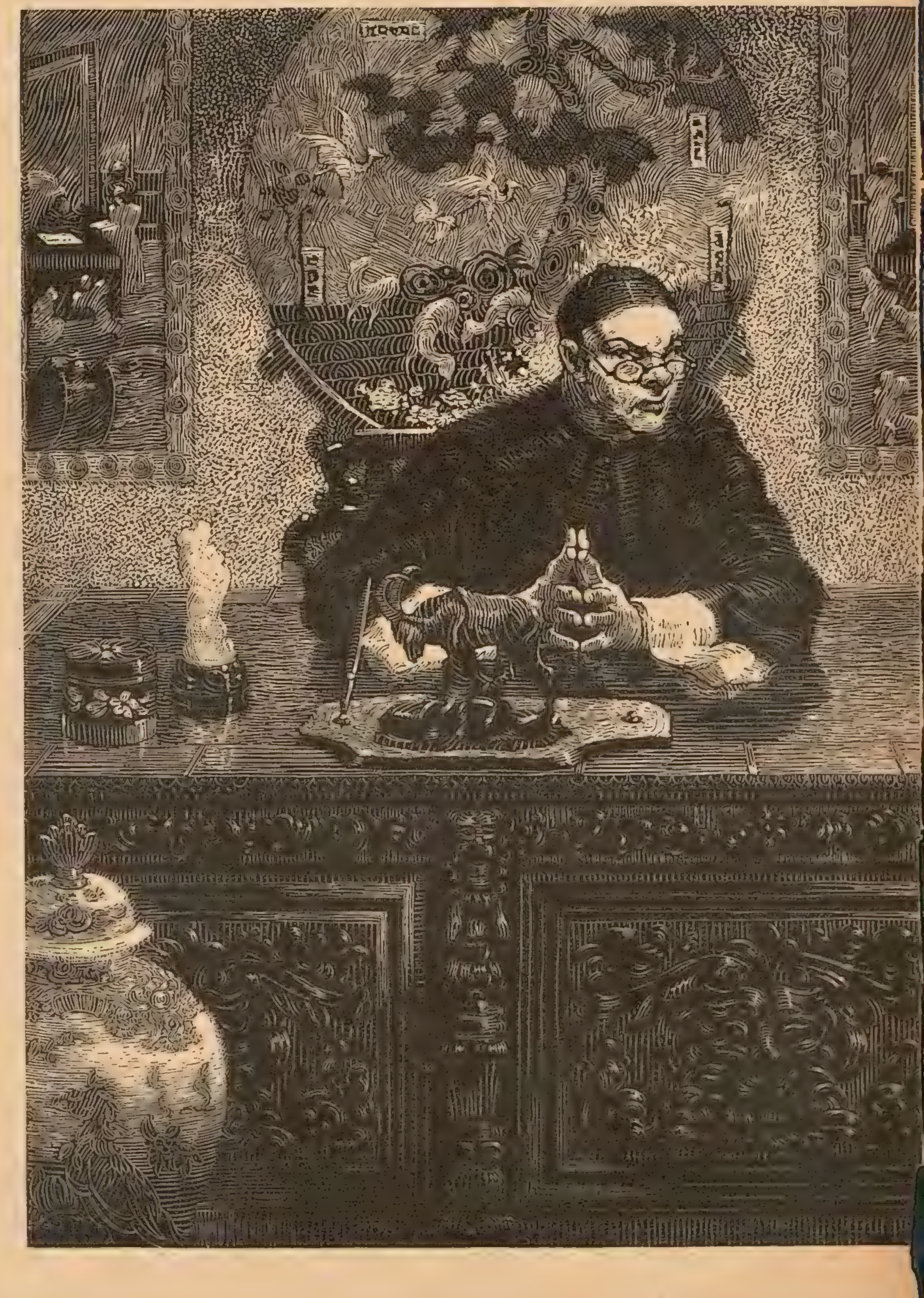
"Ten for a copper—buy—buy!" His voice had been loud; he had outsung all his rivals. "Buy—buy! Mine are the best." Now he fanned his belly in a private office, and his tongue had a different power. Stenographers sat out there waiting his orders, ready to take the words from his mouth and make them speak again on paper: "Buy, buy! Mine are the best." He could not read or write, but the words on paper carried the speech of Wong Shau-Yi all around the earth; his commands were obeyed in Calcutta and Grand Rapids and London and Yünnanfu. Obeyed by every one except his youngest son—pah! Mr. Wong hawked and spat into a porcelain vase.

"I will write!" he shouted.

One of the girls from the next room came in with pad and pencil. He did not look at her; he was always slightly ashamed to look at these girls with their short waved hair, slit skirts, and reddened lips and nails.

"Begin," he said.

"The tenth day of the third moon. To my son, Wong Shau-Ming, at the Fifth Dormitory, University of South China in Canton.



"If that is your wish, I shall go," she said, "for your privilege is to command. But I shall not go alone."

"My last writing, my last commands. The time for your marriage has now arrived, and you will present yourself at home for the final preparations before the third week following has elapsed. That this interferes with your graduation from the university pains my heart, but, as you already know, the coming moon is more propitious for our good fortune than any time in many years. It marks the completion of my sixtieth year of life and the thirtieth year of the Bright Moon Company.

"The good-luck indications of these overlapping cycles I have been warned not to ignore, and you well know that I have planned to celebrate at this time the marriages of my four sons. For this your elder brothers' weddings have been long postponed, and do not suppose that you, the youngest and most negligible, will be permitted to break the felicitous chain. The parents of the brides have announced themselves satisfied; more than thirty thousand dollars will be spent on the feasts; all is to be done in a manner worthy the merits of our ancestors. Argument does not prevail with you; I therefore command: Present yourself at our humble home on the day stated." . . .

It would have been impossible to imagine Shau-Ming, youngest son of Mr. Wong, fanning a naked stomach or selling peanuts in the streets. Dressed in white flannel trousers, white suède shoes, and a blue silk shirt, he walked slowly along a shaded path on the university campus, discussing his father's letter with a girl whose head of bobbed black hair reached just above his shoulder.

They spoke in English, as the fashion was in that place.

"Can you beat it?" he asked. "The old codger doesn't even concern himself to tell me the name of the lucky lady. Such is domestic tyranny in the Wong family."

"What's the worst is, in my opinion," the girl said softly, "that you don't stay to graduate. You should get the English Prize, in my opinion."

"What does that old codger care for an English Prize? (Besides, you flatter me.) I lose my A. B. degree so he can have a slam-bang birthday party with weddings on the side, and if I rebel—"

Shau-Ming sighed and shrugged. If he rebelled there would be no money for white flannel trousers, tennis rackets, cameras, ponies, all the paraphernalia of luxury to which the sons of Wong Shau-Yi, the peanut peddler, were accustomed.

"My father is a real old-timer, a genuine domestic tyrant, so what can I do? But the worst is not the English Prize (which would not anyhow be awarded to *me*). The worst is, Mei-Kit, that we have here the end of our friendship."

Tong Mei-Kit's dark lashes hid her dark eyes. She pinched her lips together, and the line of her jaw showed strong and stubborn. When she spoke, her voice was very soft:

"I'll tell you some news, Shau-Ming. Perhaps you will call me unmodest. If so, I should worry! The fact is, I also am engaged."

Shau-Ming was not much surprised; practically every girl he knew was engaged from her cradle.

Mei-Kit went on: "In my family we are more modern than in yours, in my opinion. Otherwise would I be here at a college of coeducation? I think not, eh?"

Shau-Ming nodded. His sisters, it was true, had not been sent to college.

"Consequently," continued Mei-Kit, "for a long time I have been allowed to know—I have known—it is your eldest brother, Wong Shau-Kwong, that I am supposed to marry."

"But this is too much! It is unendurable!" Shau-Ming cried. "Have you further information?"

"Just what you also know. That all four sons are to be married on the same day, at the beginning of a great month of celebration for the Bright Moon Company."

"The other brides?"

She sighed. "My papa insists that all but me are most discreet and modest maidens. I alone am an unruly student."

"Mei-Kit, it is too much. I was prepared to part; my heart was strong to say farewell. I thought so, at least. But to have you there in our household, married to my brother— Now I know the truth. I love you, Mei-Kit; I cannot let you be my brother's wife. It would be torture. I will speak to my father—"

He hesitated, with a sudden chilling picture of him-

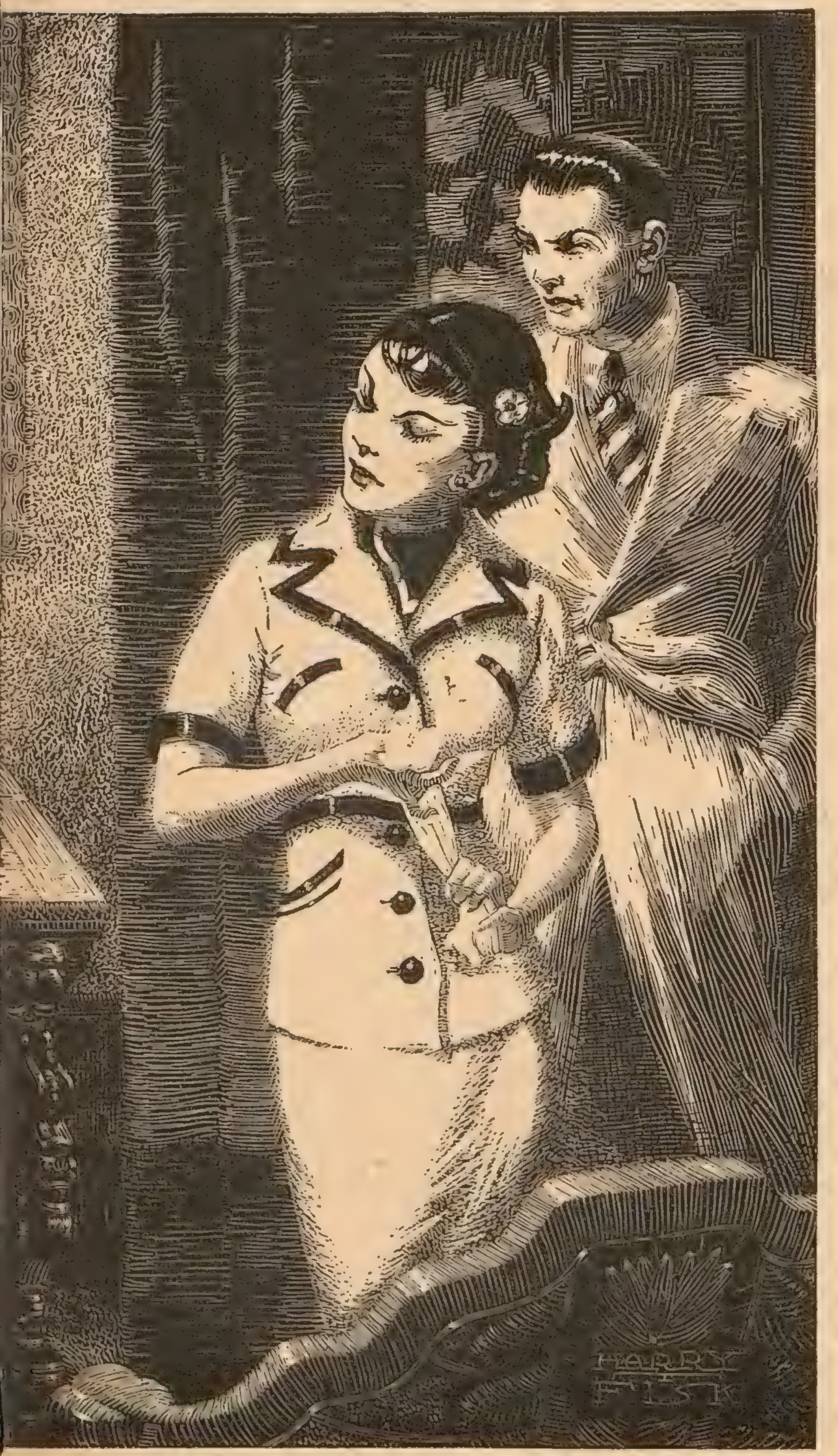


ILLUSTRATION BY HARRY T. FISK

A Blithe and Whimsical Story of Old vs. New in China—Proving that Love Will Find a Way in Any Language!

self in the very solid presence of Wong Shau-Yi. "My father is a tyrant," sighed Shau-Ming.

"Perhaps it is unmaidenly," Mei-Kit said, "and if so, I should worry! I frankly admit for you a feeling of deep affection. But we must be cautious. It is a most delicate affair. You see, it has seemed wise to my honorable parents not to inform your father that I am a student at a university. And for my part, I have not told my papa, either, of our friendship. In fact he is not perhaps aware how—how *very* coeducational this college is."

"In two weeks only we must leave here."

"In two weeks," Mei-Kit said firmly, "we should be able to formulate a plan."

But the day for leaving the university came, and they had found no solution. Mei-Kit's home in the Chung-Shan country was most directly reached through Macao, but she overruled the servant who had come to escort her, and traveled by way of Hongkong with Shau-Ming.

While the amah fretted, the two young people sat miserably silent in the hot train. Shau-Ming cracked watermelon seeds and drank tea, but Mei-Kit refused any refreshment. She watched the flat landscape slide past, all silvery, today, with April rain. Her eyes came back to the compartment.

Her lover was delicately sipping tea, and she studied his narrow face and slim-fingered hands. He had a high, smooth forehead and a softly rounded chin; he was beautiful, Mei-Kit decided, but his character was weak. He might talk boldly but he would never really dare to take a stand against his father. "Perhaps it is foolish," said Mei-Kit to herself, "to love a man of this nature. If so, I should worry!—for the fact is I do love him."

At noon the train ran into the noisy Kowloon station.

"Perhaps we could take lunch together and see a movie?" Shau-Ming suggested as they hurried toward the Hongkong ferry.

"Here in this city where next week I shall be the bride of your brother? You must be crazy," Mei-Kit declared. "And what a foolhardy, unmaidenly girl am I, to be here at all."

"But must we say good-by so soon? You have four hours before the Macao boat departs."

She shrugged her shoulders. "Good-by, I fancy, is a word no easier to say at four P. M. than at twelve noon. So let us cut the Gordian knot at once. Tell me, shall you go home, or to your father's office?"

"I am in no hurry to see that old codger," Shau-Ming replied. "I shall go home."

"Then it is good-by, my friend."

"Good-by, my little pal."

They did not shake hands, but the last long unhappy meeting of their eyes was as hard to end as a farewell kiss would have been. Shau-Ming's limpid gaze showed only love and bitterness, but in Mei-Kit's black pupils a little spark was dancing.

ALONE in his office, Mr. Wong picked his teeth with a pointed ivory stick and ruminated with half his mind over an excellent shrimp omelet he had had for lunch. The steamed young duck with cabbage had not been half bad, either. But more active brain cells were concerned with a piece of gossip he had picked up at the restaurant, a taunt thrown when he was boasting of the gentle, modest, and completely old-style brides he had obtained for his four sons. He had come back to the office early with a pinprick in his self-esteem, and the smart was growing stronger. Suddenly his voice boomed out: "I will write!"

There was no reply. Mr. Wong hoisted himself from his chair and stamped across the room: the outer office was empty; the stenographers were still at lunch. "Pah!" he thought, forgetting shrimps and duckling. "Pah, the greedy little pigs."

Then the door opened and a girl came in alone. *"Wai!"* shouted Mr. Wong. "Are you here at last? Come in, come in! I will write."

Tong Mei-Kit's eyes flew wide. "Does he know me, then?" she thought. "But he could not have known I was coming. I did not know it myself till I had arranged my arguments five minutes ago in the taxicab."

"Are you deaf?" asked Mr. Wong. "Are you a fool? Why don't you take pencil and paper and come here?"

In a panic Mei-Kit snatched a pencil and a pad of paper from the nearest desk and followed him to the inner room. Mr. Wong settled into his chair. "Begin!" he barked.

Then she understood. "He mistakes me for his secretary; oh, how shall I humbly explain this error?"

But Mr. Wong's next words made her forget that she had ever dreamed of explanation or of argument:

"To Tong Wan-Tak of Chung-Shan. Honorable Sir: A trifling matter of small importance has recently come to my unworthy ears—"

IN suave phrases the angry voice poured out complaint and ultimatum. He had been told that Tong Mei-Kit, who was destined to be the bride of his eldest son, instead of having been kept carefully at home under the eyes and guidance of her honorable mother, had actually been a student in a college. In a college, moreover, that practiced coeducation.

He himself, humble worm on the earth's surface though he was, had certain well known ideas about the training of women, and rather than let his son marry a student, a New Woman, a Radical, a Heaven-knew-what, he would break the felicitous chain of the four marriages. His eldest son, he said, should marry the bride intended for the youngest, and that negligible person could go for a time unwed. But doubtless, finished Mr. Wong in a flood of compliments, doubtless this rumor was the basest of slanders, and his distinguished friend could at once assure him that the charming flower bud Mei-Kit had never slept a single night away from her ancestral home.

"Make a copy in well brushed characters," commanded Mr. Wong, "and bring it back for my seal."

Mei-Kit walked soberly away from him and into the other room. The pad in her hand was covered with illegible scratches, but every word of the dictation was clear in her mind. The outer office was now full of girls who stared at her curiously as she made her way toward an empty desk.

"Do I take any one's place here?" she asked gently.

"Nope," said the girl nearest her. "Are you new? Have you been taking dictation?"

"Yes, I have."

Mei-Kit sat down and folded her hands on the desk, trying to think. If that letter went to her father, she might not have to marry Wong Shau-Kwong, but she would never be permitted to marry Shau-Ming either; she would never see him again. Of course she might just tear up the pages and go away, but there were plenty of other girls here to take dictation.

"Say," said the friendly voice of the girl beside her, "if you don't want to lose your job, you'd better get busy. He always expects to get things back in a hurry. He can't read or write, you know, and he doesn't realize how long it takes."

"Mr. Wong does not read or write?"

"Not more than a few money characters; that's about all. We take down his letters, and in the morning somebody reads the mail to him. Say, you *are* new around here, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am new," Mei-Kit replied. She seized an ink brush and a long piece of paper and fell furiously to work stroking characters.

In the morning two days later Mr. Wong noticed, idly, the girl who brought in the letters. There was no permanent wave in her bobbed hair and her face was not painted. He liked her voice, which was low and gentle. Almost too low at times.

"Louder," said Mr. Wong. "Louder, please."

Mei-Kit's shaking fingers came to the last letter in her pile. Everything had been very easy so far. She had entered the office with the other girls and had asked to take the letters in "for practice"; she was just trying out for a job, she said, maybe here, maybe in the Shanghai branch. They accepted her easily; the store personnel was large and they had all seen her come out of the boss's office with dictation. Sure, they said, take the letters in; it's no treat to us.

So she was there, opening the last envelope. "Honorable Sir," she read: "I write you from the midst of bitter ashes. It is but too true that the girl Mei-Kit has been educated. She is headstrong and willful and won me over against my better judgment, and I cannot deny it, for her name is inscribed on the books of the university. Therefore is she no longer to be counted a suitable wife for the illustrious eldest son of a man of your principles."

Mei-Kit looked through her lashes at Wong Shau-Yi. Not in this fashion would her father, Tong Wan-Tak, have replied to an arrogant letter. But Mr. Wong was listening blandly.

"I am a very humble man," read Mei-Kit, "and I fear I shall lose in this affair what little prestige has been mine. And you, Noble Sir, endanger your good-luck cycles and in particular the fortunes of your youngest son by postponing his marriage at this time. Can we not therefore make an arrangement of mutual face-saving? I have a niece, the daughter of a younger brother, who has hardly been outside our courtyards in her life, and has never been heard to raise her voice above a whisper. As a wife for your eldest son I would not venture to proffer this maiden, but for the fourth and least considerable of your progeny—"

NAOMI LANE BABSON

came, originally, from Rockport, Massachusetts. She went to Radcliffe College, and, later, traveled extensively in the Orient. Her favorite occupations, she says, are writing stories, travel, reading about the Brontes, curio-hunting in Canton, playing contract bridge, and climbing mountains.

"Louder, louder!" said Mr. Wong.

Not very much later Mei-Kit walked out of the office carrying a letter in which Mr. Wong, with multiple stipulations, agreed to accept the niece of Tong Wan-Tak as a bride for his youngest son.

"I go to mail this," she said to the friendly office girl. "Moreover, to tell you the truth, my stomach aches. If any ask for me, say that I shall not come back today."

Not that day, nor any other, thought Mei-Kit, hurrying toward the elevator. Luck had favored her thus far, and if luck would hold for five days more she would be safely married to Shau-Ming. Hastily she summoned the amah who had accompanied her to the city, and they set about the shopping which had provided an excuse for the trip.

"Now I have only to make up a story for my papa and persuade him to do his part," said Mei-Kit to herself, "and him I can always manage by threatening to throw myself into the canal."

NO banquet hall could accommodate all the guests assembled for the quadruple wedding of the Wong brothers. Feasts were held in half a dozen places, but the roof garden graced by Mr. Wong's presence and that of the four brides and grooms was the center, the pulsing heart of all the merrymaking. Here at a great table were the brides, still demurely concealed behind their bead headdresses; here were the grooms, fine in starched shirts and tail coats; here was Mr. Wong wearing a long *shaam* of plum-colored satin. Here, in shining pewter dishes, appeared the endless courses. And here the rice wine went round and round.

Shau-Ming and Mei-Kit, though side by side in a place of honor, had not much opportunity for speech together, but sometimes managed to exchange a few words in English.

The bridegroom's joy at discovering whose eyes smiled at him behind the veil of beads was beginning to be tempered by apprehension.

"All this duplicity must come to light, and my father will assuredly be violent in his anger."

"*My* papa," said Mei-Kit placidly, "has been sick in bed ever since he found out about my innocent schemes for our happiness."

"He will do well," Shau-Ming averred, "not to improve in health for some time to come."

"Is it not a fact," his bride inquired, "that you and I depart tomorrow for Singapore, to represent your distinguished parents at the Bright Moon Company fetes in that city?"

"For at least a month," Shau-Ming agreed, "we shall be occupied with celebrations, and no scandal will be allowed to ruffle the surface of felicity. But after that the day of reckoning will be upon us."

"In this life," Mei-Kit suggested, "many problems refuse to be solved in advance. Therefore let us say, 'I should worry!' and enjoy our bliss while we may." . . .

They returned to Hongkong six weeks later to find that, in Mei-Kit's words, the cat had come out of the handbag. The great house on the hill buzzed with rumors that the headstrong, educated wife of Shau-Ming was to be sent back forthwith to her ancestral home. On the morning of her arrival Mei-Kit visited her sisters-in-law in their apartments, inquired after their health, and listened to their whispered reports of Wong Shau-Yi's anger when he learned he had married his youngest son to Tong Mei-Kit, masquerading under her milk-name.

He summoned them to his presence, and they went fearfully, holding each other's hands for comfort.

"I am twenty years old," Shau-Ming said, "and I shall strive to conduct myself like a man. But—"

For an instant Mei-Kit's face was brightened by a tender and loving smile. "Dear husband, I have reason to know that you are wholly a man. For myself I count full eighteen winters, yet you can see that I am trembling like a leaf."

"We are like two leaves," he sighed, "and my father in anger is like a mighty gale of wind."

"Say rather," she whispered as they came to Wong Shau-Yi's door, "that we are two stalks of rice which the hurricane may bend but cannot break."

LIKE two culprits they entered, to stand before Mr. Wong's shining blackwood desk. Mei-Kit saw again the heavy fingers pressed together in wrath, and the rolled underlip. And he, seeing Mei-Kit now in everyday dress, with her head uncovered, recognized the girl who had been in his office.

"So it was you?" he gasped. "I inquired who you were, and none knew. I suppose I should have guessed. Then was this trickery your own idea?"

"Mine," she answered. "All the wickedness has been my doing, mine alone. I went that day to your office . . ."

Her low voice grew impassioned as she told her story, ending, "So I made use of guile. Would not you also do the same to gain your heart's desire?"

Mr. Wong sternly banished from his mind a feeling of admiration. Ah, this should have been a man; such astuteness was not becoming to a woman. His voice rolled out, putting the female in her place.

From his tirade of denunciation two facts emerged: Mei-Kit was to return to her home; a divorce would be arranged.

"If that is your wish, I shall go," she said, "for your privilege is to command and mine is to obey. But I shall not go alone."

"Ha! You think you can take my son away?"

"I would never be so bold," Mei-Kit replied. "It is not your son, but mine, who will go with me."

"Eh? What? What's that? What did you say?"

"I am humbly begging the privilege to inform you that I am with child. Moreover, I had this morning much conversation with my worthy sisters-in-law, and I know that this son of mine is to be the first fruit of the four felicitous marriages."

Wong Shau-Yi made one final effort to assert himself: "It may not be a son."

"*My* first child and thy first grandchild?" Mei-Kit demanded proudly. "How should it not be a boy?"

"Nevertheless, there is a fifty-fifty chance that it will be a girl," Shau-Ming said as they returned in honor to the apartment they had quitted in disgrace.

Mei-Kit shrugged. "I do not expect it, but if so, I should worry! Even a girl, in this modern age, can take care of herself, I think."

THE END

To the Ladies

by

PRINCESS

ALEXANDRA

KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

Pictures, Inc., photo

BELINDA JELLIFFE

HOW many secret thoughts would you permit yourself to have if you were the wife of a psychiatrist—one of those doctors who know more about our behavior than we know ourselves? Belinda Jelliffe is married to a leader in that profession, Dr. Smith Ely Jelliffe, so I asked her.

"For a truly trusting mate," she said, "give me a psychiatrist. I wrote the story of my life, *and my husband didn't want to read a word of it before the book was published.*"

For Dear Life is the title of her extraordinarily candid autobiography, the story of a farm girl's struggle for education and refinement through years of hospital nursing. Her knowledge of human beings and their peculiarities is almost uncanny.

In Europe last summer she met an Englishman with a glass eye. With him always, in a pocket case, he carried two extra glass eyes for emergency—and one of his extra glass eyes was *bloodshot.*

"That's because I sometimes do a little drinking," he told Belinda, "and I'm very particular about my eyes. I like to have the glass one match the real one—even on a *morning after.*"

She is one of the most observant travelers I ever have met. In Paris last summer she discovered a bumper crop of strike babies—children resulting from romances that occurred when girl strikers and boy strikers locked themselves in their factories for several days and nights. None of our newspaper strike stories from France have mentioned *that!*

● Hugh Walpole, now in this country, struck up a casual conversation with a gloomy violinist in a restaurant orchestra. Hugh asked the fiddler why he seemed so unhappy. The fiddler pointed to the crowded room. "See all those people," he said. "They come to New York from every part of the world. Every time I look at them I remember that I have five different kinds of racial blood in me—and I don't like *anybody* in my family."

● *Hints to Christmas gifters:* Combination plant-and-book rack in white or green wrought iron for the winter window. . . . Eaton's notepaper packed in fascinating copy of a Russian jewel box. . . . Individual jelly jar (choice of colors) with pewter top for lazybones who breakfast in bed. . . . Coty's new *Purser* for gals who like to have a little of their pet perfume in their handbags. . . . Women who make their own dresses will appreciate a neck-to-hem zipper (in any color) all ready to sew on. Above articles all priced under three dollars.

Boys with the current camera craze ought to whoop if you give them one with the new instantaneous developer attachment (about two dollars). . . For the grown-up boy, a Rumson pencil with a cigarette lighter combined (about four dollars). . . . Luxurious garter of real lace for the bride-to-be. . . . Powder puff concealed in a metal-and-enamel bracelet (fifteen dollars).

● A nook much favored by every one who gets invited there, especially by musicians, writers, and South American diplomats visiting New York, is the private kitchen of Alma Reed, authority on Mexican art. The furnishings of the room are very gay and bright, the floor is scarlet, and the walls are decorated with life-size mural paintings of Mexican peasants done in the modern manner by José Clemente Orozco—all the people in the pictures being hard, hard at work, lifting great burdens, digging, hauling, straining, and plodding. It is one of those terribly labor-conscious art pieces from the new Mexico. I asked Alma Reed's colored cook how she liked it.

"Fine," she laughed. "They all workin' so hard I git myself rested every time I looks at 'em."

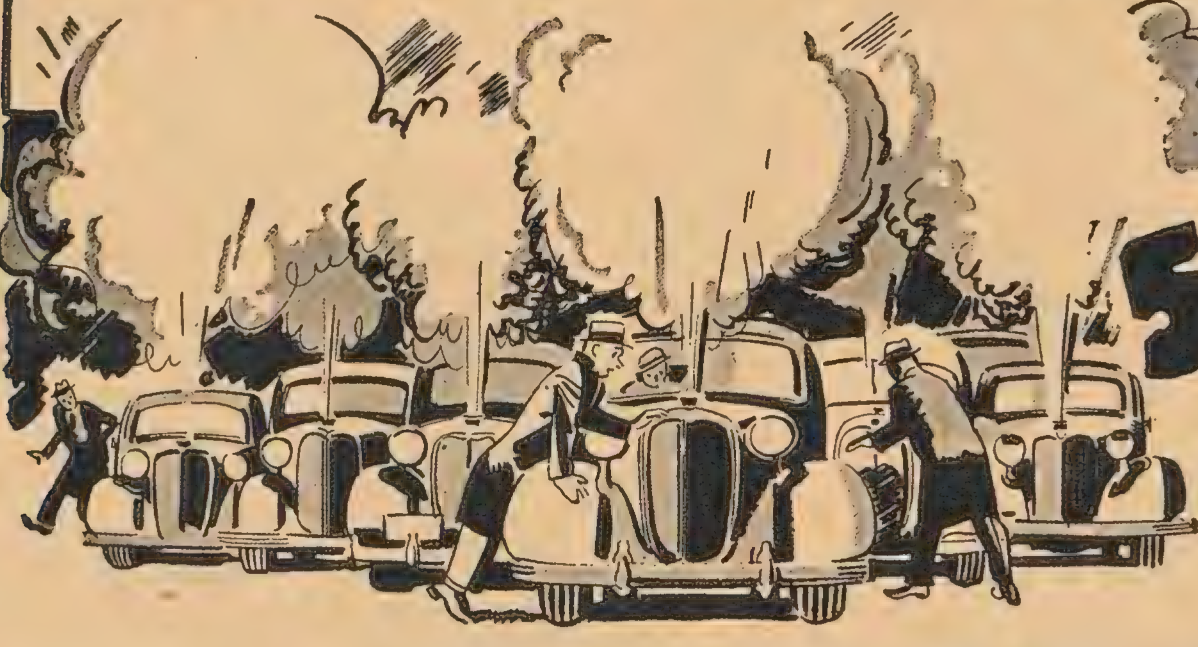
● No more *written* examinations in English at Russell Sage College for Girls. Hereafter each young-lady student will take her exam out loud at a microphone. Samples of her *spoken* English will be automatically recorded from the beginning of the term, and her standing in the subject will depend on the improvement of her speech. Russell Sage College should be congratulated, I think, for this educational development. Schools in general make far too little effort at teaching young people how to *talk* correctly, intelligently, and with ease. Yet talk is surely the most important means of communicating human thought.

● With camera amateurs as epidemic as they are this winter, you're almost certain to find some one on your Christmas list who'd enjoy owning Jacob Deschin's recent book, New Ways in Photography (published by Whittlesey House). Costs $2.75.

● Chocolate truffles are a Christmas specialty in Austria; Viennese bakers fabricate them by the dozen, but every *good* Vienna Hausfrau makes them at home. Like this:

To 5 tablespoons granulated sugar add same quantity finely ground almonds, then 1 drop bitter-almond extract and 1 teaspoon powdered cocoa. Combine these ingredients with ½ raw egg and shape into small round cakes about the size of a cherry. Now put 1 tablespoon water in about ½ pound grated chocolate and bring to boil. Keep over hot water. Dip cakes in this, let them cool, roll in powdered chocolate, and dry in very slow oven.

STRANGE BUT TRUE



540,000

AUTOMOBILES FROZE UP LAST WINTER

(OFFICIAL STATISTICS)

THOUSANDS OF THESE CARS FROZE UP **AFTER** THEIR OWNERS HAD PUT IN ALCOHOL ANTI-FREEZE. THIS WAS POSSIBLE BECAUSE ALCOHOL, OR ANTI-FREEZE BASED ON ALCOHOL, BOILED AWAY WHEN THE WEATHER TURNED WARM BETWEEN COLD SNAPS

THERE ARE APPROXIMATELY **50 BRANDS** OF ANTI-FREEZE ON THE MARKET WITH AN ALCOHOL BASE, **BUT CALLED SOMETHING ELSE!**

ANTI-FREEZES OF THIS CLASS MUST BE CHECKED FREQUENTLY FOR BOIL-AWAY, AND MORE ADDED FROM TIME TO TIME, TO AVOID DANGER OF COSTLY FREEZE-UP

EVEREADY PRESTONE

PUT IN YOUR CAR **ONCE** PROTECTS IT AGAINST **BOTH FREEZE-UP AND RUST**

ALL WINTER LONG

THOUSANDS, DISAPPOINTED BY OTHER ANTI-FREEZES BOUGHT EVEREADY PRESTONE **AFTER** JANUARY FIRST LAST SEASON. THEY WILL SAVE MONEY THIS SEASON BY BUYING EVEREADY PRESTONE BEFORE COLD WEATHER COMES **AND SO WILL YOU!**

GUARANTEED-CONTAINS NO ALCOHOL-AND ONLY $2.70 A GALLON.

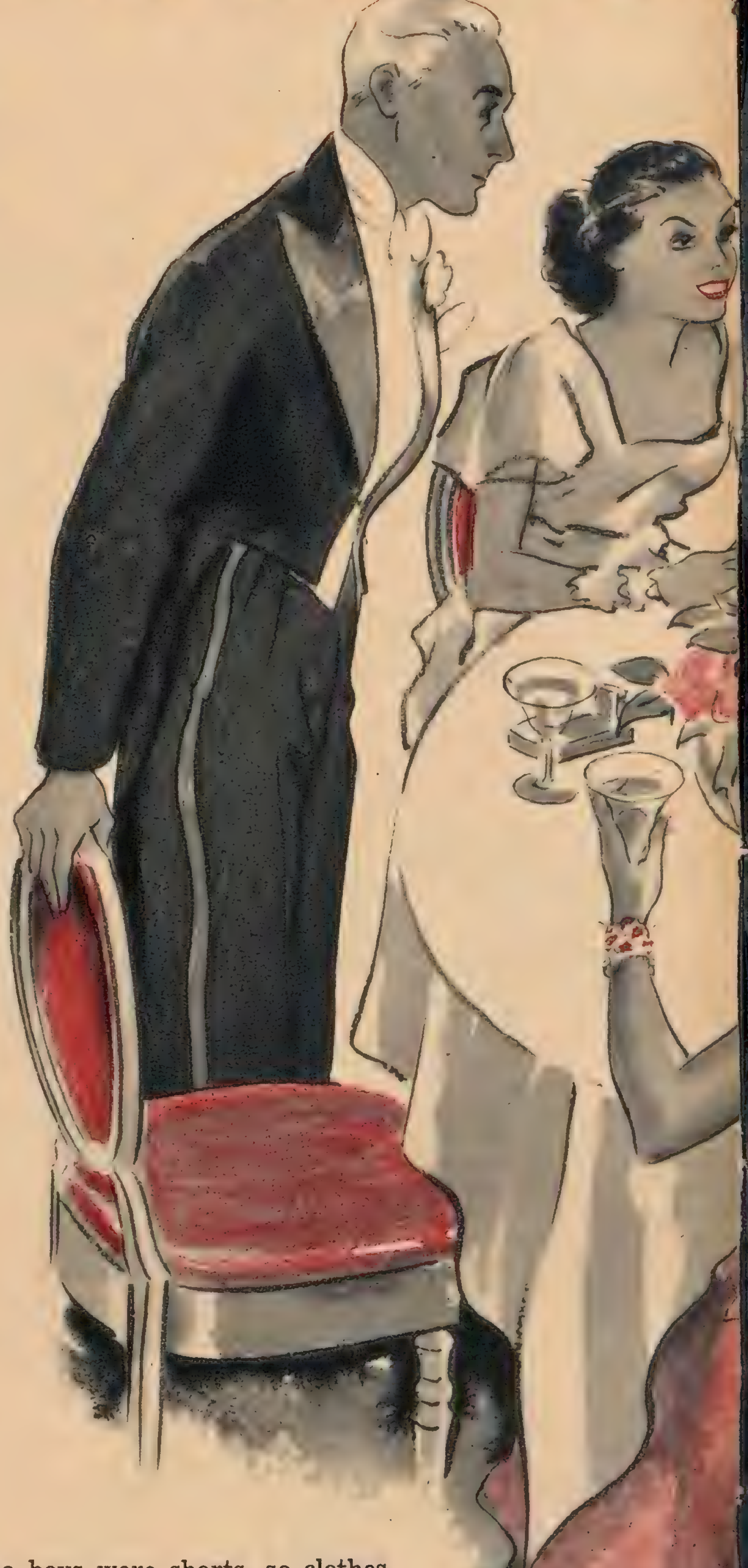
The words "Eveready Prestone" are the trade-mark of National Carbon Co., Inc.

beginning Music

A HILARIOUS TALE OF CHARM FOR HIRE AND THE HEART OF A GOLDEN GIRL WHO KNEW WHAT SHE WANTED

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE



THE gold letters on the glass door read:

PROFESSIONAL ESCORTS, LTD.
Max McMurphy, Pres.

Tod Robinson gripped the want-ad section tighter, pinched the fire off his last cigarette and put the butt in his pocket, tightened the muscles over his flat empty belly, and turned the knob.

The room was full of men, plus one blonde in very silk stockings.

" You lamb chops line up," Daisy said fondly—" along that wall."

They lined up. In age they ranged from seventeen to an optimistic seventy-one. Daisy giggled.

" And turn off the sex appeal," she said. " I just work here and personally I'm not in the market."

Vaguely Tod Robinson was aware that Daisy had moved down the line, tapping men on the chest. He heard the tapped ones commanded to step forward and then to scram, which they indignantly did. Five remained, including himself. Daisy opened a door marked PRIVATE.

She gurgled, " Now you talk to Maxie." As Tod went past she smiled, because Tod looked so straight and thin and haggard but not at all downhearted. So like a real gennleman, Daisy thought, and real gennlemen didn't often answer the ads of Professional Escorts, Ltd.

For the sake of swank, Max McMurphy wore a stiff collar which nearly cut his head off. He perched behind a large swanky desk and fiercely glowered.

" Sit! " he said.

He looked them over. Tod's chin was up, automatically. A gigolo. But if he could get it, it would anyway be a job. He could eat again.

Max remained silent until his victims began to squirm. Then he said with sudden indulgence, " You five have been picked out as O. K. by Daisy. However," he added, " Daisy is always wrong."

Tod stood up, burning.

" Good afternoon," he said.

" Sit! " Maxie snarled. Startled, Tod sat. Maxie's glance left him. " You! " he snapped, jabbing a finger to Tod's left. " What's your name? "

A youngish individual with patent-leather hair, swarthy skin, black jacket, striped pants, gloves, cane, and derby said enthusiastically, " I am the Count Pablo Lope de Vega y Martinez Gonzalez María Sanchez de Guadalajara Ruiz! "

" Cripes! " said Maxie, with his eyes bulging out. " Do you mean it, honest to God? "

" It is the truth," Pablo said modestly—" the proudest blood of Spain! The Count Pablo Lope de—"

" Never mind," Maxie said hastily. He turned back to Tod. " And where are *you* from? "

" Texas," Tod grimly said.

Texas. He had reached that Centennial state in a box car. With festivity winelike in the air and a World's Fair in progress, he figured there ought to be at least one extra job. He had good shoulders and a well-bred look. And ricksha boys wore shorts, so clothes were not important. Trotting, he pulled people from one end of the Exposition to the other. He ate. He was standing at the hot curb when Curly Carmer came up.

She smiled and said politely, " I guess you're a poor young man, eh? "

" None of your business," Tod said. " Do you wish to hire this rick? "

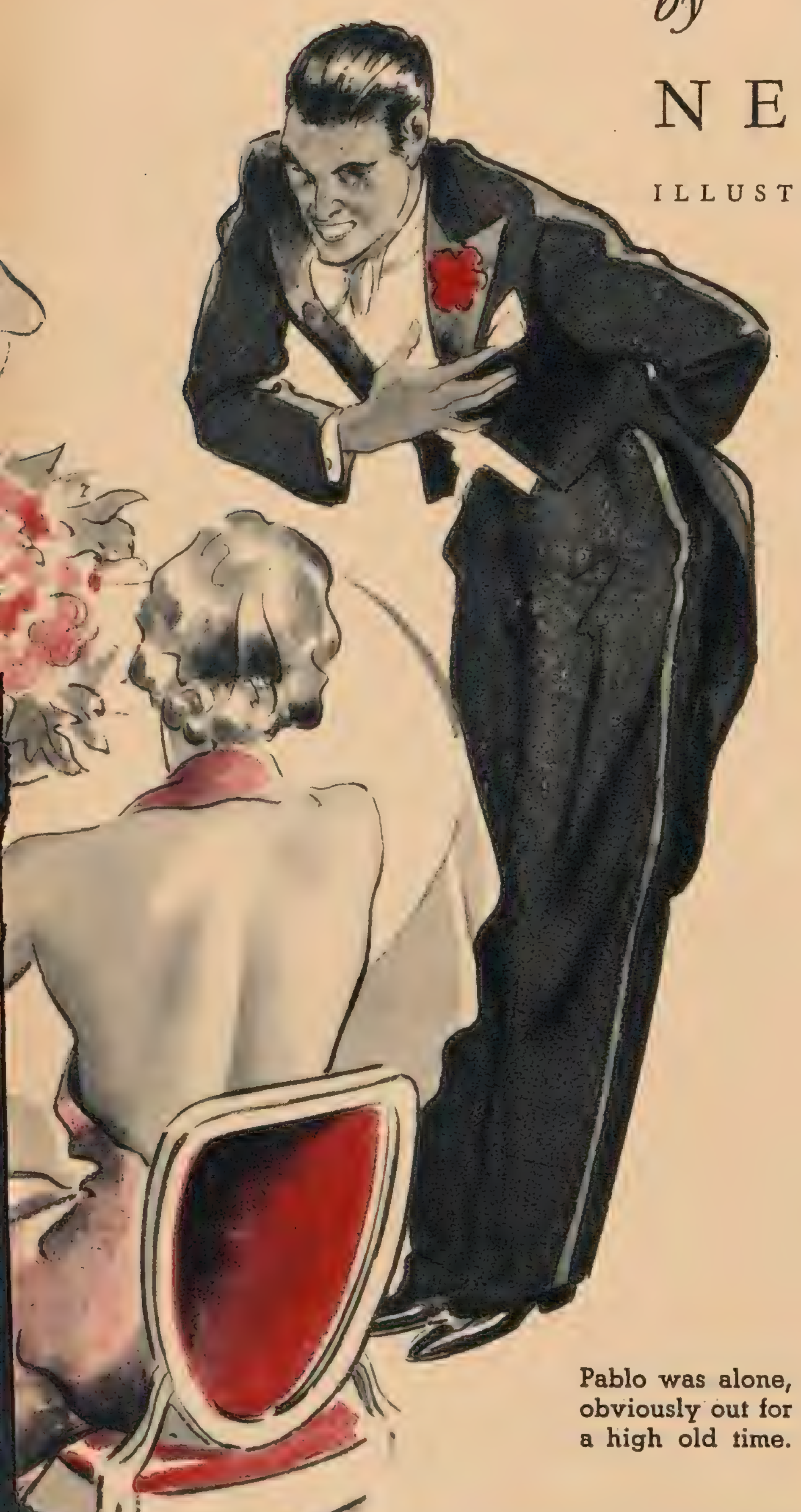
" Sure," Curly said.

But she just stood there. Tod knew his neck and face must be very red—because Curly had been standing just a little way from there a long

in His Feet

by ROBERT NEAL LEATH

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK SWAIN



Pablo was alone, obviously out for a high old time.

time, almost five minutes, and admiring him. She looked expensive, and was. She was tallish and curved extraordinarily well and dressed all in white. She had a clear olive skin, big black eyes, and Tod could see curls of thick rich brown hair where her white hat didn't cover them. But according to the other girls in Delta Theta, Curly was dumb, particularly with men. This view Curly politely accepted, since to disprove it would only have made her head ache.

"Well, get in," Tod said.

"Do I hafta?" Curly said.

"Well, you hired it, didn't you? You just said so."

Curly bobbed her head, pleased.

"For the entire afternoon!" she agreed. From her purse she extracted a twenty-dollar bill and slipped it into Tod's hand. "There!"

"Where do we go?" Tod inquired unhappily. "All around?"

"Oh, no," Curly said. "How could we talk?"

Tod felt licked.

"I see. The idea is we just stay here and talk."

"For a while. Then we will go some place and dance."

"I'd get canned," Tod objected.

"In that case papa will fix it."

"So!" said Tod, discouraged. "A rich doll, huh?"

"Oh my, yes," Curly told him. "I don't remember, but some men drilled a couple of oil wells back of papa's grocery store. Now we have thousands and live in Dallas. The oil wells multiply and— What's your name, anyway?"

Tod told her.

"Mine's Curly Carmer." She was smiling up at him like anything. Tod gulped and suddenly found himself short of conversation.

"Well," Curly decided, "we'll go do that dancing now."

She led the way and Tod followed.

Recovering, Tod grinned.

"I used to be rich, too."

"Sure enough?"

"Only—*my* father stepped out of a window."

"Did it hurt him much?"

"The window was nineteen stories up."

"Oh," Curly said.

Tod said, "Do you think I'm joking?"

The thing was seven years old now; it didn't ache any more. Tod didn't feel sorry for himself, and never had. He felt only an acute bewilderment that he himself was such a failure, that he couldn't earn any real money, keep any real job, and regain the position his father had lost.

"No," Curly said, "you're not joking."

Tod said, still grinning, "Don't waste your time with me. Men should do what they're good at—and I'm not good at any single solitary thing."

"But you've got such beautiful legs, honey," Curly said, "so don't you worry."

Then the music was starting again. The ballroom lay open to the afternoon, open to the fine smells of hot dogs and Texas heat and burned gasoline, and Tod forgot everything but the music. That was Tod's trouble. Music in his feet. And banks and bonds and jobs never had been able to make themselves important.

"Why," said the startled Curly, in his arms, "you're wrong! You're very good at one thing—this. You're very, very good indeed."

Tod blushed. Well-bred men do dance—but never with any high perfection. Perfection was taboo—reserved for chorus men, for sissies and dance-hall Romeos.

"Well, you're good, too," Tod said.

She was. She weighed a hundred and eighteen but she was a feather. And more—she set Tod's heart pounding.

Next morning when Tod arrived at work he met a lot of attention. Buck Smith, a wide mug from the Panhandle, said, "Toddie-Woddie's dot a dirl! Yah, yah! She's waitin' behind sixteen cylinders and *is* she a lulu!"

"You betcha!" said Curly, appearing.

It developed, to Tod's considerable embarrassment, that she had engaged him for that entire day. And the next. And the next. And as they were clanking to the top of a roller coaster Curly said in a sweet pleading rush of words, "I love you very dearly, Tod, and will you please marry me right away? I'm serious. I can afford you all right, honest I can!"

Tod asked, past a suddenly stiff jaw, "And what'll your old man say?"

They seemed to poise at the peak of the Devil's Dip, then zoomed.

"Ee-eek!" shrieked Curly, and grabbed Tod delightedly round the neck. "Papa will be very pleased—or else I'll knock papa's ears down! And anyway we won't tell papa for a while!"

However, papa didn't have to be told. As precaution against kidnapers and other regrettable citizens, papa had detectives continuously. Consequently he knew, almost before it happened, everything which concerned his family. A few days later Curly brought Tod to the Carmer mansion for cocktails, dinner, and more or less formal presentation to her family—made the mistake of leaving him alone in the drawing room while she powdered the nose. "Bull" Carmer appeared in the entrance to the study.

"Come in here, young man," he snapped.

Tod went in and Bull Carmer closed the door, turned. "I suppose," he said, "that you're hoping to get supported in luxury the rest of your life!"

Tod, who was by nature a friendly soul, shrugged. The papa of the lovely Curly seemed to possess the physical earmarks of a good guy, although a trifle crude.

"Sure," he agreed pleasantly. "Why not? I—er—don't eat very heavily."

Bull moved behind his massive desk and sat down.

"You don't eat at all—at my expense!" he cracked. "Get it? My detectives have made a check on you."

"Oh!" Tod said with abrupt coldness. He didn't comprehend, and said so. "You have plenty," he observed carefully. "And in *my* family, when one member had plenty, all others had plenty, too. That was understood. It prevented — embarrassment about — er — bills and things."

BULL stared at Tod, almost in disbelief. He had heard of gentlemen, but never before had met one like this. Therefore his identification missed its mark a couple of miles.

"I've got some names for a squirt like you," he said with precise insult—"fortune hunter. That's just one." He added more, luridly. He wound up, "You're nothing but a panhandling bum—wanting to grab a rich girl and bleed her pa like a leech!"

"If you're through"—Tod's lips were pale and finally, completely, he did comprehend—"get on your feet!"

Bull had heard at least that tone before. Rising, he didn't wait upon formalities. Viciously he flung a small jade elephant and caught Tod in the neck with it. He scrambled round the desk and heavily swarmed upon Tod and Tod cracked Bull's nose before falling. Bull Carmer slugged Tod twice in the face and pulled him to a pair of French doors, already open upon the garden, kicked him out, and watched while Tod slowly collected himself, rose, stared, turned, and stumbled with uncertain erectness away. This was all he could take right now, Tod thought, but there might be another day.

Yet in the study, the next moment, a vase approaching violently from behind missed Bull Carmer's head by inches and crashed against a bookcase. And Curly, a long-limbed young fury in pale-green silk, enormous tears in her stricken eyes, had flung herself past Bull and raced across the grass, frantically calling.

Tod stopped.

The old grin was back on his face, but it was wry now. And somehow adult. He was remembering that the Robinsons always had been a proud clan, and all at once he amazingly knew that he had pride too.

"Shut up, beautiful," he said. "I'm on my way."

"But papa's only a sap!" the lovely Curly wailed. "In just a minute I can persuade—"

"Beautiful," Tod repeated, "shut up! When I can support you, beautiful, we'll be together again. Not till then."

Two more enormous tears rolled downward. But Curly said quietly, "It's a—promise?"

"Yes."

But thereafter Curly drooped like an unwatered rose.

"Eat your avocado, dear," her mother said.

"I won't!" said Curly. "I won't eat my duck, either! I'm not h-hungry!"

MAMA looked at papa with that accusing controlled fury which women reserve for their dearly beloved. "Now look what you've done!" said mama. "You're only a big blustering bully!"

"And," said Curly, "you're my dear papa, but I h-*hate* you!" Then she began to cry, and abruptly jumped up and ran from the table. Mama got up too. "Bah!" she said.

Bull tried to finish the duck, the wild rice, but could not. He could face cyclones with fortitude, strikes and riots meant nothing in his hard-boiled life, but when his two women got mad at him—well, that was different. He carried his napkin upstairs, opened Curly's bedroom door, inserted the napkin and feebly wagged it.

Mama said sharply, "Oh, all right, come on in!"

Bull went in. Curly was lying on the coverlet, staring up at the ceiling and letting the tears roll out without hindrance, as usual.

Bull cleared his throat. He suggested hopefully, "Let's everybody make up and let's everybody not be mad at each other any more," although he was well aware it wouldn't be as simple as that.

"Bah!" mama repeated. "She'll have to have that man, of course."

"Sure, sure," Bull agreed with haste. "I'll get him back! Right away!"

"Wa-wooo!" Curly wailed. "We can't! We don't even know is he still in New York, because he doesn't write any more."

"See," said mama, "what you did?"

"Well—uh—" said Bull, "how about a—uh! How about a nice new Rolls-Royce?"

Curly shuddered. She said heartbrokenly, "V-very well. M-maybe I will take a trip in it to f-f-forget! M-maybe I will go away some place f-f-far off and work! Maybe I will study and become a g-g-great dancer! Like Pavlova or something!"

"Dandy!" said Bull.

"All I'll n-n-need will be a little more allowance."

Bull Carmer gave a suspicious start. He made an error. "How much more?"

It is always an error to ask a woman how much more.

"Eight hundred a month."

"Whoosh!" Bull moaned. "Don't dancing lessons come a little high?"

Curly sat up. She had stopped crying.

"I didn't think of that," she admitted. "Make it a thousand." . . .

"It's a promise!"

Leaving the Carmer garden, Tod had felt an urge to conquest surge through his blue blood for the first time. He'd lick the world now in short order. Back to the freight trains! New York!—his birthplace, the town where his dad had died. That was where the money was, where the knights of modern times could joust for their ladies fair and win swiftly, or swiftly lose. Once again his glance climbed those tall towers, but now he assured himself they were his. Hard work now. This way up! Except—Tod Robinson didn't know how.

He got a job in a service station. Taking his ricksha savings to an uncle named Levy, he reclaimed one Robinson wardrobe, dignified and complete though somewhat worn. But gasoline somehow lacked romance: people who drive automobiles cannot escape its purchase, and Tod couldn't understand what all the shouting was about. Persuading customers into his station instead of letting them go across the street somehow appeared a waste of time.

Truth was Tod Robinson was a pagan, a throwback, an animal like millions of others who simply could not get through his head the fictitious civilized value of money. He got fired. Later, as a clerk in Merchants National, he lasted two days. But Max McMurphy, Pres., Professional Escorts, Ltd., took a chance.

"You five guys leave your names, addresses, and telephone numbers with Daisy, outside," Maxie said.

Tod returned to Daisy with the others, but, unlike the others, he propped himself in a chair against a wall.

The patent-leather Pablo said, when their three colleagues were departing, "What's the trouble, my fren?"

"I'm waiting here," Tod said. "This way I'll get the first call."

"Aha!" observed Pablo, gleaming. "You do not leave an address because you possess none!"

TOD had not been ejected from the Grand Hotel, Rooms 50¢ Up. He had departed in good standing for the excellent reason that the Grand Hotel systematically required payment in advance.

He said, "What's it to you?"

"Where are your clothes? The essential dinner jacket? The tails?"

Tod hesitated. "Grand Central Station," he admitted finally. "In the checkroom."

"Come with me!" Pablo said cordially. "I have one small apartment. You are welcome and I will advance any amount of cash up to eighty cents for repossessment of the clothing. Also we will open some beans with pork. The associates in business must steek together, old pal!"

"And thank you," said Tod.

They told Daisy. Pablo's telephone was ringing when they came in burdened by Tod's two bulging bags.

"For you," Pablo said, extending the instrument.

"Hello."

Max McMurphy's voice demanded, "Got a pencil?"

Pablo was hopping up and down and holding a pencil out, and Tod took it.

"Yes."

"Mrs. Gwen Barbour. Apartment Five—that's the penthouse—Number 3½ Sutton Place. You will wear tails. Show up there at nine o'clock sharp. Cocktails—but don't take more than two. Collect fifty bucks in advance—expenses. Get receipts for everything, like I told you. You will dance at the Ritz. Afterwards you leave the doll outside her door, unnerstand? You got a Rule Book from Professional Escorts, Limited, and you better remember what it says! You will get your own dough here in my office eleven o'clock tomorrow morning, ten bucks."

"Everything is clear," Tod said, and hung up.

"A CLIENT, eh?" Pablo said delightedly. "But do not take old Sour Puss too seriously, old fren."

"Who?"

"The Señor Max McMurphy," Pablo said largely. "After all, us gentlemen of the nimble feet must live. I tell you what. Thees doll she is rich, without doubt. You bring her here after she is good and oiled, *sabe?* Then old Pablo, being very powerful in sex appeal, will fascinate her and she will pay the rent six months in advance! Hot dog!"

"That's a bum idea," Tod said.

"Yes!" said Pablo, disappointed.

At Gwen Barbour's penthouse the first person Tod saw was the lady herself.

"Whew!" he said.

When Gwen smiled, her long lashes always drooped a little.

"Well, what did you expect?"

"Certainly not you," Tod told her.

For here was no large-bosomed, bediamonded party who would become moist of hand, kittenish, and probably plastered before the evening was over. Instead, Gwen Barbour was sleek, blonde, and twenty-six. That she had extracted from each of three husbands only half of his respective fortune had been due to a regrettable streak of generosity in her own character which she fought against but never entirely conquered. After all, she had given each husband a year of her time, and, so far, not one husband had complained of having been gypped.

"The Martinis will be served," Gwen suggested at last, "in the drawing room, I believe, instead of here beside the elevator."

"Er—quite!" said Tod.

Her drawing room was white and green and silver. The cocktails had a smooth slide, a tingle, and a wham.

Gwen inspected Tod over the rim of her glass.

"Of course," she observed, "you understand I'm doing this only as sort of a—a gag?"

Tod said stoutly, "The client never tells a lie!"

Some tell boys and girls what to do . . I let them tell me!

THE THINGS you boys and girls tell me prove that *my* customers *are* always right—and that I can't go wrong in giving you exactly what you want.

Some of you told me, a long time ago, that you wanted big pieces of gum with the extra quality to make big bubbles. That was the start of Fleer's Dubble Bubble Gum.

When I first introduced this new gum a lot of people who thought they were smart told me I was wrong. But the boys and girls who tried it said that I was right—and I took *their advice!*

Today when boys and girls put pennies on the counter for Fleer's Dubble Bubble Gum I wouldn't be playing fair if I didn't give them better gum and more of it for the money. After all they gave me the best idea I've ever had—and I've been making quality chewing gum for over a quarter of a century.

Sincerely,

President, Frank H. Fleer Corp.
Makers of fine chewing gum for 30 years
Philadelphia, Pa.

FLEER'S
Dubble Bubble
CHEWING GUM

FLEER'S
DUBBLE BUBBLE
1¢
1¢
DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM

HERE'S WHAT YOU GET FOR

It is PURE
Its FLAVOR LASTS LONGER
It is NON-STICKY
A COMPLETE COLORED FUNNY in every wrapper.
An INTERESTING FACT in every wrapper
YOUR FORTUNE in every wrapper
A quarter million stores carry it for you

Without warning, Gwen Barbour was furious. She put her glass on the table.

“Just finish that one and get out, please,” she said coldly.

Astonishment pushed Tod back in his green chair.

“Are you sore at me? Already?”

Gwen's nostrils quivered.

“I'm—completely furious!”

“But why?”

“I suppose,” Gwen stormed, “you think I actually must pay *any* man to take me out!”

Tod sighed.

“Golly! And here I was just repeating Rule Six!”

That stopped Gwen. She had to be shown, so Tod produced his book and pointed to No. 6. Sure enough, it read:

> 6. Escorts from this agency will accept without batting an eye any and all statements made by a client, especially concerning client's true age, weight, marriages, conquests, affairs, present reasons for requiring an escort whom she must pay. GET THIS! No client never tells a lie!

Outrage flickered across Gwen's face but suddenly vanished before a helpless giggle. She took another Martini sip and let her lashes droop again.

ROBERT NEAL LEATH

a frequent contributor to these pages, is fond of dogs, his home in the mountains near Hollywood, and proud of the fact that two of his novels were published last year. He is a native of Alabama.

“YOU'RE nice,” she decided. “But I don't see why it's you that's here. I thought all gigo—I mean, I thought all professional escorts plastered grease in their hair, which was always black.”

Heat climbed Tod's throat.

“Surprise, surprise!” he said.

But he was quiet during the ride to the Ritz.

Across the dully gleaming cloth, the gleaming service of their table, Gwen said, “Now who's sore?”

“Me, I guess,” said Tod.

Gwen stretched a shapely bare arm out.

“Give me that book.”

Tod gave her the Rule Book, which she promptly searched.

“Lookit!”

Tod looked. The polished red-and-white nail of Gwen's right index finger pointed to Rule 10:

> Escorts will positively not take no offense no matter what off-side cracks any client may make concerning method the escort is earning his living. In the back of her skull any client feels more or less insulted by having to hire an escort instead of getting some sucker to romp her around free. GET THIS! You are *not* a gigolo! Gigolos are thieves who also dance, and you just dance. Nevertheless, if any client does refer to you as a gigolo, either directly or indirectly—take it! She is simply getting all hot and bothered because she likes you and doesn't think she can make the grade, or something.

Tod lifted his head. Suddenly he, too, had to loose a helpless laugh.

He said slowly, “I think you're—nice—very nice—too—” And then his face became very tight and quite pale, and Gwen looked around. She saw an olive-skinned girl in white, at another table in a party of eight, urgently signaling.

“Who is that?”

Tod said rigidly, “Merely the girl I—love.”

“She wants you to join her.”

“Apparently.”

Gwen said, “You can't go.”

“No,” Tod said.

He wasn't counting on the straightforward methods of Curly Carmer, however—a dizzy dumb dame from Texas. Curly had been searching New York too long to be stopped by such a little thing as a snub. She came to Tod's side and Tod of course got up. She said, “My darling!” and held her arms out.

Well, what could he do? Tod aimed a peck of a kiss at her forehead, hit her nose instead, and drew back blushing. He mumbled an introduction, and Gwen said, “Do sit down, Miss Carmer, since evidently you insist.”

Happiness made Curly's eyes as soft as a little-girl puppy's. She sat but didn't say anything. A reputation for dumbness is an excellent thing, for it permits its possessor to remain dumbly silent while every one else finds himself placed precisely behind the eight ball.

“Uh—” said Tod.

Said Gwen, “Er—”

“How fortunate!” said Pablo Sanchez enthusiastically, appearing at Tod's elbow and beaming. “Imagine finding *you* here, fren Tod!”

Tod moaned—to himself, he mistakenly believed. For Pablo was in immaculate tails too.

Pablo was alone, but Pablo obviously had come out for a high old time.

“Yes, imagine!” Tod said bitterly. “Particularly in view of the fact that you knew my destination. This is my roommate,” he explained to the women.

Pablo said, “The best blood of Spain! The Count Pablo Lope de Vega y Martinez Gonzalez María Sanchez de Guadalajara Ruiz!”

“As the boss would say,” Tod observed—“cripes!”

“Oh, very well,” said Gwen, twinkling. “Haul up a chair, Pabby, although of course we realize you're not a real nobleman.”

Pablo looked hurt but hauled up a chair.

“How did madame know?”

“The Guadalajara part,” Gwen said, “gives you away, sort of, since Guadalajara's just a city in Mexico.”

“But it sounds good,” said Pablo, brightening. “The Count Pablo Lope de—”

“It sounds wonderful,” said Gwen.

Pablo liked that. He liked Gwen, too, because in Mexico they have very few sleek blondes with money. He glowed. He bowed.

“Madame is most excitingly beautiful,” he announced. “Suppose you and I engage a taxicab and drive around and around the park and I will be very happy to give madame a high-powered kiss.”

Curly started.

“I thought Texas was rapid,” she observed wonderingly, “but maybe it is only all grown over with moss.”

Abruptly Gwen attacked. Pablo seemed merely another enameled Latin, but Tod Robinson might be, probably was, something special.

“Everything's under control, darling,” she assured Curly with vicious care. “I'll pay the Mexican, too.”

Curly's big eyes became bigger. She swung them round and fixed their stare upon Tod.

She said, “What does this fine-feathered cluck mean, Tod?”

Gwen said insolently, “Little girl with the Texas accent, don't you catch on that your boy friend is a gigolo? Twenty dollars per evening, plus expenses. For services rendered, including dancing, dining, conversation, et cetera. *Et* cetera!”

Curly was very white.

“Texas?” inquired Pablo, delighted. “Oil! Millions! Allow me to present my card! See, it says Professional Escorts, Limited! And, written in quite elegantly with ink—‘presented by the Count Pablo Lope de Vega y Mar—’”

“Shut up, Pablo!” Tod snarled.

Curly rose, beautifully. She had Pablo's card.

She said in an angry even voice, “It was a promise, and this is the way you are doing it. I hope I shall never see you again, Tod, so long as I may live.”

Then she went away.

“Cripes!” said Pablo, amazed.

Tod looked at the sleek successful Gwen Barbour, of whom no man ever had complained.

“I still think,” he said harshly, “that you are very nice indeed. Shall we dance?”

A fine mess. And there's not much Tod can do about it now. Curly, however, has other ideas. So has the cagey Pablo. And when Mama Carmer adds her bit, the fireworks begin. Enjoy the hilarious solution of this muddled romance in next week's concluding installment.

PRIDE... in producing only the best whiskey

Paul Jones

A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES – 92 PROOF

FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES
Paul Jones
★★★★
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES, INC
ONE QUART

PAUL JONES, for over 70 years, has been made slowly . . . distilled in the costly, old-fashioned American way . . . with plump, golden American grain . . . with clear, sparkling American limestone water . . . and with steadfast fidelity to time-honored American whiskey traditions.

What's more, Paul Jones is *all* whiskey—American, every drop—and you'd search the wide world over to match its gloriously rich, hearty flavor!

Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville & Baltimore, makers of Four Roses (94 proof), Old Oscar Pepper (90 proof), Mattingly & Moore (90 proof)—all blends of straight whiskies

A GENTLEMAN'S WHISKEY SINCE 1865

BEST LOOKING

"NOTHING LIKE IT !"

THE CARS THAT HAVE EVERYTHING FOR 1937

LONGER WHEELBASE
LARGER SIZE
ROOMIER BODIES
LOWER FLOORS
STURDIER CHASSIS

HEAVIER FRAMES
BIGGER ENGINES
HIGHER POWER
EXTRA SAFETY
GREATER ECONOMY

New Unisteel Bodies by Fisher with Turret Top · New Triple Sealed Super-Hydraulic Brakes · Center-Control Steering · New Dual Ride Stabilizers · Proved Knee-Action Wheels · Unobstructed Floors · Electro-Hardened Aluminum Pistons · New Stabilized Propeller Shaft · Fisher No Draft Ventilation · Safety Glass Standard Throughout · Big, Low-Pressure Tires · And Many Other Fine-Car Features

TWO GREAT NEW GENERAL MOTORS VALUES

"MODERN TO THE MINUTE !"

"EVERYTHING NEW !"

NEW 1937

BIGGER

"CARS OF THE YEAR!"

"PRICES THAT SET THE PACE IN VALUE!"
"SO SMART!"
"BIG AND BEAUTIFUL!"

Above at left: Six 4-door Touring Sedan, $815 list. At right: Eight 4-door Touring Sedan, $915 list.

OLDSMOBILE has scored again! "The two outstanding style leaders for 1937," say motorists everywhere. Two great new cars — a smart, distinctive new Six — a big, distinguished new Eight — entirely different from each other, and different from anything else on the road. Both have new, roomier Unisteel Bodies by Fisher with Turret Top. Both have new, more powerful, yet more economical engines. Both have new, longer, stronger chassis with many outstanding new features. If you have not already seen these two beautiful new Oldsmobiles and discovered what remarkable value they represent, look at them tomorrow, at your Oldsmobile dealer's.

$685 **PRICES REDUCED** *on Six-Cylinder 4-door Sedan, 4-door Touring Sedan and all Eight-Cylinder Enclosed Models. Sixes $685 and up . . . Eights $785 and up, list at Lansing. Special Accessory Groups Extra. Monthly Payments to suit your purse. General Motors Instalment Plan* **$785**

OLDSMOBILE 6 AND 8

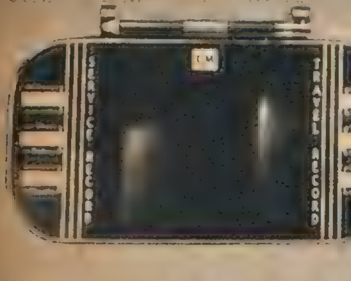
AND FINER AND SAFER THAN EVER

DUAL-PURPOSE HOT WATER HEATERS

They heat the car and defrost the windshield. Give maximum output of heat, directed to every nook and corner of the car; keep the windshield free of ice, snow, sleet and steam. Defrosting attachment extra.

De Luxe HEATER $\$9^{95}$

Super De Luxe HEATER $\$14^{95}$



VISOR VANITY MIRROR

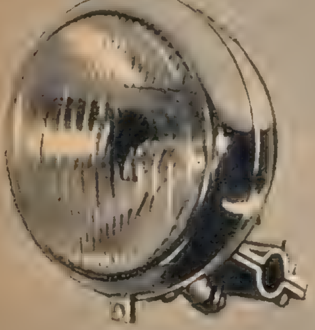
Extra large, quality mirror. Clips over sun visor. Has frosted glass spaces for erasable travel and service record.

$\$1^{00}$

SEAT COVERS

Smartly tailored, custom-fit seat covers of famous San Toy material. Warm in winter; cool in summer. They make it easier to slip in and out of the car.

$\$2^{30}$ TO $\$8^{95}$



FOG LAMPS

New-type safe-driving lamp, especially developed for fog and snow conditions. Large-diameter amber-colored lens diffuses penetrating light over wide area.

$\$5^{50}$ EACH

GENUINE CHEVROLET RADIOS

The world's finest, most dependable car radios. Built expressly for the Chevrolet car. Available in three styles.

$\$37^{75}$ TO $\$59^{75}$

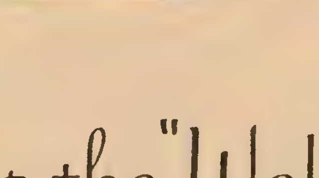
Everything for the "Well-dressed Car"

Personalize your Chevrolet with style-setting

GENUINE CHEVROLET ACCESSORIES

CHEVROLET

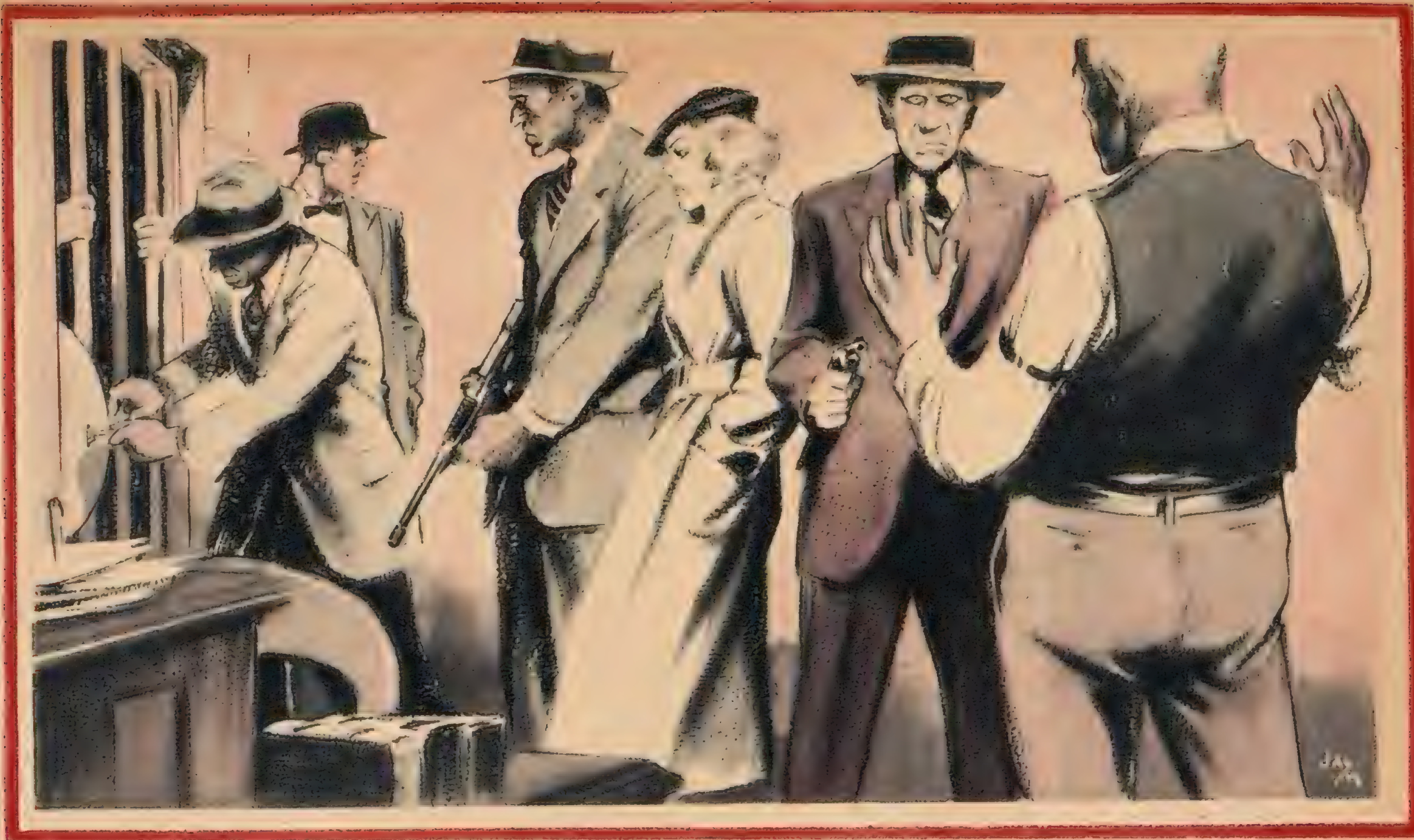
MAKE this Christmas a Christmas of real surprises, with gifts that Dad and Mother and the whole family have wanted and can enjoy throughout the year. For a change, why not get something for your Chevrolet—the family car in which you'll spend so many happy, enjoyable hours and days in the months ahead. Think what a lot of comfort a heater will bring on chilly days. Or a radio—your choice of the features of the air wherever you drive! Your Chevrolet dealer has these and many other attractive, useful gifts for the car, ready wrapped in beautiful gift packages—and at prices to suit your Christmas shopping allowance.



CHEVROLET MOTOR CO. DETROIT, MICHIGAN

For Christmas... Gifts that please

SHOP AT YOUR CHEVROLET DEALER'S GIFT STORE



"Dolly went with them. They stuck up the keeper of the jail, took his keys, and freed Red and his friends."

UNDERWORLD NIGHTS

Mildred Harris and "Cokey" Flo are the women from New York's underworld who, on the stand, kept faith with Special Prosecutor Dewey and clinched his case against "Lucky" Luciano.

New Revelations from Behind the Scenes of New York Crime—from the Lips of Two Who KNOW

by EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

MILDRED'S story about Teddy the finger woman," Flo said, "reminds me of one about a girl named Marian. Her family were Pittsburgh Russians. She got a job in a restaurant when she was fifteen or sixteen, and one of the boys who ate there took a shine to her. His name was Dick.

"'A girl like you,' he said, 'shouldn't be working. You're too pretty. If you were my girl I'd treat you swell. What do you say?'

"Well, he rented a grand apartment for her, and that was the end of her hash-slinging.

"Dick had a friend named Slim in Leavenworth. 'When Slim gets out,' he'd say, 'him and me will make a lot of dough. Then you and me will get married.'

"Marian heard so much about Slim she got tired of it. Then Slim got out of jail. And the first time she saw him, Marian fell head over heels in love with him.

"She started giving Dick the chill. He coaxed her to change her mind, but she wouldn't listen to him. He appealed to Slim.

"'We been pals, Slim,' he said. 'We been fifty-fifty for years. Stay away from the kid, will you? Give me a break, Slim. I'm nuts about her. I want to marry her.'

"'The hell with you,' Slim told him. 'She doesn't want you. She wants me. And I'm taking her.'

"Slim was a pipee — an opium smoker. And soon Marian was a smoker too. Dick and Slim continued to work together as partners—though there was bad blood between them—until they pulled off a big jewelry job together and Dick accused his pal of holding out on him. After that Dick watched Slim like a hawk. When he caught him holding out again, he went to his apartment, jimmied the door, and eased in. Slim and Marian were in deep opium sleep. He blew Slim's head off with a shotgun, and beat it.

"Marian was arrested and held for questioning. Dick was afraid she'd open up to the cops. So he made up his mind to kill her too.

"He knew the mob was smuggling in dope to her. She had to have it. They put it in her coffee, in her sandwiches, in packages of cigarettes they sent her. When she'd been in jail two or three days, Dick had some coffee sent in to her—with an overdose of morphine in it.

"The keeper took it to the matron. But Marian was asleep, and the matron didn't want to wake her—and warmed-over coffee never tasted good to anybody. So the matron poured a cup for the keeper and one for herself.

"The keeper died and the matron went to the hospital. Marian knew who had meant to kill her. She knew she had to lam out of Pittsburgh as soon as she could. But she was in jail.

" They kept her there for weeks, and in that time she went on the white stuff—cocaine and morphine. You can't smoke opium in jail. She went to New York as soon as she was released. A small-time peddler made a streetwalker out of her—so she'd be able to pay him for the stuff.

" The peddler took a fall and was sent to the can; so Marian went to live with a girl she had met, a hop user like herself. This girl shot the hop into her veins with a needle. Marian started shooting the hop too. It poisoned her system, gave her jaundice. She died, and they buried her in potter's field."

The facts of life in the underworld—darkened realm of bosses, rackets, gunmen, dope, and vice—will be further set forth, as revealed by Cokey Flo and Mildred Harris, in an early issue of Liberty.

" That reminds me of a story," Mildred said. " Remember Dolly? Red's girl? I'll never forget her. She was one of the most beautiful kids I ever saw.

" Dolly was one of three children. Their mother had been left a little property in Elgin, Illinois, and her husband's insurance. Dolly took lessons as a toe dancer, and spent one season in the chorus of a road show. Her mother went with her—but it was hard on the old lady and the expenses were high. So Dolly quit the chorus. She was a good kid. She never wanted to hurt anybody.

" It was after she quit the show that she met Red at a party. She fell for him. He fell for her too.

" He belonged to a mob on the South Side of Chicago. Dolly left her folks in Elgin and went to live in a South Side flat with a racket guy. For love!

" The first month they lived together Red made fair money. Then he was let in on a stick-up. He came home with his cut and dumped it in Dolly's lap.

" ' Here you are, kid. Go blow the works on a swell outfit. Just a little shopping money.'

" Dolly never had had much money to spend on herself. She went out and bought a cheap pair of shoes, a few dresses, a hat, and some underwear.

" The poor kid thought Red would praise her. He raised the devil. ' What the hell do you mean, buying junk like this? ' he asked. ' No moll of mine can go around in rags like these! Let's go out and buy some real duds.'

" When Red got through buying, she was so gorgeous she fell in love with him all over again.

" The mob bought a small hotel and made Red ' the front.' He was supposed to own the place. There was a ' lay-down joint ' upstairs, for hop smokers. In the basement there was a little cabaret, back of which was the hideaway for stolen goods.

" IT was part of Red's job to entertain visiting gangsters. As host, he'd smoke hop with them. He didn't smoke often enough to get the habit. He didn't want to.

" Dolly was overcome by curiosity. She sneaked into the place and smoked with her friends. Red beat her up and told her he'd tear her apart if he caught her again. But she begged and pleaded till he told her she could smoke once a week, but only with him.

" After this, Red was given the job of taking dope from Chicago to St. Paul and Minneapolis. He usually took Dolly on these trips in his own car. He was switched on the Indiana run for a time, and on his last trip, because he had a big load of junk, he took a couple of the boys along too. They went heeled.

" On their way back to Chicago, in a very small town, they were pinched for speeding. They didn't even bother to throw away their guns. They left them in the car.

" A moment after they had gone in to pay their fines, Dolly saw two state troopers coming. She got out of the car and ran. The troopers looked in it and found the guns—and Dolly hurried back to Chicago.

" ' Don't worry,' the boss said. ' We'll get them out.' He called three or four of the boys and they started to the rescue. Dolly went with them. They stuck up the keeper of the jail, took his keys, and freed Red and his friends.

I D-DIDN'T KNOW I
BY ANYTHING-
SO RUN-DOWN SHE WAS "TOUCHY" AND DEPRESSED
FEW WEEKS LATER
BE READY IN A MINUTE, ANDY—JUST WANT TO EAT THIS YEAST CAKE BEFORE WE GO OUT TO DINNER
VITAMINS A.B.G and D

"Then Red bawled Dolly out for coming into danger.

"'Red,' she said, 'all hell couldn't have kept me away. Suppose something had gone wrong! I had to help.'

"Red had to lay low for a time; so Dolly took over the run, and made quite a little money at it. She and Red were planning to be married, when Red got pinched for having some stolen goods. The judge gave him a year.

"It seemed like the end of the world to Dolly. She began to smoke every day. She started going out to hop parties. At one of them she met a guy named Bill.

"Bill was lonely too, and he started taking Dolly out. There was nothing between them but a common love for the poppy pipe. But Red in jail heard different. He wouldn't talk to Dolly now when she came to see him, except to call her a cheater and a two-timer and a bum.

"Dolly wept on Bill's shoulder. But the more she smoked, the less often she thought of Red. When she did, it was only to tell herself, 'I'll square it with him some day—when he comes out. Not now. There's plenty of time.' That's dope.

"SHE drifted into an affair with Bill. He was good to her. She liked him. She was living with him when Red got out. Then she took herself out of the dope fog and went to see him, taking along a couple of girl friends; one of them was a pretty little redhead named Nancy. Red danced with Dolly, and she swore to him she still loved him. They smoked a pipe together, and decided to start all over again. Dolly took a cure, at Red's insistence, and he gave her a diamond ring. And again he talked about marrying her.

"Now that Dolly was 'cured,' Red wouldn't let her into the lay-down joint. He made her stay away from the hotel. One day, accidentally, she ran into Bill.

"'I'm sorry I had to leave you the way I did,' she said, 'but I really love Red, Bill. You're not sore? He's been so sweet, forgiving me for everything.'

"'Why shouldn't he forgive you?' Bill asked. 'He's no angel. Where do you think Nancy is right now?'

"Dolly was stunned but pretended to know all about it. Bill said he had a nice girl now. He'd quit smoking, and he and his girl were shooting heroin.

"'How about giving an old friend a shot?' Dolly said.

"Bill took her to his home, introduced her to his girl, and fixed a shot for all of them. Dolly, not having had any drugs for weeks, flew higher than a kite.

"She started home, but got to thinking—or the drug got to thinking. She went to the hotel and found Red and Nancy there in each other's arms.

"She went to Bill's beer garden. 'I've been crazy, Bill,' she said. 'Take me back.'

"When Red heard of it, he married Nancy.

"As time went on Bill and Dolly took more and more dope. Bill forgot everything but dope and Dolly. Gradually he found himself getting poorer and poorer. Dolly went on the streets to get money for junk.

"She was standing in a doorway one night. She was hungry and cold. It was raining. She was hiding from the cop on the beat. She saw two old friends passing by and heard them talking. Nancy had a beautiful baby boy!

"Dolly groped her way home to the room she shared with Bill. She found both heroin and cocaine, and mixed them, making a 'speed ball.' A dose like that will make the worst drug addict wild—insane.

"She found a gun. At Red's house she waited almost an hour until he drove up.

"'Don't get out,' she said. 'I got to talk to you.'

"'Get in,' Red said.

"I don't know what he thought. Maybe he figured she wanted some money. They drove out toward a suburb, over a deserted road, Dolly stalling for time. When they got out in the prairies, she stuck the gun in his ribs.

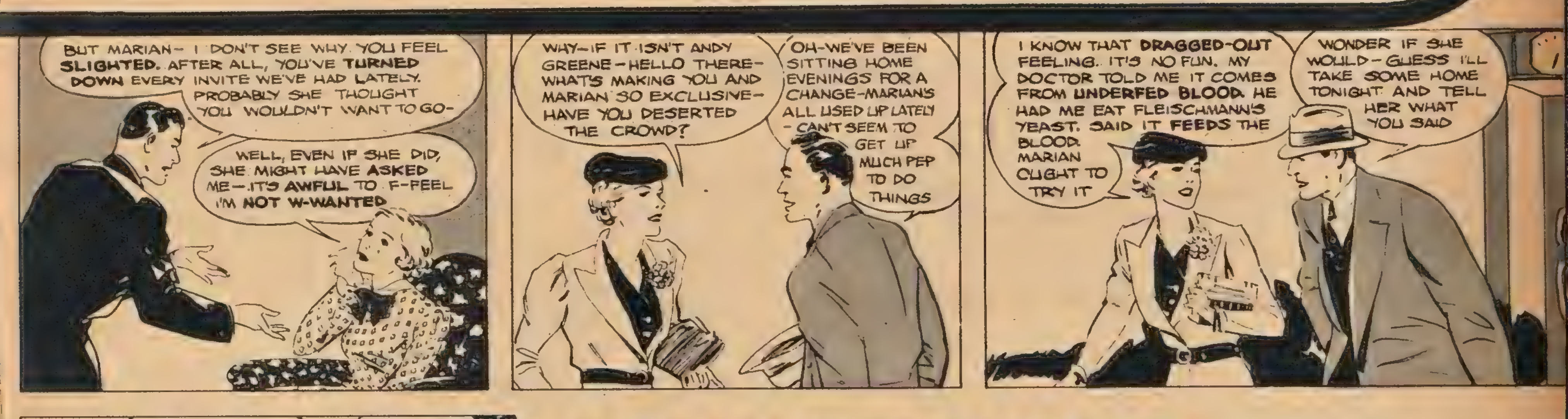
"'Get out,' she said.

"Red got out. She put five bullets in his head. The cops thought it was just another gang war. They never questioned her. Eventually she came to New York. She's here now."

"Still a bum," Flo said. "Still a junkie. Love? Give me ice water every time."

THE END

COULD BE SO HURT


BUT MARIAN- I DON'T SEE WHY YOU FEEL SLIGHTED. AFTER ALL, YOU'VE TURNED DOWN EVERY INVITE WE'VE HAD LATELY. PROBABLY SHE THOUGHT YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO GO-
WELL, EVEN IF SHE DID, SHE MIGHT HAVE ASKED ME-IT'S AWFUL TO F-FEEL I'M NOT W-WANTED
WHY-IF IT ISN'T ANDY GREENE-HELLO THERE- WHAT'S MAKING YOU AND MARIAN SO EXCLUSIVE- HAVE YOU DESERTED THE CROWD?
OH-WE'VE BEEN SITTING HOME EVENINGS FOR A CHANGE-MARIAN'S ALL USED UP LATELY - CAN'T SEEM TO GET UP MUCH PEP TO DO THINGS
I KNOW THAT DRAGGED-OUT FEELING. IT'S NO FUN. MY DOCTOR TOLD ME IT COMES FROM UNDERFED BLOOD. HE HAD ME EAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. SAID IT FEEDS THE BLOOD. MARIAN OUGHT TO TRY IT
WONDER IF SHE WOULD-GUESS I'LL TAKE SOME HOME TONIGHT AND TELL HER WHAT YOU SAID

I LOVE TO WATCH MARIAN- SHE GETS SUCH A KICK OUT OF EVERYTHING SHE DOES!
SHE'S JUST LIKE HER OLD SELF AGAIN- THANKS TO YOUR TIP ABOUT THOSE YEAST CAKES

DON'T LET UNDERFED BLOOD MAKE YOU TIRED AND JITTERY

THAT tired, tense feeling so many people have at this time of the year is a sign of depleted energy.

Usually this means your blood is *underfed* and does not carry enough nourishment to your muscles and nerves.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast supplies your blood with health-building vitamins and other vital food elements. It helps your blood to take up better nourishment from your food and carry it to your tissues.

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly each day—one cake about ½ hour before meals, plain or in a little water. Start today.

IT'S YOUR BLOOD THAT "FEEDS" YOUR BODY...

One of the important functions of your blood stream is to carry nourishment from your food to the muscle and nerve tissues of your entire body.

When you find you get overtired at the least extra effort, it is usually a sign that your blood is not supplied with enough food for your tissues.

What you need is something to help your blood get more nourishment from your food.

FLEISCHMANN'S FRESH YEAST CONTAINS 4 VITAMINS IN ADDITION TO HORMONE-LIKE SUBSTANCES, WHICH HELP THE BODY GET GREATER VALUE FROM THE FOOD YOU EAT, AND GET IT FASTER-----

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

Thank you.. Thank you.. so much !!

JUNE 15. *My seventeenth birthday!!!*

Dear Diary:

You and I have never met before today, yet I am already calling you " dear " and planning to confide my most secret thoughts in you. I know you will never, never tell any one what I say or laugh tolerantly, as father does when I explain how the world could recover from the depression. . . .

I *do* think property should be evenly divided, so I could have as nice things as any one else! Of course I understand that people will never be equal mentally or in fine breeding. For instance, compare me, with my talents, to Billy Steele and his blown-out-tire-mending job!

And it's a shame, too! Billy's that handsome! . . .

June 22.

Dear Diary:

I'm going to tell you a real secret—though I suppose it isn't a secret to any one who uses their eyes.

Billy and John are both in love with me!

Of course I pretend I don't know it. Not that I'm not thrilled. No indeed! I like to hold men's hearts throbbing in my hand.

I am kind and try not to hurt their hearts any more than I can help—although it *is* cute the way I get them jealous of each other just so I can see them glare! But don't think that I have the slightest intention of ever marrying. It makes me cold to think of any man doling out money to me and telling me to be careful what I spend because the gas bill is due and he must get that —— —— garageman's bill off his mind . . .

That reminds me that I *do* wish daddy would increase my allowance!

June 29.

Dear Diary:

I asked dad to increase my allowance, and he said, " What for? "!!!

Can you imagine that!

I said, " Because I want to study art. I graduate from high tomorrow and it's time for me to embark on the road to fame."

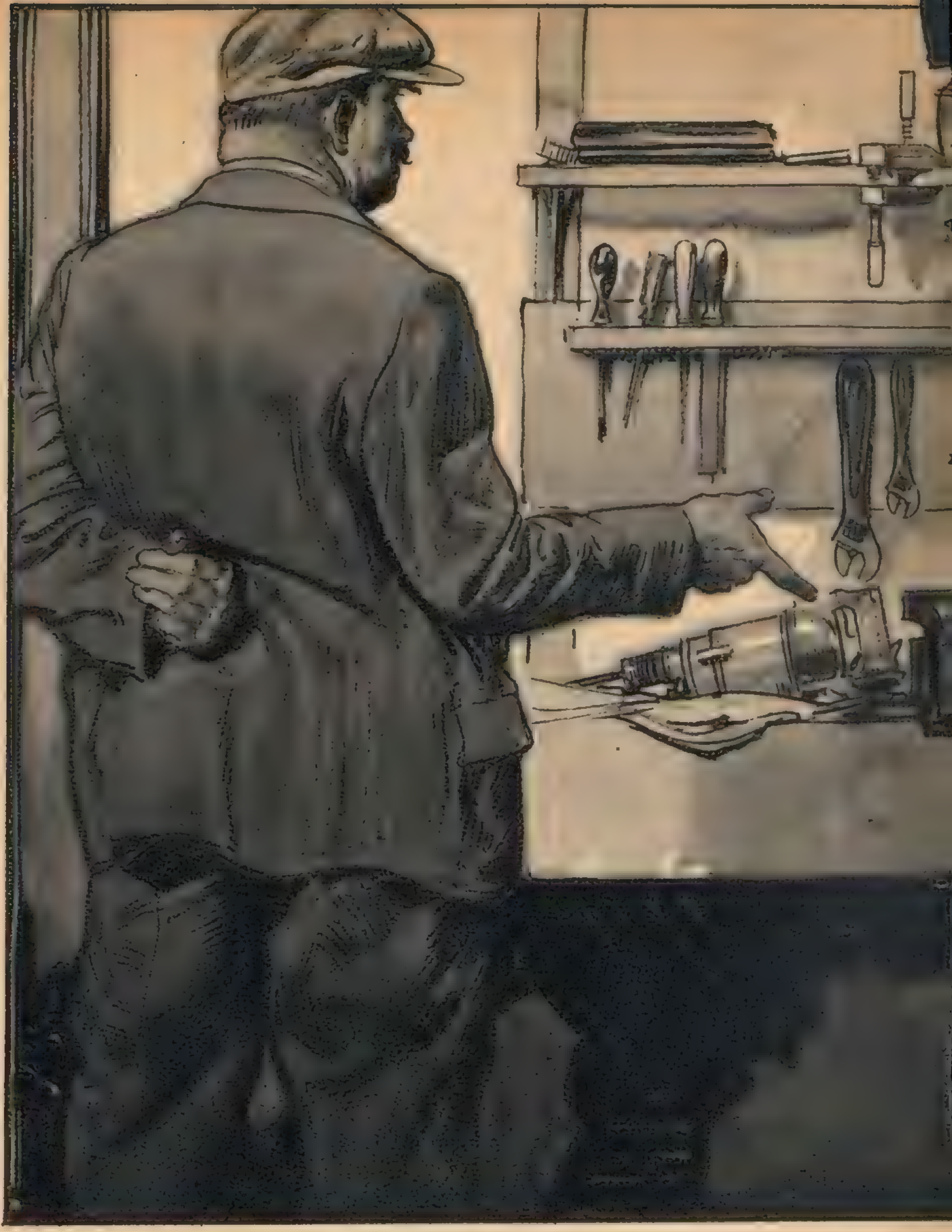
Dad made a strangled noise in his throat and pulled something out of a pigeonhole in his desk.

He looked at me over his reading glasses, then back at my report card.

" Do you think a straight F for a whole term in drawing is sufficient encouragement for me to spend good money on art school? "

I decided that discretion is the better part of valor and answered meekly:

" N-no, sir. Never mind—it's all right."



It seems that Billy had promised to have his tire

If I hadn't gotten right out then, he would have mentioned that hat I charged to him. I know my dad!

July 6.

Dear Diary:

I may now consider myself ready to take my place in the world. *I* have graduated from high school! I've been thinking of other possibilities for a career.

Dad says he can support me, so why should I look for work? I told him I am a modern woman and as such I cannot permit him to consider me a mere dependent.

It certainly gives one a sense of responsibility to be so grown up!

July 13.

Dear Diary:

Friday the 13th. But I'm not superstitious. Today is the *day* I have decided on my career!

I am going to be an author!

Just think—a single paragraph in a paper shaped my very destiny! It said that Kathleen Norris is the highest paid woman in the United States.

I am going to start writing a story right now!

July 20.

Dear Diary:

An author has to be in the inspirational mood to write. These moods cannot be forced; one must wait until it just happens.

But I finally completed my story and sent it to a prominent magazine. I am so nervous I can't sleep nights waiting. I've figured it will take about two days for my story to get to the editor and about two more for the check to return to me.

By the way, the story's title is BOOMERANG!

July 27.

Dear Diary:

There is no news of my story. I accidentally let Billy know about it when he asked me why I was always wait-

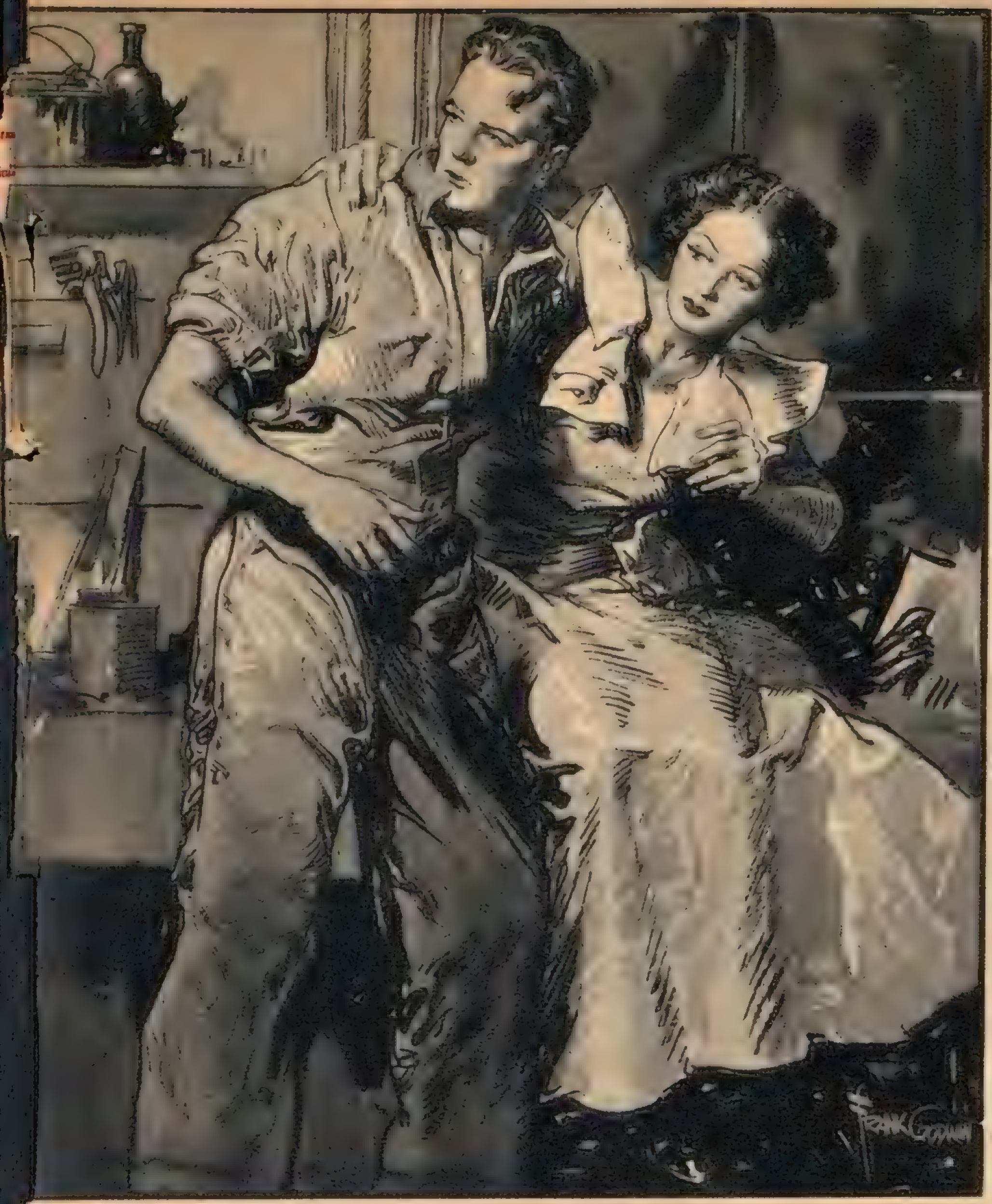
A Chronicle of the Storm-Tossed Way of a Maid at 17—Don't Laugh, Reader—Here's a Soul Laid Bare

by

DELLA DEIL

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK GODWIN

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 5 SECONDS



finished, and here he was. The ugly fat old sour grape!

ing for the postman. He thought I was watching for some boy friend's letters and he was jealous. I told him he had no right to be jealous of me! I am free, white, and seventeen, going on eighteen, and couldn't think enough of any man to cheapen myself by anxiety for his letters! A check is different.

August 3.

Dear Diary:

The editor must be on his vacation!—or my story was lost in the mail. Billy said maybe they threw it in the wastebasket, and I wouldn't speak to him for a day and a half. I wouldn't have then, only it's almost time for the annual picnic and I feel safer riding in his car than I do in John's, although I think John is wiser than Billy, because he is going to enter his father's business. . . .

John is handsome, tall and dark. But Billy looks so he-mannish and he's so darn cute when he apologizes!

When I am a successful writer, I might marry some one like Billy if he is successful in one of the fine arts. But then, I'm not interested in marriage. It's just that I'm blue about not hearing about my story.

August 10.

Dear Diary:

My story was returned. At first I cried my heart out. But I shouldn't have—it wasn't the story's fault; I just sent it at the wrong time. The editor sent me a nice letter that said so. Here it is:

" We appreciate your thought of our magazine in connection with the material we are sending herewith and regret that it is not quite in line with our present needs.

" If you should decide at any time to show us further examples of your work, you can feel sure that they will be given careful consideration."

Of course Billy found out about my story being sent back to me. I tried to be very nonchalant, but somehow one minute I was smiling bravely with my chin up and then I found myself sobbing on his shoulder. And oh, Diary, you don't know how nice it was!

August 17.

Dear Diary:

Billy proposed! It happened this way. I dropped in to show him my new dress when he was working at the garage.

I was sitting on a worktable, swinging my feet. The moon was behind me and the dress was pink organdy. Billy said I looked sweet. He was working on a tire, but couldn't seem to keep his mind on his work, so he tossed it aside. I knew he was watching me, and I could tell by the sort of excited way he breathed that he was feeling extra-much in love with me. I wouldn't confess it to any one but you, but I felt all thrilly inside and somehow I wanted him to make love to me. Oh, he was manly and strong as he stood with his bare arms folded and the muscles swelling in exciting bulges. His hair is just a little wavy and very black and a strand of it kept falling in his eyes. He looked so—so something very nice as he tossed it back with a little frown between his vivid blue eyes! Oh, Diary! Then he reached over and, with the sweep of one strong arm, held me so tight to him that I could feel his heart throbbing against mine! I felt bruised because he pressed me close, but ohhhhh, Diary, I liked it!!! He put his hot soft-hard lips against my weak unresisting ones, and he said, " Darling little sweetheart, I love you. Will you—"

" *Finish my tire, young man!* "

Oh, Billy didn't say that! But a big fat ugly man did! It seems that Billy had promised to have his tire finished by a certain time, and here he was and the tire wasn't (obviously) being fixed. The ugly fat old sour grape!

How could I marry a man who had to take other people's orders and worked with his hands on greasy old automobiles? And that reminded me. I looked where Billy's hands had been, and two hands were silhouetted in black grease on my lovely pink dress! When Billy finished the old tire and turned to me, I sadly told him I was *so* sorry if I made him unhappy, but I did not intend to ever marry; I had my career to think of!

Billy said, " If that old " (he swallowed the adjectives) " hadn't come back then, you would have said, 'Yes,' wouldn't you, dear? "

I said, " Maybe. But oh, Billy! Look what you did to my dress! "

He was properly sorry and gave me something to clean it off with.

But oh, Diary, it was so *nice* while it lasted! So-o-o-o niiice!

August 24.

Dear Diary:

A girl moved next door. I expect she'll be lots of company, now that Billy's such a dangerous companion and John's away. She does seem to understand me. She clasps her hands and says:

"I *do* think you are the cleverest person, and *so* pretty all the men must be crazy about you!"

By the way, I sent my story to another editor.

August 31.

Dear Diary:

I was mistaken about that artificial blonde next door. She is just a boy-crazy ninny who sighs at Billy, "How *I* wish *I* were a big strong man like *you.* Mr.—do you mind if I call you Bill*eee*? I think Bill*eee* is such a *won*derful name!???"

Applesauce!!!!!!!!! And Bill*eee* seemed to very much *like* it!!!!!!

September 7.

Dear Diary:

Men are so helpless in the hands of a scheming woman! Yes, I mean that Jeezlebub next door! She spends hours bothering Billy! I can see them from my window.

I met John as I was passing Billy's garage, and he said he was on his way to ask me to be his partner at a dance his mother was giving in honor of his return. I could see the fire of jealousy blazing in Billy's eyes, and I would have refused John if that brazen blonde hadn't come tripping along and called, "Oh, Bill*eee!*" Billy blushed and pretended not to hear her. But I told John I'd be delighted!

John said, "Great! And say, Billy, how about you bringing your cute girl friend?"

The minx didn't give Billy a chance to speak.

"Ohhh! how *mar*velous! Bill*eee* and I will be thrilled to come!"

September 14.

Dear Diary:

John proposed. I had slipped away from the dancing into the conservatory, so I wouldn't see the nice men I knew make fools of themselves over a giddy flirt.

I was surprised to find John had followed me. He was very quiet a moment before he spoke.

"Ladybird, watching a girl like that makes me appreciate you more than ever. I suppose you know that I've loved you since you were a little thing in pigtails. I'm trying to ask you to marry me!"

He didn't try to kiss me. With him the kiss would be the result of a successful proposal, not the cause of it, as it would be with Billy. I felt horribly sorry, because I knew what my "No" would mean to him. My own love taught me what heartache could mean. I didn't dare speak, because I knew I'd start to cry; so I just shook my head gently, and he saw the sympathy in my eyes and understood.

He said, "O. K. I guess that's that." His hand kind of shook as he pulled out his cigarette lighter and lighted his cigarette.

September 21.

Dear Diary:

Billy and I quarreled!

He had just been talking to that hussy next door when the mailman came and handed me my manuscript. Her parents called her away and he sauntered over to me.

He said, "What's up? Get your manuscript back again?" He glanced over my shoulder at it and laughed. "Maybe you picked the wrong title! Boomerang means something that always returns to the sender."

Now I thought that a mean thing to say and I told him so! "Anyway, it's better to be an unknown author than a tire patcher wallowing in grease!"

"Say, listen! I'm an automobile mechanic! The automobile business will give me a lot more pleasure and future than your broker sweetheart can hope for! That kid next door says she likes my work because it's a real man's work!"

"Oh, is that so! Well, John proposed to me and maybe I'll accept him!" I marched right in the house and pretended not to hear his "Sweetheart, you can't—"

Maybe not. But neither do I intend to marry a man who doesn't appreciate me.

And yet, Diary, I'm so unhappy!

Billy spends all his time at the gatepost next door. She tries to get him to go inside, but he won't because he wants to show off to me.

You, my Diary, are my only friend. I'm going to keep you with me always in my purse.

September 28.

Dearest, darling, beloved Diary!!!!!

I lost you and Billy found you! He tossed some gravel at my window this evening, and there he was with my purse and you (inside). He said, "Come over to the garage for this."

I said I'd be downstairs for it, and he said, "Nix! You come to the garage for it. Good-by—see you later." I ran after him and said, "Where's my purse, Billy?" He didn't answer me. He slowly rolled up his sleeves. My heart kind of got tangled up with my voice as he ran his fingers through his hair. Black hair over blue eyes—so heart-thrilling. Something in the way he looked at me made me all goose flesh from fright. I wanted to stop resisting the lure of his outstretched arms and forget my heartache in the kiss his smiling lips offered so tenderly.

But some fear made me run from him—not far—he was more swift than I. . . .

Oh, the thrill of being again in his arms and saying, yes, I would marry him! And how did he know that I really loved him? He said you told him, Diary.

You, my Diary, that I have always trusted, betrayed my trust in you! And oh, Diary,

THANK YOU . . . THANK YOU . . . SO MUCH!!

THE END

86 PROOF
TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND CREAM
Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky
Wm. TEACHER & SONS, Ltd.
GLASGOW
SCOTLAND
"It's the flavour"

Teacher's is the Scotch for your holiday list . . . You may be sure that your thoughtfulness will be appreciated, for it is proven that men, once tasting this mellow whisky, prefer its distinctive flavour.

Made since 1830 by
Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd.
Glasgow & London

SOLE UNITED STATES AGENTS:
Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY · IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

Color Clothes a Lovelorn Caravan

Gorgeous Hues and La Dietrich Adorn The Garden of Allah . . . Miss West Takes Over a Comedy from Broadway and Gives It—One Guess—Sex!

by

BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 47 SECONDS

4 Stars—Extraordinary 3 Stars—Excellent 2 Stars—Good
1 Star—Poor 0 Star—Very Poor

★ ★ ★ THE GARDEN OF ALLAH

THE PLAYERS: Marlene Dietrich, Charles Boyer, Basil Rathbone, C. Aubrey Smith, Tilly Losch, Joseph Schildkraut, John Carradine, Alan Marshal, Lucille Watson, Henry Brandon. Screen play by W. P. Lipscomb and Lynn Riggs from the novel by Robert Hichens. Directed by Richard Boleslawski. Produced by Selznick International-United Artists.

YOU and I can remember when The Garden of Allah, Robert Hichens's novel of a runaway Trappist monk, was a seven-day shocker. Well—I can, anyway. Today, for all the beauty and lovely coloring of this expert production, The Garden of Allah seems not a little dated. And there's nothing so flat as yesterday's shock.

When Brother Antoine of El-Logarni Monastery, near Tunis, flees, he runs smack into Dominie Enfilden, a young woman trying to forget her father's death and to find faith and peace of mind in the desert. Passion flares up, despite the Trappist's past vows and the young woman's sorrow, and the two go into the desert with a tiny caravan to make the most of their love in the silence of the Sahara.

My memory may be faulty, but it seems that the marriage of the runaway monk and Dominie before the desert hegira is a moral step added by Hollywood and not originally conceived by Mr. Hichens. And, to my innocent mind, this marriage makes Brother Antoine's lapse all the worse morally. But probably Brother Will Hays knows best.

The whole story is told in exquisite Technicolor tints. Maybe there's too much loveliness; maybe the gorgeous hues hush the drama. To me there are too many shots of the lovelorn caravan pushing along the Sahara horizon.

Marlene Dietrich is beautiful and appealing as Dominie Enfilden, who finally returns her love to the door of the Trappist monastery. Charles Boyer is less successful as the fleeing man of God. His depiction of moral confusion leaves me cold, although his Antoine improves as the story unwinds. There are some excellent minor performances, as Joseph Schildkraut's garrulous Arab guide, Tilly Losch's vivid Minsky bit as a hot Ouled-Nail, and John Carradine's wise old Sand Diviner. Richard Boleslawski's direction seems too concerned with sky lines, too little interested in close-up drama.

Charles Boyer and Marlene Dietrich in a scene from The Garden of Allah.

VITAL STATISTICS: As a 1905 best seller, this heated version of Romeo and Juliet knocked gamper and gammar for a loop. Then in 1910 it did the same to maw and paw when presented as a play at the late Century Theater, New York, with Mary Mannering as Dominie, and Lewis Waller, then England's most romantic actor, as Boris. It ran for 241 performances, featured real camels, a desert sandstorm of blown cork, and made a million dollars for Producers Tyler and Ford, money they've subsequently returned to the theater. Revived in New York in 1918, it flopped, its passion—pretty hot stuff for the beanbag and even the hobble-skirt days—spent. Selig made it into film in 1912; Rex Ingram made it silently in 1918, with Alice Terry and Ivan Petrovitch in the lead roles. Ingram went to the Sahara for his sand stuff; and it wasn't considered as good Sahara Desert as the desert around Yuma, where this version was made. . . . Author Bob Hichens is still alive somewhere around Luxor, Egypt. . . . This would be most pretentious Allah of all time, coming to about $1,500,000. Money was supplied by fun-loving Roverboy Capitalist Jock Whitney and squandered by his chum David O. Selznick. . . . Merle Oberon, originally contracted to play Dominie for $125,000, was supplanted suddenly by Marlene Dietrich, Selznick thinking Dietrich would insure picture at the box office. Merle retaliated by suing Selznick via Selznick's own brother Myron, her agent. Producer Selznick settled for $25,000 and promise to star Merle in a coming biggie. . . . La Dietrich is Hollywood's leading night-life lady; loves to dance; is known to have never made an unshrewd deal in Hollywood. She fainted four times in desert heat, which ranged from 105° to 115°, while Boyer, who kept his head during the hot scenes, admitted he grew somewhat dizzy. . . . Boyer wants to storm New York stage. . . . Much effort was made to keep desert colors from rioting all over screen, and everything was done to subdue them but to paint the desert downright black! . . . Otillia Ethel Leopoldine Losch is a Viennese hoofer. Started with Vienna Opera Ballet at six and by keeping on her toes twelve years rose to be première ballerina. In time Reinhardt discovered her (as whom hasn't he?), made a Miracle nun out of her, brought her to America. Later Tilly shortened her name. She's gay; lives on only salads during four summer months, on veggies, goat's milk, and little meat eight others. Works out daily at Bevhills Athlet Club; is seen everywhere nights; tends to take on weight, weighs a variable 114; wore football kneecap guards after skinning her penningtons in a rehearsal leap from a balcony in this. . . . In building Sahara village at Yuma location, props cleaned out 41 sidewinder rattlers. One camel was born; neither camel bit man nor man bit camel. . . . After sneak previews two entire reels were trimmed out of picture, including some naughty Loschian pirouettes and shimmyshakings. Entire musical score had to be rewritten and redubbed, costing a pretty penny indeed. . . . Lots of unofficial sandstorms hampered desert action, sandstorms not taking direction. One of them's real, however, but wind machines were used on others. . . . Debutting Alan Marshal's here to cut in on Bob Taylor fame.

★ ★ GO WEST, YOUNG MAN

THE PLAYERS: Mae West, Warren William, Randolph Scott, Lyle Talbot, Alice Brady, Isabel Jewell, Elizabeth Patterson, Margaret Perry, Etienne Girardot, Maynard Holmes, Alice Ardell, Nicodemus. Screen play by Mae West from the stage comedy Personal Appearance, by Lawrence Riley. Directed by Henry Hathaway. Produced by Paramount.

THE stage comedy—of a slightly passée Hollywood star on a personal-appearance tour—has lost considerably in its transfer to the screen.

The original footlight comedy had a fresh slant on movieland eccentricities. A bored screen star, her hinterland tour halted by the breakdown of her Rolls-Royce on the edge of a small Pennsylvania town, begins to look around for amusement. And while the car is being repaired she almost breaks up a romance and a family.

Gladys George, now in the films, portrayed the ornate Mavis Arden for comedy in the Broadway production. Mae West plays Mavis Arden for

Fight a COLD the modern way

Take these two "first steps":

1.
CLEANSE THE INTESTINAL TRACT
2.
HELP NATURE COMBAT ACIDITY

Sal Hepatica does BOTH!

"A cold is no small matter," caution physicians. Today they advise taking two "first steps" when you get a cold:

1. **Remove wastes from the intestinal tract.**

2. **Help Nature combat the acidity that frequently accompanies a cold.**

You can do both things at once by taking Sal Hepatica.

This bubbling mineral salt not only cleanses the intestinal tract—quickly, gently, thoroughly—but Sal Hepatica helps Nature combat acidity, too. Sal Hepatica brings about an alkaline (anti-acid) reaction, helps your system swing back toward the alkaline reserve so necessary to health.

Ask your doctor—see if he doesn't stress the importance of a laxative and an anti-acid in treating a cold.

So be modern. When a cold threatens, take two teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Get plenty of rest and quiet—go to bed, call a doctor if your cold is severe. Watch your diet. Drink plenty of liquids. Get Sal Hepatica today.

Sal Hepatica
THE MINERAL SALT LAXATIVE THAT HELPS NATURE COMBAT ACIDITY

TUNE IN: Fred Allen's "Town Hall Tonight". Full hour of music, drama, amateurs, fun. Wednesday nights—N. B. C.—coast to coast.

comedy—and sex. The result is a smudgy performance with considerable double meaning introduced into its proceedings.

Nobody stands out of the proceedings, unless it is Elizabeth Patterson as an elderly country spinster. Even Warren William is lost as Mavis Arden's harassed press agent and moral mentor.

VITAL STATISTICS: Feeling herself cramped at Paramount—which only let her pick 'em, write 'em, cast 'em, and play 'em—Mae West's gone over to new-formed Major Pictures, where she will also direct 'em and maybe be only one to see 'em. Without doubt Mae, whose curves pulled us through the depression, has slipped at the box office. However, she's had her day, made her pile. She's still unmarried: refuses to mix marriage and acting careers. Refuses to divulge her age, but says the ten best years of a woman's life come between twenty-eight and thirty. *You* guess how old she is. She hates the smell of tobacco. Has recently taken to early-morning roadwork to keep her figure eight from ballooning. Does a mile a day. Rises at five thirty when working. Gets inspiration for wisecracks and characters at fights. Has moved out of much trafficky Rossmore Avenue apartment into own house on same street, liking feel of people going by in front of her house. Will take up gardening. Says she takes only her work seriously, never herself—yet she's a Hollywood demagogue. Eats one big meal a day, dinner, and goes in heavily for steak, potatoes, and the works. Once owned Larry Fay's $25,000 armored car, very much like the one she breaks down in in this. Was born a debunker of the tender emotions, which accounts for her getting that way. That walk she does in this she calls the swivel swing. . . . Randy Scott got himself, under the Western hot spell, married secretly to Mariona duPont Somerville of Maryland millions; Isabel Jewell took up with Owen Crump, So. Cal. radio magnate. . . . Some directors make as many as eighty takes of a scene, but not Henry Hathaway, who is content with but two or three, so's not to spoil actorial freshness. . . . Lizz Patterson and Izz Jewell plucked and dressed chickens for first time in lives. Neither will ever eat chicken again: it's a fowl business, they say. . . . Warren William's often mistaken for an Englishman but really's a Minnesota Teuton named Krech. Played in a Pearl White serial (1920) named Plunder; is quietly married; has a taste for sea and land yotting; has invented a very de luxe home on wheels—not a trailer but on a half-ton truck chassis and even includes shower bath, library, full-sized bed, and entrance not through the icebox. . . . Alice Brady's charter member of the Tailwaggers' Foundation of America, animal protective society; owns six dorgs, ass't flavors; won't drive a car; never goes anywhere without Checkers, prize-winning cocker spaniel. . . . Meg Perry's dotter to Antoinette Perry, stage director; she's married to Burgess Meredyth; has six months in Hollywood, six months in New York contract.

★ ½ HERE COMES CARTER

THE PLAYERS: Ross Alexander, Craig Reynolds, Norman Willis, John T. Murray, Charles Foy, Glenda Farrell, Hobart Cavanaugh, Anne Nagel, John Sheehan, Joseph Crehan, George E. Stone, Dennis Moore. Directed by William Clemens. Produced by Warner Brothers.

HOLLYWOOD is bitterly opposed to radio commentators and columnists who lend publicity to the moral idiosyncrasies and the scandals of its varied and celebrated denizens. And I don't blame Hollywood.

Then imagine my surprise to find a Hollywood scandalmonger the hero of this comedy. True, he reforms at the end (with as neat a little speech about the real inner purity of movieland as you'll ever hear); but during his merry progress he moves from nothing up to a thousand a week as a blatant radio salesman of muck, he wrecks a movie star he doesn't like, he bucks a gang hired by filmland—and he wins fame and happiness.

All this may point a moral lesson. However, its reasoning and its purpose baffle me. Ross Alexander is the cocky mudslinger; Glenda Farrell makes his secretary an intriguing figure; while Anne Nagel is the pretty cause of his romance. The best performance is contributed by John Sheehan as a tough gangster with a weakness for movie first nights.

VITAL STATISTICS: After due Hollywood mysticality, title of this was changed from original Loudspeaker Lowdown to The Tattler to this. Was S-e-x behind it? . . . Glenda Farrell's played six sektries, she cannot tap-tap, and she annoyed R. Alexander by drawing funny pictures of him while supposedly taking shorthand. Glenda thinks if a sektry laughs at the boss's jokes, is German-methodical and Irish-lively (like herself), is friendly, nonchalant, a good listener, weighs 115, which is just enough to fit snugly in the average male lap, she can marry the boss even though she doesn't look anything like Carole Lombard and does spell like Shirley Temple. Glenda keeps 115 without dieting, saying it must be the weight of what she eats that keeps her thin carrying it around. Glenda debutted at seven as Li'l' Eva in Unktomscab; once spent a vacation in New York's Polyclinic Hosp to avoid interviewers and to have a rest; has a home in Hollywood made from discarded Warner elegant sets. . . . R. Alexander celebrated finish of this by taking in holy wedlock, and as his third wife, Anne Nagel. . . . Anne Nagel was born Anna Dolan in Boston, September 20, '15, and she took Nagel to satisfy her stepfather Nagel and became Anna on a numerologist's recommend. She's drama-educated at one of the numerous Notre Dame Academies. For her singing in this she's been hailed as a coming Lily Pons by some critics. Said singing was done offscene by Vera Van. . . . Craig Reynolds, really Hugh Enfield, descended from the Enfield rifle, hates war. . . . George E. Stone is Jewish, from Lodz, Poland; doesn't remember his original name; recommends you read Singer's Brothers Ashkenazi to get an idea of his Lodz youth. He was once a bellboy at the Lambs Club; is one of the smallest actors in Hollywood; could get job as stand-in for F. Bartholomew. . . . Dennis Moore is the athletic pride of Ireland, Vanderbilt U., and certain stock companies. Got to the cameras via an intro by Pat Ellis. . . . Director Will Clemens used to cut film; just got hitched to eight-year-old studio romance; is young for a megger. . . . Songsmiths Jerome and Scholl wrote Through the Courtesy of Love three years ago but couldn't find a spot for it till Carter came along, and were they surprised when it clicked big! Scholl used to be a cowboy actor, is handsome, has a tremendous physique; gives bone-crushing glad-hands and lifts the pianos around for Jerome to bang. Jerome's normal, and both have just finished twelve songs in two weeks for something or other. A few years ago Roy Chanslor wrote Hi, Nellie? for Liberty. Since then he's been lining his clothes with gov't bonds. . . . Hobart Cavanaugh's now been drunk 101 times on stage and screen, and is as sick of tea, water, and grape juice, served him as whisky, gin, and wine resp., as he is of the real hotticles. Says he must be cold sober to reel well.

LIBERTY WILL PAY $1,000

to the author of the best short short story published in its pages between August 1, 1936, and March 1, 1937. . . . To six others will go further payments, raising the total to

$2,000

The Bonuses Will Be $1,000, $500, and Five of $100 Each

Authors will be designated for this honor by the editors of Liberty upon the basis of the interest, originality, and unexpectedness of denouement of their stories. This is not a contest—all writers are eligible. There are no special rules. Rejected contributions will be returned provided sufficient postage AND a self-addressed envelope are enclosed. Simply address your manuscript to Short Short Editor, Liberty, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y.

★ MAKE WAY FOR A LADY

THE PLAYERS: Herbert Marshall, Anne Shirley, Gertrude Michael, Margot Grahame, Clara Blandick, Frank Coghlan, Jr., Mary Jo Ellis, Maxine Jennings, Taylor Holmes, Helen Parrish, Willie Best. Screen play by Gertrude Purcell from a novel, Daddy and I, by Elizabeth Jocelyn. Directed by David Burton. Produced by RKO Radio.

A STUDY in adolescence, this thin tale of a widower and his young daughter gets more attenuated as it progresses. The girl fancies that her handsome daddy, who is a publisher of novels, is secretly in love with a garish, opulent authoress. And she almost wrecks his real romance with her schoolteacher.

This is a little too adolescent for me, a little too schoolgirlish and radiant. In fact, the proceedings now and then border on the painful. Rampant adolescence always make me wince. You, of course, may get a wholly different reaction. The cast is well enough selected, with Herbert Marshall as the (to me) too coy publisher, Margot Grahame as the a-little-too-decorative authoress, Anne Shirley (in some unattractive frocks—and I am positive about this) as the schoolma'am, and Mary Jo Ellis as the daughter who tries to be the Goddess of the Machine. When you consider this cast and the usually competent David Burton as the director, you may wonder. Well, maybe it was one of my off days. Better try this comedy yourself—but don't blame me!

VITAL STATISTICS: Hollywood high-school studes going in more for being married, about thirty, and coming to morning classes in evening clothes and hang-overs, story environs for this were switched from Hollywood to unsophisticated New York suburbs. Idea: Anne Shirleys don't exist in Hollywood brain plants. . . . Dubbed Cinderella Girl Number One of Hollywood, studio works hard to keep flame-topped Anne Shirley modest, unspoiled. Formerly Dawn O'Day, an S. Temple of the early '20s, she's been in pictures fifteen years of her eighteen, or approximately two careers by Hollywood seven-year-life-of-a-star reckoning. . . . Momentous switch: Now that he's twenty and capable of whiskers, it's no longer Junior Coghlan but Frank Coghlan, Jr. Last role, Frankie played a jockey, was thrown from a track jam into the infield. . . . Bart Marshall owes it all to everything just happening to him: he just happened to quit accounting for acting; he just happened to be picked out by Cyril Maude for big time; he just happened to live after a bad war wound; and he just happened to have good looks, reserve, and a sort of romantic-lover-paternal way with the ladies. Is awf'ly grateful to his mother, who nicknamed him Bart before others could make it Bert or Bertie. . . . Margot Grahame says you don't have to be goody-goody to make good: witness her own rise after being that lady of uneasy virtue in The Informer. Margot's still Mrs. Francis Lister, despite gossips. . . . Gert Michael wants to play Tschaikowsky's No. 1 Concerto on the piano with some symph orkester. What say, Stokowski—how about a little S.A. with our music? Gert also wants to have her short stories published. She loses all her remaining Dixie accent when she faces the mike; lives with a maid and a dachsie pup near Toluca Lake; plays piano all the time; likes Oriental food. . . . Maxine Jennings is a veteran of 1,000 Beauty Contest wars; and only back in '27 Helen Parrish won a Better Baby Contest herself.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Texas Rangers, Romeo and Juliet, Nine Days a Queen, The Green Pastures.

★★★½—Three Men on a Horse, The Charge of the Light Brigade, Libeled Lady, The Big Broadcast of 1937, La Kermesse Héroïque, Dodsworth, Valiant Is the Word for Carrie, Swing Time, Girls' Dormitory, Sing, Baby, Sing, San Francisco, The Road to Glory, Anthony Adverse.

★★★—Pete Smith Shorts, The President's Mystery, The Gay Desperado, Ramona, The Devil Is a Sissy, How to Vote, Court of Human Relations, Draegerman Courage, Lady Be Careful, Stage Struck, To Mary—With Love, My Man Godfrey, The Bride Walks Out, The White Angel, The Poor Little Rich Girl, The King Steps Out, Fury, The Princess Comes Across, The Dancing Pirate.

Give radio's greatest gift . . .

PHILCO
AUTOMATIC
TUNING
WPRT
KGC
CRC
KMT
WMIQ
WEB

PHILCO 10X*—$125 Less Aerial

THERE's no Christmas gift problem this year! Not when your Philco dealer has radio's greatest gift . . . Philco Automatic Tuning models in so complete a price range. Get in tune with 1937 . . . by giving your home the radio that tunes with a flick of your finger! Call letters of your favorite American stations will be inserted right on the Automatic Tuning Dial where the mythical call letters appear in the illustration above. Twirl the dial just once . . . CLICK there's your station! Tuned instantly . . . silently . . . perfectly! Of course, these Philcos have the Philco *Foreign Tuning System*, too . . . and that adds London, Paris, Berlin and a host of other stations to your sources of radio programs! Look up the Philco dealer in your classified telephone directory . . . and ask him about the Philco Commercial Credit Easy Payment Plan.

**Sold only with Philco High-Efficiency Aerial to insure greatest foreign reception.*

PHILCO

A Musical Instrument of Quality

HOME RADIOS . . . $20 *to* $600
AUTO RADIOS $39.95 *to* $77.60

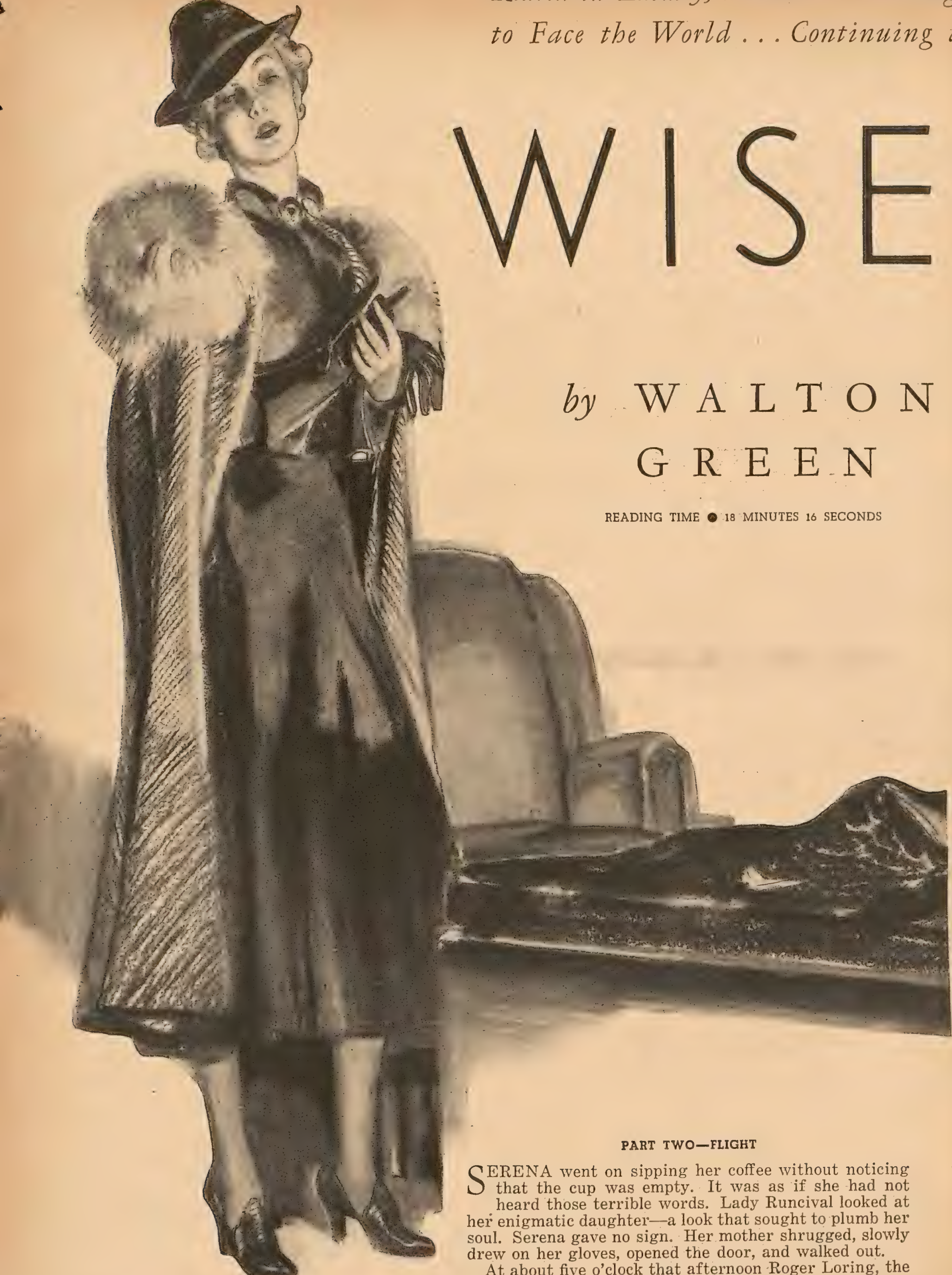
Philco Replacement Tubes Improve the Performance of Any Radio

Reared in Luxury, Trained in Nothing,
to Face the World . . . Continuing a

WISE

by WALTON GREEN

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 16 SECONDS



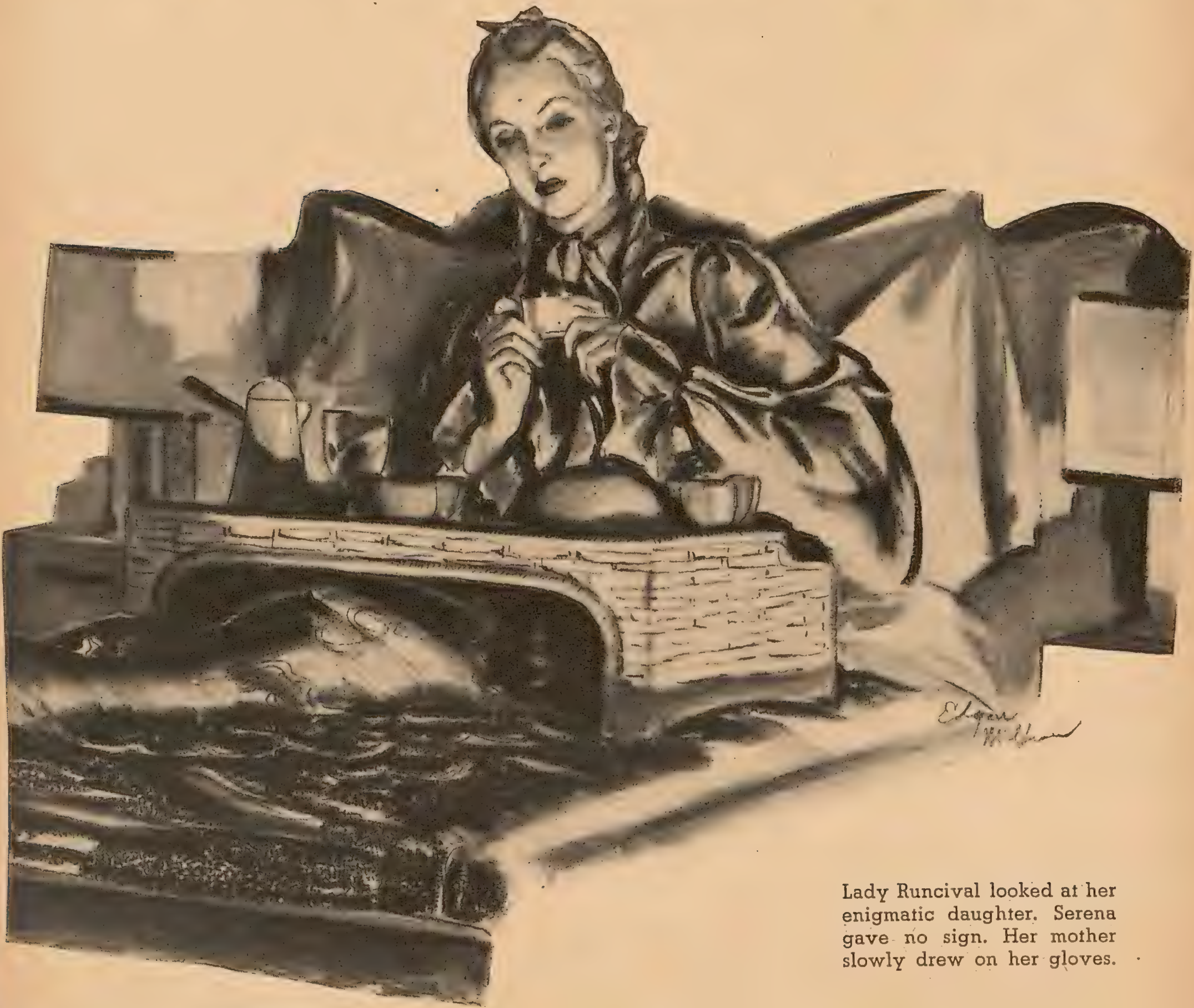
PART TWO—FLIGHT

SERENA went on sipping her coffee without noticing that the cup was empty. It was as if she had not heard those terrible words. Lady Runcival looked at her enigmatic daughter—a look that sought to plumb her soul. Serena gave no sign. Her mother shrugged, slowly drew on her gloves, opened the door, and walked out.

At about five o'clock that afternoon Roger Loring, the impatient lover, presented himself at the great house

Her Romance Crumbling in Ruin, a Poor Little Rich Girl Sets Forth
Distinguished Novel of Life as It Confronts the Daughters of Today

VIRGIN



Lady Runcival looked at her enigmatic daughter. Serena gave no sign. Her mother slowly drew on her gloves.

ILLUSTRATION BY EDGAR McGRAW

on Massachusetts Avenue and sent in his card.

He was informed that both Lady Runcival and Miss Runcival had gone out before luncheon and had not yet returned. No, they had left no word. The butler—as butlers are apt to under such circumstances—seemed to take a personal satisfaction in Roger's dismay.

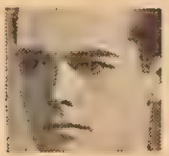
Roger glowered at the man.

"I'll wait awhile, if I may," he said curtly, and walked in. Now, as a matter of fact, the butler had known Roger for a long time; also he approved of him. He took Roger up to the small library and set out cigarettes and whisky and soda, and brought the newspaper.

It was after six when Lady Runcival returned. She breezed into the library, followed by a man with a tea tray.

"Sorry to be late, Roger. I simply must have a cup of

The peak months for winter conditions are just ahead—*and you'll need all the general resistance* you can build....



Recent facts may point to a way around some common winter discomforts. It has been found that they begin in early fall, but don't really get into full swing until later in the season when your general *resistance* is likely to be low.

Neglecting to get enough exercise, sunshine, fresh air—all these winter habits that tend to lower your general resistance, also make it more difficult for you to keep well.

Two ways are open to you. You can either wait until these winter discomforts take hold, or you can start now with *advance* precautions against them.

It's wisest not to wait until you're affected, but to begin right now building good general resistance. Give *Adex* a trial!

If you take Adex *every day*, you will get Vitamin A, known to be a definite help in building good general resistance. You'll also obtain extra "sunshine" Vitamin D.

The vitamins come from natural sources, such as good cod and halibut liver oil.

When you start with Adex, remember that the way to get the most out of it is to take it *every day*. Have a bottle on the breakfast table as a daily reminder.

Now at any reliable drug store, in tablets or capsules. Made by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists since 1858.

ADEX

The modern way for adults to take Vitamins A and D

One tablet equals a spoonful of good cod liver oil

tea. I'm dog-tired and I'm dining out. Got everything you want? Good. Anything in the evening paper?"

"No," said Roger. "Serena—I was rather expecting to find her here. She hasn't been with you?"

"No indeed. I haven't seen her since before lunch."

"Oh."

"These debutantes. They dart about so. She'll turn up presently," said Isabella carelessly.

"I trust so," returned Roger acidly. "I asked her to marry me last night. I wanted to speak to you about it."

"I know. My maid had it from your daughter," Roger finished harshly.

"That's not far from it," agreed Isabella with composure. "Serena is a half-baked passionate young idealist. She's read more than she'll ever live to digest or use. She's the type that ought never to marry or clutter up any man's life. She ought to lead movements and march in parades and wear sensible shoes and let artists paint her and preach birth control while she's living with a man. But she ought not to marry."

Roger stood up. He was angry.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

WASHINGTON society still has its coming-out balls, and the brilliant Lady Runcival (born Isabella McKeever of Oklahoma) is giving one for her daughter Serena. The debutante and her mother are totally unlike, unsympathetic—if anything, antagonistic. It is to Jeremiah Skinner, an old family friend, that Serena goes for advice on her heart affairs the night of the ball.

Ought she to marry Roger Loring, a rising young New Dealer in the capital, if he proposes, as she's sure he will? Skinner is too wise to meddle in any such question, knowing that the divorced Lady Runcival has had Roger in her train and would resent losing one of her handsome courtiers.

However, the young man does ask Serena to marry him before the evening is over, and she accepts him. Roger tells Lady Isabella that he wishes to call tomorrow. The mother suspects what is up.

While Serena is having breakfast in bed the following noon, Lady Isabella Runcival brings up the subject of Roger Loring and learns of the engagement. She tries to dissuade Serena from such a foolhardy course—Roger is too old for her, too poor, she says. Serena brushes aside all objections. Then Lady Isabella calmly sets off her dynamite.

"Very well," she says. "You will not care to marry him, I think, when I tell you he was once my lover."

Isabella set her teacup down gently and smiled. By not so much as the flicker of an eyelash did she betray anything beyond maternal solicitude. Nor did she feel the slightest remorse for her self-besmirching falsehood to Serena. If blackening herself and this decent man would drive Serena from him—it was well. She loved him. Isabella was the stuff the Catherines of Russia are made of—without scruple and superior to shame.

"Serena mentioned it this morning," she continued easily. "I don't quite know what to say, Roger. Under all the circumstances—do you think it's quite the thing? She's very young. She's seen very few men, and you're rather old for her, are you not?"

"I admit all that," returned Roger. "I'll ask you to believe it was not premeditated on my part."

"Perhaps not. But I fail to see how that helps."

"I think I could make her a good husband," said Roger stiffly.

"The worst men alive always say that before they're married—and believe it."

Roger colored.

"I scarcely expected you to take this attitude, Isabella. I thought you knew me so well."

"That's just why, Roger. And I know Serena so well too. She's not your sort. She wouldn't make you a good wife. I doubt if she'll make any one a good wife. Any more than I could. And I've known you too long—I'm far too fond of you—"

"—to let me throw myself away on your daughter," Roger finished harshly.

"I think you're rather beastly. I knew you hated Serena, but I never realized how much."

"No, I don't hate her. I admire her—critically. Almost as if she were some one else's child. And of course what I really want is to marry her off to some good simple-minded young dummy with money and position who'll look up to her and spoil her and never notice that she isn't in love with him."

Roger had regained his temper.

"And I don't qualify?"

"No; you're good, and you're simple-minded, but you're not dumb enough for Serena."

"Nevertheless I propose to marry her."

Isabella smiled. Secretly she was in terror lest Serena walk in at any moment and explode the situation which she herself, in jealous rage, had that morning precipitated. But she spoke calmly enough.

"Very well, Roger. I disapprove, but beyond that I can't oppose. Heavy-parent stuff doesn't go nowadays. Never did, in fact, unless you could lock the girls up in a convent. Anyway Serena may change her mind. She's that sort."

Roger had moved over toward the door. He looked at his watch.

"I can't imagine what's kept her," he frowned. "I'll go down to the Metropolitan and have dinner. I'll call up later from there. You're dining out, you say?"

"Yes; and, Roger, don't mind too much if she really has changed her mind. Remember, I've warned you."

Roger went down to the club and ate in vexed solitude. Directly afterward he telephoned. Miss Runcival had not returned and there was no word from her. Roger called at intervals during the evening. By eleven o'clock his vexation had turned to anxiety. He took a taxi and drove out to the house. Isabella did not arrive until nearly twelve. When she learned that her daughter was still out, she, too, showed concern. She went upstairs to Serena's boudoir for her engagement pad. She and Roger examined it together. All the afternoon and evening engagements had been crossed out and a large " Roger " scrawled across the entire page.

" Doesn't look much as though she's changed her mind," said Roger dryly.

" She wrote that last night," answered her mother cryptically, and rang for the butler. She gave him the engagement pad.

" Call up all these names, please, Hendricks, and see if you can locate Miss Serena."

IN a few minutes the man was back. Miss Runcival had kept none of the engagements, nor had she telephoned. No one had seen her that day.

" Thank you, Hendricks. That's all for the moment," said Isabella composedly. She turned to Roger.

" If there's been an accident, we'd have known."

" Presumably," agreed Roger, " but not necessarily."

" There's something queer," persisted Isabella. " Serena's erratic, but she always lets me know what she's up to. Roger "—she stopped with a new thought—" you don't suppose she's been kidnaped! "

Roger was pacing up and down.

" That's been in the back of my mind all evening. She's just the kind they pick. Daughter of an immensely wealthy woman who is very much in the public eye."

" But they'd have telephoned, or sent a ransom note, wouldn't they? "

" Not for a day or so, probably. Better technique is to let the family worry themselves into submission before they begin to negotiate. Isabella, I hate to be an alarmist, but I think we'd better get in touch with the Department of Justice."

" Very well."

Roger was gone for the better part of two hours. Isabella, wrapped in a steamer rug, was dozing on the couch when he came in. She sat up and smoked a cigarette and listened to his report. For the first time since he had known her, she looked her age, Roger decided. They made coffee and drank it, black. They talked and smoked and dozed intermittently the rest of the night. No news of any sort came from the D. J. man. But the next morning, with the first mail, there came a letter from Serena.

DEAR MAMA,

I'm going away by myself for a while. Please don't try to find me. When I decide what to do, I will write.

SERENA.

HALF & HALF MAKES ONE SWELL SMOKE!

No Bite!
No Bite!
Still no Bite!
LUCKY STRIKE
HALF AND HALF

Take the right "tobacco road" with Half & Half. Cool as a bailiff serving a warrant. Sweet as the proof that he has the wrong house. Fragrant, full-bodied tobacco that won't bite the tongue—in a tin that won't bite the fingers. Made by our exclusive modern process including patent No. 1,770,920. Smells good. Makes your pipe welcome anywhere. Tastes good. Your password to pleasure!

Not a bit of bite in the tobacco or the Telescope Tin, which gets smaller and smaller as you use-up the tobacco. No bitten fingers as you reach for a load, even the last one.

Copyright 1936, The American Tobacco Company

HALF AND HALF
The Safe Pipe-Tobacco
FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE

Now... ON THE SCREEN!

THE COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS

Brought from the vivid pages of True Story Magazine—from the throbbing radio revelations of the Court of Human Relations—direct to the screen of your favorite film theatre.

Enacted by brilliant casts—produced and directed under the supervision of the famous Columbia Pictures organization "The Court of Human Relations" promises to be one of the screen's most unusual entertainment features.

Sponsored by
COLUMBIA PICTURES CORP.
based on stories in
TRUE STORY MAGAZINE
"Truth is Stranger Than Fiction"

At the moment her mother was reading this note, Serena's plane was nosing its way down through the hot clean Arizona air to the landing field at Tucson. She had bought a through ticket to Los Angeles—the strongest impulse of her shock and shame to get as far away and as fast away from Washington and her mother and Roger as possible. But she had to change planes at Tucson.

She followed the baggage porters into the field station and recovered her suitcase. It was a small week-end case—all that she had been able, in her fright and haste of yesterday, to get out of the house without being observed.

Serena found a table in the little lunchroom and ordered a cup of coffee. A breezy big-boned girl with coppery hair served her.

Serena knew this country. She had spent two vacations at the Cal Tompkins ranch in the foothills of the Catalinas near Oracle. How glorious and carefree and hard-riding and big-eating and sleeping it had all been! And how wonderful Cal and Mrs. Cal had been to her! A dude ranch it was now, she had heard—and Cal and Mrs. Cal making heaps of money on tourists instead of losing it on cows.

And then an idea came to her. Why Los Angeles? She wouldn't know what to do when she got there. Dude ranch or not—Cal and Mrs. Cal would always be the same. Serena gulped her coffee and picked up her suitcase. The breezy girl appeared with another cup of coffee—unordered.

"Plane for Phoenix and Los Angeles taking off in five minutes, miss."

"Oh, thank you," said Serena, "but I'm stopping off here." She drank the coffee more slowly, left a tip for the girl, and walked out. By luck she found an old touring-car taxi.

"San Pedro Hotel," she said, and got in. It was the only hotel in Tucson whose name she could remember. And she must go somewhere to bathe and freshen up and telephone to the Tompkinses.

SERENA had traveled a lot, but she had never traveled alone, and it is doubtful if she had ever noticed that guests at hotels were expected to register. She followed the bellboy rather timidly to the desk. The clerk was chatting with a drummer who was lounging against the desk as though it were a bar.

"I should like a room, please, with a bath."

The clerk, reaching negligently for the desk pen, with his mind still half on the story the drummer was telling him, let his subconscious eye flicker over Serena and her very small bag. Looked respectable, he decided, but you never could tell nowadays: they all dressed and acted the same. He stalled, with the usual device of inspecting his key rack.

"How long were you expecting to be here, Miss—er—" temporized the clerk over his shoulder.

"I don't know," said Serena meekly. "Probably until tomorrow. I must telephone to the Tompkins ranch in Oracle."

Instantly the clerk's manner changed. He flicked a key off the hook, whirled the register pad to face her, and offered her the pen with a welcoming flourish.

"Oh, so they're expecting you out to Tompkins? Too bad you missed the morning stage. But they's another stage out at five tonight. Just sign here, please, miss. I've got a nice corner room for you."

Serena registered herself as "Sarah Raymond." She had decided on this in advance. The initials corresponded with the initials on her bag and toilet articles. Also, and though she was desperately unhappy and frightened, she had room to feel that she wouldn't be really running away if she signed her own name.

Get Your Breakfast-Table News the Night Before!

Paul Sullivan, rapidly becoming one of the best known and most widely followed news commentators, speaks over WLW from Monday to Friday nights at 11 P. M., E. S. T., and 10 P. M., C. S. T. Get the latest news before you go to bed by tuning in on WLW, Cincinnati, the nation's station, 700 kilocycles on the dial.

Don't Miss Liberty's New Radio Feature!

Serena went up to her room and took a bath and put on fresh things. Then she called the hotel clerk and asked him to get the Tompkins ranch in Oracle. When she was put through she asked for Cal Tompkins. A woman answered. Mr. Tompkins was not there.

"Oh," said Serena; "then Mrs. Tompkins."

"Not here any longer," reported the female voice with shrill Yankee incisiveness. "They sold out to us nigh on a year ago. He's out in southern California some place growin' bean seed."

"Oh," said Serena faintly, and hung up. She sat for a while blankly, doing nothing, staring out of the window—too dazed and tired to focus her mind. She had no plan—had had no plan—except to get away. But now that she was here—what of it? Why here—in Arizona—in this queer hotel—sitting on the edge of a queer bed that sagged in the middle? Why here instead of any other place in the world?

If she could have gone to the Tompkinses it would have seemed home, or better, to her; a sanctuary where she could rest and sleep and think things out, and talk them out with Mrs. Cal and decide what to do.

Serena wanted to cry. Then she thought better of it, and fished in her pocketbook for a cigarette. She had been schooled—especially by her father—to consider it bad form to show emotion; the more things hurt, the less one should show it.

So she puffed her cigarette and put on her hat and went downstairs. She would have luncheon. She wasn't hungry, but it would give her something to do, and an idea might come to her.

After luncheon Serena went up to her room to get her purse, and discovered that she had only six one-dollar bills and some loose change. She was more surprised than dismayed. She couldn't imagine where the money had gone; perhaps she'd lost some, or it had been stolen. But then, she couldn't remember just how much she had drawn yesterday at the bank in Washington, or even how much she had paid for her air ticket—it had all been such a nightmare and mad rush. Well, she would pay her hotel bill and cash a check. Then she'd go out—do a little shopping. She must get some tooth paste and a few pairs of stockings and some underclothes, though she supposed they'd be pretty awful in a town like this.

Serena went down and wrote a check for one hundred dollars and carried it to the desk.

"If you would cash this check, please, and take the bill out of it."

The clerk picked up the check and inspected it gravely. Then his eye caught the signature. He laid it on the hotel register alongside Serena's signature of the morning. A cold smile crossed his face. Serena had signed her own name to the check.

"Sorry, Miss Raymond—or is it Miss Runcival?—but we never cash checks for strangers. Perhaps they can help you at the bank." He pushed the check across the desk to her.

"Oh," said Serena blankly.

WELL, the first thing was to find a bank. She turned into the main street and presently came to the Santa Clara Trust Company. The teller was courteous but discouraging. They would be happy to put Miss Runcival's check through for collection, but that would take a week, even by air mail.

"But I always cash checks anywhere," said Serena desperately. "And I really must have this money at once. I'm just staying here a day or so."

Something in Serena's mixture of imperiousness and helplessness must have appealed to the teller. He left his cage and consulted some one outside. When he came back his tone was soothing.

"We'll send a wire, Miss Runcival. If you'll drop in tomorrow morning and identify yourself, I guess it'll be all right."

With that she had to be content. She couldn't do any shopping till the money came because she had barely enough for her hotel bill. It was mid-afternoon. She decided to take a walk. She continued out through the main street, astonished at how the town had grown since her last visit. Presently she found herself headed for the airport field—she could see the beacon-light towers from a distance. She was almost sorry now she hadn't gone on to Los Angeles. It couldn't have been any more complicated than this, and she'd wasted a good part of a ticket. Wasted? Why wasted? Surely she could get a refund. How stupid of her! She quickened her pace.

Gillette Blue Blades

Cigarette Case Gift Package—Handsome thin model Walnut DUREZ Cigarette Case and 50 Gillette Blades. The cigarette case alone is easily worth $1.00 yet—you get it *free!* **Price, complete $2.45**

GILLETTE OFFERS

5 Smart Gifts

THAT EVERY MAN WILL APPRECIATE

● This Christmas buy him a gift that you *know* he will appreciate—not just for a day but every morning for months to come!

Whether you are selecting a gift for father, brother, husband or sweetheart, he will be delighted with any one of the five beautiful Gillette Gift Packages pictured here.

Typical of the value and beauty of these gifts is the handsome Cigarette Case Gift Package which contains 50 Gillette Blades. The thin model Walnut Durez case alone is worth $1.00—but you get it absolutely free with the purchase of 50 Gillette Blades.

Styled right up to the minute, these gifts make the ideal present for any man—yet note how surprisingly inexpensive they are.

Why risk giving a gift that may soon be discarded? Gillette has spent years in catering to men and knows what they like. See your dealer today. Ask him to show you Gillette's sensational new Christmas Gift Packages.

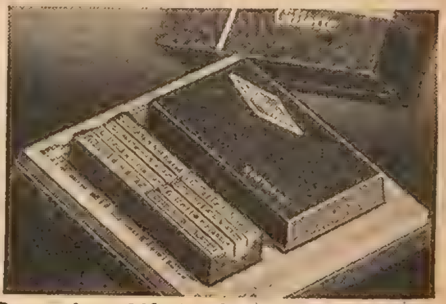
If your dealer cannot supply you with the gift set desired, send your order with check or money order to Gillette Safety Razor Co., Inc., 2 Park Ave., New York.

Gillette

Smile with Milton Berle and other stars on Gillette's "Original Community Sing" radio program—CBS network—Coast to Coast—Sunday night—10 P. M. E. S. T.

Gillette-Aristocrat

Aristocrat Gift Package—Contains the new $4.00 Aristocrat, one-piece 24-Kt. gold-plated razor and gold-plated case. A twist of the handle opens razor cap to remove or replace blades. Also 50 Gillette Blades. A gift de luxe. **Price, $5.75**



Bostonian Gift Package—Contains the Bostonian gold-plated razor and blade container, in metal case, leather grain covered. Also 45 Gillette Blades. A gift worth much more than its price. **Price, $2.85**

A MAN'S GIFT by Gillette

Red and Black Gift Package—One Red and Black Gillette Razor Set and 25 Gillette Blades in an attractive case. Just the thing for brother.. **Price, $1.47**

Season's Greetings

Gillette Blade Gift Package—Fifty Gillette Blades (10 individual packages of 5's) in a beautiful Christmas wrapping. A grand present for any man. **Price, $2.45**

Give your hair a FIGHTING CHANCE

1—WAKE UP YOUR LAZY SCALP MUSCLES
2—STIMULATE BLOOD CIRCULATION
3—STIR UP DORMANT OIL AND SWEAT GLANDS
4—Stop Itching · Alloy Scalp Irritation
5—BANISH CLINGING DANDRUFF

Lucky Tiger DOES IT NOW

Good Housekeeping Bureau

YOU cannot have good-looking, luxurious hair if your scalp is choked with clinging Dandruff. Use Lucky Tiger for Hair and Scalp. Remove the loose dandruff—stop the itching—allay the scalp irritations—that's what Lucky Tiger will do for you.

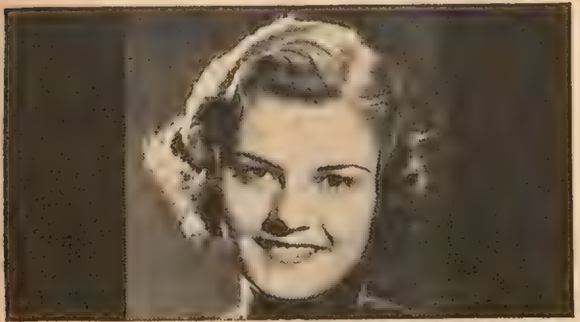
Follow Lucky Tiger applications with vigorous scalp massage. Loosen up tight scalp muscles—stimulate blood circulation—wake up lazy hair roots and oil glands. Frequent massage will do that for you. Give your hair and scalp a fighting chance. Lucky Tiger has been the answer for more than two decades.

Lucky Tiger Hair Dressing is a real running mate for Lucky Tiger Hair Tonic. Ask for Lucky Tiger at Barber and Beauty Shops and Drug Stores.

Also Makers of
Lucky Tiger Hair Dressing
Lucky Tiger Magic Shampoo
Lucky Tiger Olive Shampoo
Lucky Tiger Ointment

Lucky Tiger FOR HAIR AND SCALP

LUCKY TIGER
DANDRUFF



WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE...

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c.

But it was just as bad as at the bank. All unused tickets had to go through the central office; take ten days or two weeks. If Miss Raymond would leave her address—

Miss Raymond would not. Miss Raymond suddenly felt very faint. She flopped down at a table and ordered a pot of tea. An eastbound plane had just landed, and the little dining room was crowded. The same cheerful blowzy girl who had served her in the morning came to wait on her.

"Going on to the coast tonight, miss?" she inquired heartily.

"No," said Serena shortly. And then, because she was afraid she had been rude, she added, "I just walked out here for exercise."

A MATTER OF CHANGE

by F. Gregory Hartswick

A man went into a store and bought goods to the extent of thirty-four cents. The only money he had was a dollar, a three-cent piece, and a two-cent piece. The tradesman had only a half-dollar and a quarter. But at this moment a stranger turned up with two dimes, a nickel, a two-cent piece, and a cent. The result was that correct change was given and everybody was happy, though, oddly enough, nobody got any of his own coins back. How did they make change?

The answer will be found on page 61

The waitress looked at her keenly.

"I see," she agreed pleasantly, and bustled away.

Serena examined the anemic-looking milk in the little individual jug and pushed it away. She remembered how scarce milk was in a beef-cattle country. She drank her tea straight.

Presently the waitress came sailing back. She had a piping-hot jug of water, a fresh tea ball, and a generous half lemon.

"Thought maybe you'd like lemon. The milk's pretty bad, for a fact."

"Oh, thank you," said Serena gratefully. But the girl was already half across the room, serving another table. It was wonderful, thought Serena, how she could handle so many people and remember so many things.

SERENA finished her tea and paid the check. She left a quarter under the edge of her saucer. As soon as she got out of the building it occurred to her that it was rather ridiculous to tip a quarter for a ten-cent pot of tea. But then, the waitress had been rather sweet, and Serena was approaching the state where she felt like crying if any one was kind to her.

She walked slowly back to town and strolled up the main street doing some window-shopping. Finally she went into Cabot's emporium and priced stockings and underclothes. To her surprise, she found the counters laden with the identical things one could buy in New York; not the slithery imported nothingnesses of great cost that Serena was accustomed to, to be sure; but all the modest-priced articles of wear and adornment that have so successfully standardized the legs and the looks and the hair and the teeth and the cigarettes and the manners and habits and morals of female America.

Serena browsed around in Cabot's until closing time. When she came out, it was nearly dark. She considered a movie, but decided against it. The tea had taken the last of her listless appetite, and she decided to save her slender cash for breakfast and tips. She went back to her hotel and up to her room. She had nowhere else to go. She had nothing to read, so she went to bed.

The bed was all it had threatened to be. But Serena fell asleep almost at once. In the night she woke up and could not remember where she was. When it all came over her with a rush, it was still unreal, and she could not fix it exactly. The aloneness, the unfriendliness, no one to turn to; the overnight transition from being her mother's daughter in Washington—the pampered young focal point of deference and service—to being an unknown girl in an unknown town. For the first time in her life Serena had no one to talk to, no one to telephone to—nowhere to go—no reason for being in one spot rather than another.

And she felt sorry for herself and a little frightened.

Serena awoke early the next morning. She took a cold tub. She would have breakfast, get her money at the bank, and do her shopping. After that she would decide what to do next.

When she reached the bank it was not yet open. She walked up the main street and back, on the other side this time. When she got back to the bank they were just opening up. The teller smiled cheerfully when he saw her and Serena felt a load lifted from her chest. The teller left his cage and was gone for some minutes. When he came back he wasn't smiling.

"There seems to be some mistake, Miss Runcival. We got a wire there's no funds in that account."

"Oh," said Serena slowly. Then she began to remember back. When she had cashed her check two days before in Washington they had mentioned casually that she was overdrawn. But she didn't see what difference that made. "Oh," repeated Serena, "but that doesn't matter. You see, they always just charge it to my mother, or something."

The teller pushed her check back to her under the grille.

"Well, we can't charge it to your mother. Sorry."

"You mean—I can't have the money?"

"I'm afraid not," said the teller curtly. He was emptying his currency drawers and stacking the contents on the counter in preparation for the day's work. Serena watched the packages of bills in a sort of daze. Then she walked out on the street.

Friendless — virtually penniless — what is the pampered Serena going to do in her predicament? She has never earned a penny, and won't go home for help evidently. How she meets her tragic difficulty in a way that will startle you is revealed in the next issue of Liberty.

GOOD BOOKS

by OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ ★ **THE BEST PLAYS 1935-1936** edited by Burns Mantle. Dodd, Mead & Co.

This illustrated volume, with its store of theatrical information in addition to its treatment of the best plays of the season, is one of the most valuable annuals published in the United States.

★ ★ ★ **THE ALICE BRADLEY MENU-COOK-BOOK.** The Macmillan Company.

The second, or January-February-March, quarterly of advice to housekeepers. Washable-covered, spiral-bound, efficient little gold mine.

★ ★ ★ **THE FALCON'S PREY** by Drexel Drake. J. B. Lippincott Company.

This story of a modern Robin Hood in New York's underworld holds the reader tightly from start to finish.

★ ★ ★ **THE STORY OF THE OLYMPIC GAMES 776 B. C. TO 1936 A. D.** by John Kieran. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

A complete history and a human narrative of the track and field events of the Olympic Games.

★ ★ **KICKED IN AND KICKED OUT OF THE PRESIDENT'S LITTLE CABINET** by Ewing Young Mitchell. The Andrew Jackson Press.

A frank and illuminating disclosure of the faulty organization, inside workings and departmental procedure of the Federal Department of Commerce which, it is claimed by the author, results in extravagance, waste, rank favoritism, graft, and corruption.

★ **MOONS IN GOLD** by C. S. Montanye. J. B. Lippincott Company.

Lots and lots of adventure as famous jewel thieves and "international crooks" cross and double-cross one another. No cliché has been omitted. Even the jacket reveals an important secret which the author meant to be a great surprise.

The Driver lay there . . .
like a sodden Scarecrow

C. C. C. War Veteran and Buddy Rescue Motorist from Death as Car Plunges into Ditch

"Both cars were going plenty fast," says T. J. Trombley of Middletown, N. Y. "When they sideswiped, it sounded like a three inch field piece going off. One driver righted his careening car and went on, the other swerved back and forth for fifty yards, and dropped eight feet off the edge of the highway into a half-filled drainage ditch.

"My buddy and I ran to the spot where the car disappeared. It was so dark that all we could see was the hole of light my Eveready flashlight cut in the blackness. The driver, knocked out cold, lay there in the water, limp, like a sodden scarecrow. A few minutes and we had him out. But without my flashlight to help us, he certainly would have drowned before we could even have found him.

"I've been reading about dated Eveready batteries being fresh when you buy them... and I want to okay that. The Evereadys that saved this man's life were still full of pep after long, hard service."

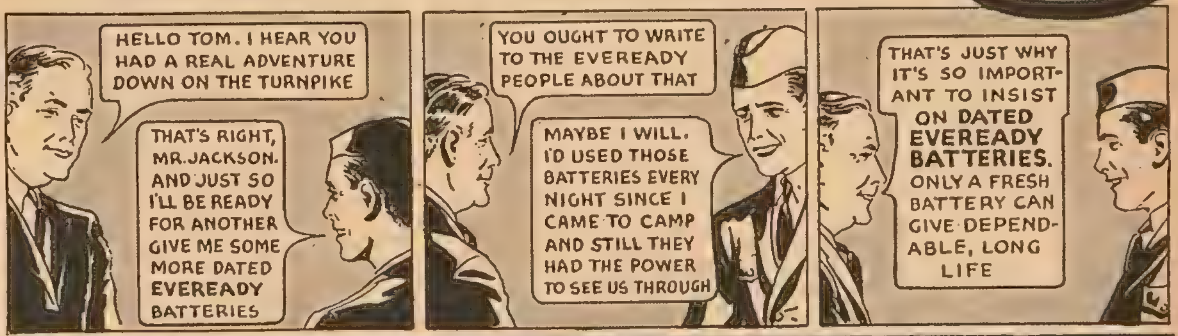
Thomas J. Trombley

EVEREADY BATTERIES ARE *FRESH* BATTERIES

Once More the DATE-LINE is a LIFE-LINE

National Carbon Co., Inc., 30 E. 42nd St., N. Y. C., N. Y.

FOR BEST RESULTS PUT IN SERVICE BEFORE FEB. 1937
Nº 950
EVEREADY
EXTRA LONG LIFE BATTERY
NATIONAL CARBON CO.


HELLO TOM. I HEAR YOU HAD A REAL ADVENTURE DOWN ON THE TURNPIKE
THAT'S RIGHT, MR. JACKSON. AND JUST SO I'LL BE READY FOR ANOTHER GIVE ME SOME MORE DATED EVEREADY BATTERIES
YOU OUGHT TO WRITE TO THE EVEREADY PEOPLE ABOUT THAT
MAYBE I WILL. I'D USED THOSE BATTERIES EVERY NIGHT SINCE I CAME TO CAMP AND STILL THEY HAD THE POWER TO SEE US THROUGH
THAT'S JUST WHY IT'S SO IMPORTANT TO INSIST ON DATED EVEREADY BATTERIES. ONLY A FRESH BATTERY CAN GIVE DEPENDABLE, LONG LIFE

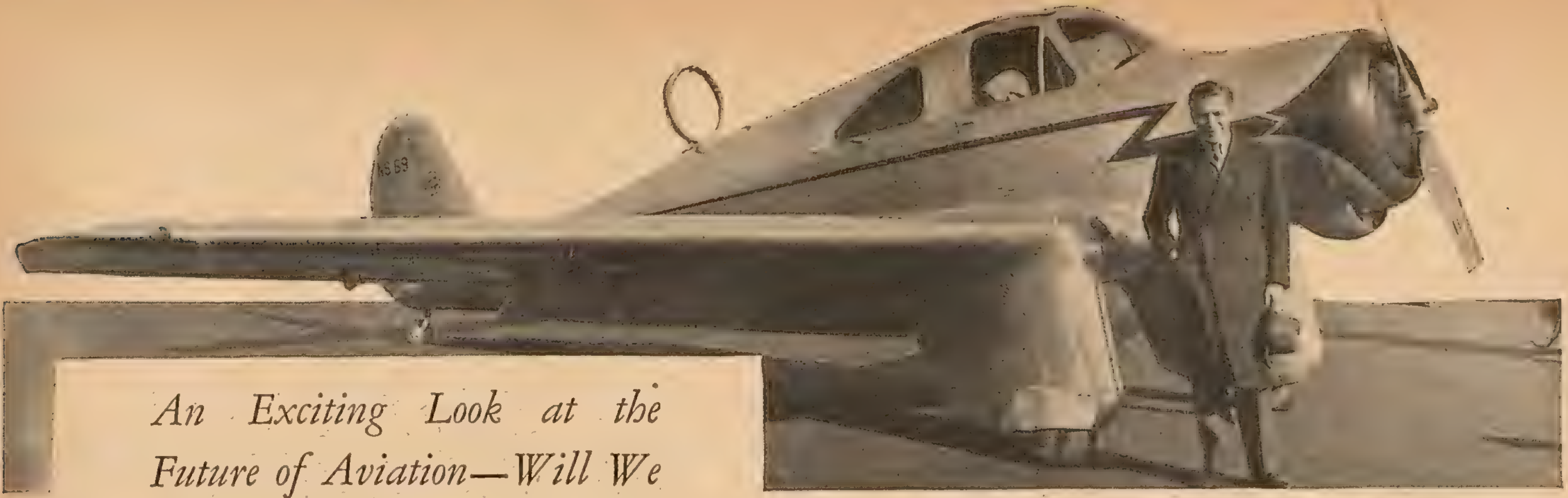
FOR AMBITIOUS BUSINESS GIRLS

THE SECRETARY-STENOGRAPHER'S DESK BOOK, by William Allen Brooks, introduction by Andre Maurois—a book that will help you to solve at once hundreds of questions of correct form usage and sound business practices—points the way to better jobs and better pay by showing you how to raise yourself to the standard of the highly skilled, highly paid secretaries of big business executives. It contains hundreds of personality hints; efficiency; suggestions; lists of words often misspelled and confused; how to build a vocabulary; rules for correct capitalization; accurate punctuation; letter writing; sources of useful information; postal information; patents; copyrights; passports; weights and measures; special terminology and information about advertising; publishing, insurance, real estate; what you should know about contracts; correct form in salutation, closing and address of public officials. A fine big helpful book. Send for it today. Postpaid $1.00.

Send your order today with $1.00
Money back if not satisfactory

ACE FEATURE SYNDICATE, INC., Dept. L 12-19, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Mr. Vidal lands in Washington with a plane for John Q. Public—low-cost, low-risk, all-metal.



An Exciting Look at the Future of Aviation—Will We All Soon Be Riding the Sky?

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

by EUGENE L. VIDAL

Director of Air Commerce, U. S. Department of Commerce

More Private Flying

ANYBODY can appreciate the importance of the airplane to future history. The military plane will prove to be a preventer of war. What great nation would not hesitate to start trouble at the thought of bombs being dropped on offices and homes within a few hours?

Our commercial and civil aviation is progressing in all its phases. Our national air transport system is easily the largest, most modern and efficient in the world. And our air travel today is demonstrably six times as safe as it was five years ago.

The Department of Commerce, through its Bureau of Air Commerce, has aided greatly by maintaining a 22,000-mile Federal Airways System and by promulgating and enforcing regulations for safe air-line operations. The federal government can further assist future development.

In our military air forces we have a serious problem. While one officer can train up to 200 infantrymen, it requires one officer to train one flying student. There can be no help from the air-line companies in an emergency, because the situation would more than ever require all air-line pilots and airplanes to operate the air-line system. Hence the importance of the experienced private flyer. He will learn quickly to handle the military airplane. The more private flyers we have, the more rapidly could this country prepare to defend itself.

Today there are fewer than 1,100 air-line pilots, but there are some 15,000 other pilots and 30,000 student pilots. There are about 450 air-line airplanes, but there are some 7,000 licensed civil planes of other types. The private ownership and use of planes can be expanded by leaps and bounds. A great new industry could be created if thousands more planes could be produced, sold, and used—an industry employing scores of thousands. Our Bureau's surveys indicate conclusively that lower price and increased safety are the chief requirements.

The greatest seller of private airplanes in this country today charges for his product about $1,400, with one third down. Mass-production methods are not used. Planes are still handmade. Auto-production engineers have informed me that, with a volume-produced motor, a *good* small airplane would cost no more to build than an average-priced car with a fairly reasonable production, say 500 a month. The price of operating such a vehicle would be about the same as the auto. Sooner or later this step will be taken by the industry.

The Bureau of Air Commerce can now, by law, contribute to efforts by the industry to make flying even safer than it is today. After aircraft design development by the Department of Commerce was sanctioned, in 1933, a Development Section was organized in the Bureau.

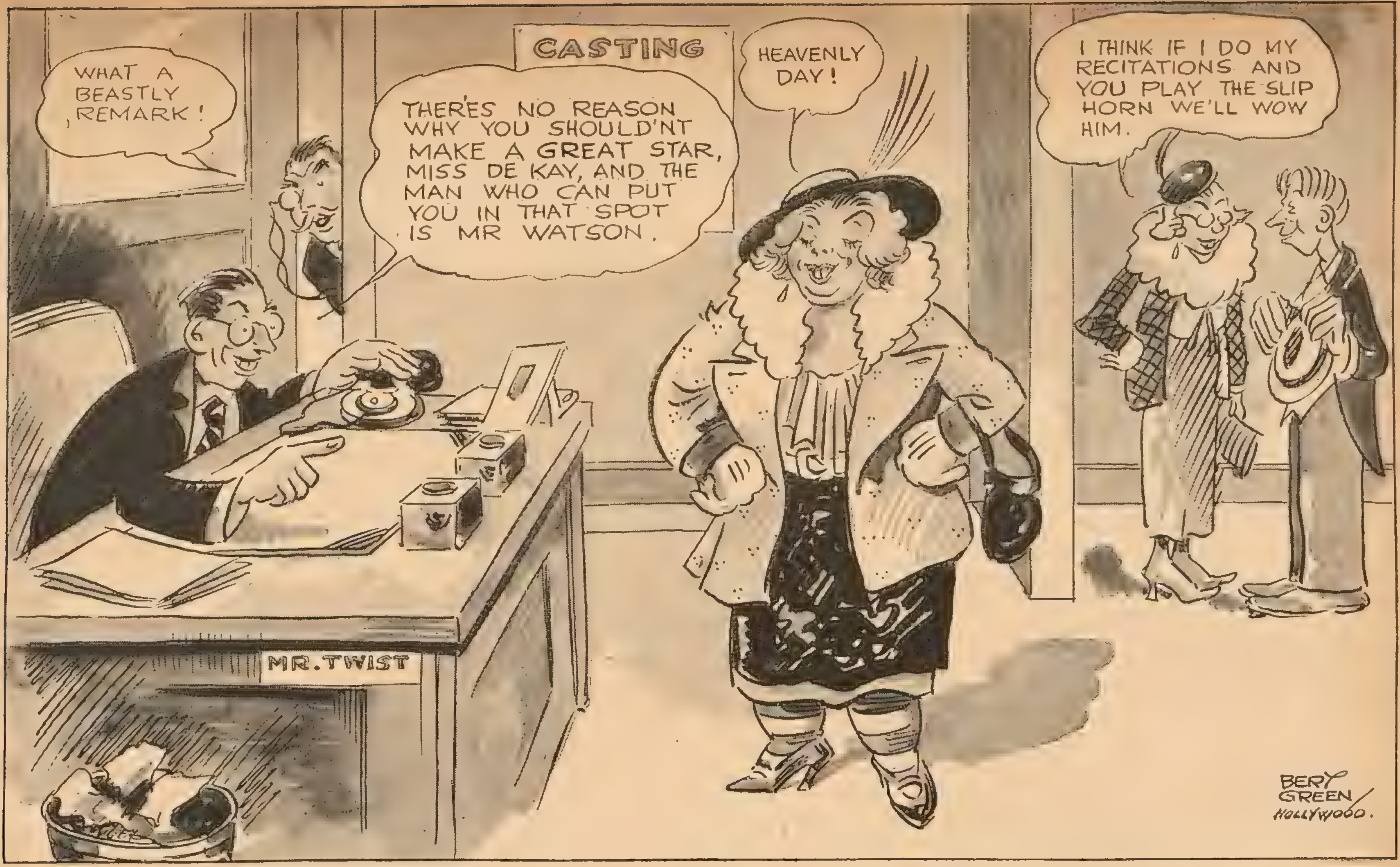
Manufacturers in this country build the finest private planes in the world. They are remarkably safe, given a qualified pilot. But the plane should be so simple to handle that any one can fly it safely with but a few hours' training. The Bureau has had developed by the industry various advanced designs. The planes are all two-place, side-by-side, cabin types, averaging 100 or more miles an hour and some twenty miles to the gallon. Each model is developed with a particular objective. One was designed and built for low price; another entirely for safety; another for convenience; another for all-metal experimentation. The next step is combining all the worth-while features.

One plane has demonstrated over a period of many months that there need be little anxiety about its operation in the hands of the novice. It will not " fall off " and spin with loss of flying speed—the cause of about two thirds of all private flying fatalities. It cannot be turned over in landing, and has never bounced after landing. It has no rudder to operate; a beginner maneuvers it as well as an expert. It has but one flight control, a stick or wheel.

During the past year this plane has been flown by scores of Washingtonians, most of whom had never even handled controls. They have been of both sexes and in age from ten to sixty. Safety and ease of control have been achieved.

During the past three years CWA, PWA, and WPA have improved hundreds of existing airports and constructed hundreds of new landing fields. This work has been supervised by the Bureau, as have been the air marking of thousands of towns, and air mapping, now completed for the entire country. Air terminals in many large cities are distant from residential sections. This problem can be improved by establishing landing strips for private flyers in these sections. Roadable aircraft may prove to be a partial answer to inconvenience. One such craft, delivered to the Bureau recently, landed alongside the Department of Commerce Building in Washington, folded back its rotors, and drove as an auto along the street to the entrance. It later toured the Mall section, taking off from the park.

THE END


WHAT A BEASTLY REMARK!
THERE'S NO REASON WHY YOU SHOULD'NT MAKE A GREAT STAR, MISS DE KAY, AND THE MAN WHO CAN PUT YOU IN THAT SPOT IS MR WATSON.
CASTING
HEAVENLY DAY!
I THINK IF I DO MY RECITATIONS AND YOU PLAY THE SLIP HORN WE'LL WOW HIM.
MR. TWIST
BERT GREEN
HOLLYWOOD.

Who blew into the studio last week but Mr. De Kays sister? Brother, and was she a yell!

Love Letters of a Prizefighter and a Hollywood Extra

Going Places—Matched with a Mountain —Our Socko Succumbs to the Squarkies

Words and Picture

by BERT GREEN

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

Hollywood,
Califilmia.

SOCKO O'BRIEN,
Brooklyn Sports
& Homicide Club,
New York.

Dear Socko:

Well, how are you, silly?

In my last letter I told you how Watson and Twist had corraled a pair of wealthy chumps from the wheat-belt into putting up the dough for their gigantic gal-picture called Colisium.

Well, if you dont think their going places in the lispie business, youre crazy! In the past week theyve not only rented the big Ajax Studios, but theyve parked themselves in a pair of satin lined offices that would make any multi-millionaires layout look like a butlers pantry. The yell is, two weeks ago they didnt know where their next hot mutt was coming from. On the level, theres *one* born every minute and *two* to take him.

When Watson roped in the yokles, he protected himself by signing up the good looking Gordon Baxter to produce the picture. Baxter is going to *write* the story, *play* the lead and *direct* the opry. Outside of that, he has nothing to do but keep the manufacturers of headache tablets working nights.

As for Watson and Twist, theyre going through the motions of looking wise and seeing to it that the two bankers kick in with the weekly payroll.

Already theyre having their troubles because Allowishus De Kay and Ida M. Dizzy—the two who are putting up the dough—insist on having their relatives climb into the company. For example, who blew into the studio last week but Mr. De Kays sister? Brother, and was she a yell! This queen saw no reason why she shouldnt become a flicker star. Heavenly day, let me describe her! To begin with, Socko, she's very cute looking. Her weather beaten pan looks like it had been run over by a non-skid tire. To add to her girlish appearance, she sports a wash woman's bust and a pair of gams that would support a ground woman in an acrobattic troop. Aside from this, she's one of those giggling disturbances the knowlidge box professers call a hipochondric. One minute she's morbedly depressed and the next moment she's doing nip-ups all over the joint.

Whata gal!

To give you some idea of what Twist thinks about De Kays epidemic of relations, get a load of his conversation: "Lissen, Watson, we gotta do something about putting the clamp on these alfalfa comicks. As soon as em babes got wind that the boss had opened the joint, they checked the cows and ginney hens and blew in

DID YOU EVER TAKE AN INTERNAL BATH?

This may seem a strange question. But if you want to magnify your energy—sharpen your brain to razor edge—put a glorious sparkle in your eye—pull yourself up to a health level where you can glory in vitality—you're going to read this message to the last line.

What Is an Internal Bath?

Some understand an internal bath to be an enema. Others take it to be some new-fangled laxative. Both are wrong. A real, genuine true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case.

A bona-fide internal bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure, warm water, Tyrrellized by a marvelous cleansing tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J. B. L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, who perfected it to save his own life. Now, here's where the genuine internal bath differs radically from the enema.

The lower intestine, called by the great Professor Foges of Vienna "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus ∩. The enema cleanses but a third of this "horseshoe," or to the first bend. The J. B. L. Cascade treatment cleanses it the entire length—and does it effectively. You have only to read that booklet "Why We Should Bathe Internally" to fully understand how the Cascade does it—without pain or discomfort.

Why Take an Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise, and highly artificial civilization, a large percentage of persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poisons breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

These poisons are extremely insidious, and may be an important contributing cause to the headaches you get—the skin blemishes—the fatigue—the mental sluggishness—and susceptibility to colds—and countless other ills. They may also be an important factor in the cause of premature old age, rheumatism, high blood pressure, and many serious maladies. Thus it is imperative that your system be free of these poisons, and internal bathing is an effective means. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of impurities—quick hygienic action. And each treatment tends to strengthen the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is hastened.

Immediate Benefits

Taken just before retiring you will sleep like a child. You will rise with a vigor that is bubbling over. Your whole attitude toward life will be changed. All clouds will be laden with silver, you will feel rejuvenated—remade. That is the experience of thousands of men and women who faithfully practice the wonderful inner cleanliness. Just one internal bath a week to regain and hold glorious, vibrant health! To toss off the mantle of age, nervousness, and dull care! To fortify you against epidemics, colds, etc.

Is that fifteen minutes worth while?

Send for This Booklet

It is entirely FREE. We are absolutely convinced that you will agree you never used a three-cent stamp to better advantage. There are letters from many who achieve results that seem miraculous. As an eye-opener on health, this booklet is worth many, many, many times the price of that stamp. Use the convenient coupon below or address the Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Inc., Dept. L1219, 152 W. 65th Street, New York City—NOW!

TEAR OFF AND MAIL AT ONCE

Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Inc.
152 West 65th St., Dept. L1219, New York, N. Y.

Send me without cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet on intestinal ills and the proper use of the famous Internal Bath—"Why We Should Bathe Internally."

Name..

Street..

City........................ State............

What Users Think of J. B. L. Cascade

You ask permission to use my letter in your testimonial work; I did not tell you the half of it. A friend left her Cascade with me to use until I could order one from you, which I did at once. I had not slept for four years without sedatives and anything I ate disagreed with me. After using the Cascade five nights I slept like a baby and gained at the rate of 8 lbs. per month the first three months. I used the Cascade and Cleansing Tonic as directed. My system was so full of poisons I did not look like a white woman; in a very short time I had the complexion of a girl. I am 50 years old now and live on a truck and dairy farm. I am in perfect health and do all my work which is no small job. The doctors who said I would die call me the wonder woman but I am not; I give *all* credit to your J. B. L. Cascade and Cleansing Tonic. I have not taken any medicine for 7 years. I would not take a $1,000 for the Cascade if I had to sign an agreement not to ever have another one. Please use my letter in your testimonial work; I would be happy to know that by so doing I could help others.

MRS. W. J. BASS,
Route 1, Box 17, Kingsville, Texas.

●

About 40 years ago, I was constipated to the point of danger, and my face turned a sallow light green in color. I was feeling very badly and was a patient of a doctor for months. Then I sent for the Cascade and used it according to instructions. I kept up the treatment for about ten days, and then every other day for a month and so on until I used the treatment every two weeks more or less. My cheeks gave the glow of a rose and I became strong, active and never felt better in my life. One day, the doctor stopped his gig and said to me, "William, you do not pay me any more visits; tell me why." I said, "Well, doctor, I have found relief and I do not have to pay you visits any longer." He said, "What is it?" I told him it was Dr. Tyrrell's J. B. L. Cascade. He said, "Stop it; it will paralyze your bowels and you will not be able to have a passage without it." I said to him, "Well, doctor, I am satisfied with the way I feel and I have no lack of evacuation to date." He clapped the reins on the horse's back and said, "Gedyap." In about two months I met the doctor again and he said to me, "William, are you using that thing yet?" I said, "Yes." He said, "Well, I bought a Cascade and let me tell you it is FINE."

WM. MONTAGUE O'NEILL,
1223 7th Ave., Neptune, N. J.

●

The Cascade is worth hundreds of dollars to every home.

LEE P. MILLER,
R. 2, Hartford, Ky.

●

In the year 1920 my entire system was poisoned from my teeth. My dentist extracted all of them, treated the cavities and advised me to purchase a J. B. L. Cascade. He told me it would help nature discharge the poison from the system that collects in the lower colon. I also went to our family doctor for advice. He told me to continue the use of the Cascade and put me on a diet. He said he didn't know of anything that would do as much good as the flushing of the colon. Anyway, I got back to normal condition and I honestly believe the Cascade did the trick. I was bothered with pin worms that harbor in the colon for 30 years. I did everything our family doctor advised but the pin worms were still present. The faithful use of the Cascade got rid of them and that was a Godsend. I honestly believe the Cascade is more important in a home than a bathtub.

K. G. VOTAW,
1709 Sixth St., Berkeley, Calif.

here, right off, looking for a job."

"My dear Mr. Twist," remarked Watson, "do you mean to inferr that Mr. De Kays agricultoral relatives are not mentaly equipt to fulfil the deminative requiremints exacted by the cinnema profession? Tut! Tut!"

"Can the Oxford!" raved Twist. "I'm up to the Adams apple stashing carpet bagger's on the pay-roll. Yesterday, the boss made me put his half-witted uncle on the job and the best he could do was open and close a door at two hundred slugs the week. Sink that one!"

Oh, I forgot to tell you, Socko, that Jack and I got our first call from Universal. Yes, we're going to dance in Henri La Verne's new picture. If we make *good*, Gordon Baxter is going to *feature* us in his new picture Colisium.

Are we going places, or are we going places?

On the level, the *more* I see of *my* good looking dancing partner, the more nutty I get—I only wish he'd give *me* a tumble.

So long, silly. I'll keep you posted on everything.

Your pal, GINGER.

Ginger Ryan
Hollywood, Califilmia.
Dear Ginger:

Hey! We'll just skip all that malarkey about your good looking boy friend because it drives me nuts! Instead, I'm going to tell you something about *myself*.

If *you* think youre the only one that can crash a job in the gallopies, youre goofy! Lissen:

Last week, Jack Downey, my natty manager, gave me a bell and said: "I just ran into Phil Carter over at the Algonquin and he told me he needs a palooka like you to play a part in pictures. Is it a bet?"

"What doing? Acting?" I asked, full of eggsitement.

"No, *fighting!*" he retorts, with a bit of a smirk in his voice. "All you have to do is box ten frames with some hamateur whos *supposed* to be the Champ."

"Oh, yeah," I pants, not wishing him to make the monkey of me. "Who *is* this actor? Jack Dempsey?"

"No," says he, "some magic lantern hero I never even heard of. If it wasnt for my sore throat, I'd take him on myself."

"Whats in it for me if I paste this playster for a row of stamps?"

"Fifteen hundred slugs," he fires back.

"Okay," I hollers, "*I'll* take that dough!"

Feeling confident I could stop that guy, I hops over to the Long Island celluloid plant.

"This sequense is very simple," tees off the megger. "The action is supposed to take place in the Polo Grounds. While the bout is on, a big storm comes up and you continue to fight in the pouring rain. Get it?"

"Rain dont mean nothin to me," I says, with a clubby smile. "I can flatten em babies in a hurricane."

"Thats swell!" he chuckles, turning on his O'Sullivan and making me a present of a comickle grin.

Well, while I was waiting for my Shapesperian attacker to appear, I thought I would brouze around the set and see how they make them lispies. Oh boy, and what I found out was plenty. Over the ring was a million pipes filled with holes. When the director wanted *rain,* some egg turned a gadjet and down it came.

Yes, and the way they faked the *mob* was a riot. First, there was a *live guy* sitting in the ringside, and next to him was *six dummies.* When the live guy got up to wave and cheer, up would pop the dummies who were strapped to the Mccoys. Hows that for gyping the extras?

Well, anyway, just as the cameramen was getting the mystery boxes set, I takes a gander around the ring and who barges through the ropes but a mug eleven feet high. Whats worse, he looked like a toss-up between a walrus and something what lived in a swamp.

"Whos that?" I squarks to one of my handlers.

"He's the *champ!*" he whispers. "He's the guy youre gonna mingle with."

Now aint that a sweet lode of grief, and me thinking I was going to make a snapshot dayboo.

BEFORE I had a chanst to put up a squark the megger calls us over for instructions: "Lissen, you fellows," he says, "this is supposed to be a *grudge fight!* I want *plenty of action!* See? As for *you*"—meaning me—"youre supposed to be *knocked cold* in the forth. When the Champ socks you on the button, you *dive* and stay cold for the count. Is that clear?"

"Hey! Wait a minute," I roars. "I never took a *dive* in my life and if this big meat pudding thinks he's gonna wing me off, he's just a dead tube."

"Now lets get this straight," beefs the megger. "You *dive* in the *forth,* get me, or you dont get a dime."

The next thing I know, somebody yells "Action!" "Lights!" and the bloodshed was on.

Well, Ginger, when the gong rang, my big homacidal aggresser dashed for me like he was blown out of a cave. A second later, he unhooks a murdrous right what missed me like Borah missed the White House. Being ample annoyed, I whamed him on the whiskers and draped him over the ropes.

"How do you like that, you big tomatoe?" I sneered.

In the flash of a instant theys a volley of rights and lefts to my tea room and out pops my mail order fangs. Not only that, but my antique nose is as loose as ashes and is covered with gravy. If it wasnt for the bell, I woulda been colder than Grant. I no sooner staggered to my corner than the dummies start waving and stamping gawd awful.

To make matters *worse,* I take a peek through my only good lamp at my meat-mawling opponent, and there he sits as peaceful as a lamb smoking a big rope and reading Anthony's Adverse. Whata what?

The second and third rounds was hardly worth the mention—that is, as far as I'm concerned.

When the forth gong sounded, I made up my mind I would *kill* that punk if it was the very last act of my youthful life.

Well, just as I get his chin measured for a haymaker, somebody turned on the "lightning and rain" and my only good lamp went out for the night.

After that, I dont know what happened, Ginger, I only know I'm reclining in Mr. Belleview's horsepistol and theys a medico crocheying my beak back on.

Three days later, who traipses in but Downey.

"Hey, wheres my check for that tin-type bout?" I asks, out of the corner of my second hand trap.

"Dont make me laf," he grins. "That was *only the rehearsel.* The *real bout* comes off to-morrow!"

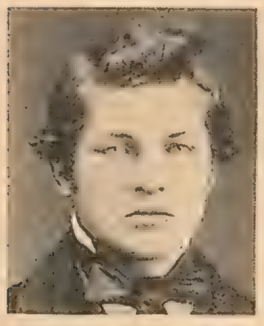
So from now on toots, you can have my share of the squarkie business!

Wishing you the same,

Your ever lovin' pal, SOCKO.

Socko and Ginger are headed for even stranger adventures. More letters from them will appear in an early issue of Liberty.

TWENTY QUESTIONS



1—A babe when his father died, he farmed as a youth and navigated the Ohio Canal. Later he taught school, was admitted to the bar, and battled for the Union. Nine times a congressman, he defeated General Hancock for a higher office, from which he was removed by Guiteau, a man who didn't get the job. Whose early photo is at the left?

2—Who in the Bible was the first bigamist?

3—The hair in most camel's-hair brushes comes from what?

4—If there were 445,000,000 humans on earth in 1630, what should the world's population be in 2100?

5—What ex-blacksmith wrote The Man with the Hoe?

6—Who was the leading man in Chaplin's A Woman of Paris?

7—What was last month's most startling score?

8—Where are the feet of a starfish?

9—For which variety of tea are the leaves fermented and roasted?

10—Which state had its capital at Anne Arundel Town?

11—Women and children making cheap toys in Japan earn how much?

12—Can the United States Supreme Court decline to review cases?

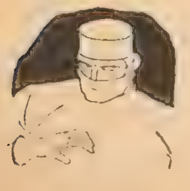
13—The Dnieper and the Danube flow into what that has no tide?

14—How long did Uncle Joe Cannon serve in the House of Representatives?

15—A woman weighing 120 pounds uses how many pounds of cosmetics in a lifetime?

16—What causes the paint on ceilings to peel?

17—If persons ordinarily read 300 to 500 words of type a minute, how many words of Braille does one who is blind read a minute?



18—How much is the federal tax on playing cards?

19—What are the given names of the Mayo brothers, famed surgeons?

20—Who, prolific as a detective-story writer, survived warfare in South Africa to die in Hollywood?

(Answers will be found on page 61)

SEE THE SIGNED **O. K.** CERTIFICATE WITH YOUR FORTUNE SHOES

O.K.
MOST $4 STYLES
No. 5244 Black Calf Straight Tip Oxford
No. 5144 Brown

Welcome the holidays in these Smart Shoes

And give yourself these shoes for Xmas. Note the good looking medium custom toe. Crisp, authentic style . . . These shoes are okayed by experts on *all five essentials* of a good shoe—Style, Leather, Fit, Finish, Value.

FORTUNE
Style+Stamina SHOES

RICHLAND SHOE COMPANY
DIVISION OF GENERAL SHOE CORPORATION, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Wendel TELLS ALL—

"MY 44 DAYS OF KIDNAPING, TORTURE, AND HELL IN THE LINDBERGH CASE"

From One Captivity to Another—A Bewildering New Chapter in the Story of the Bizarre Adventure that Prolonged Bruno Hauptmann's Life

by PAUL H. WENDEL

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

WENDEL says the first "confessions" he wrote failed, according to his tormentors, to satisfy "the boss uptown." He must write one that would get Hauptmann a new trial; it must "bring in several people" and state that the Lindbergh baby had been carried out through the front door. He says he was familiar with this theory, having heard Ellis Parker, Sr., discuss it, so he could write what was wanted. In Liberty last week he gave the full text of his final "confession" as they accepted it. They said "the boss" also wanted him to try, with his left hand, to copy the first Lindbergh ransom note from a photograph. He tried but was unable, the hand having been injured when they had beaten him. Eventually they made ready to take him to—of all places!—the home of his friend Parker.

Pictures, Inc., photo

Wendel as he looked immediately after his captivity and his subsequent experiences.

PART FOUR—"THE GOVERNOR CAN HELP YOU"

AT 4.15 P. M., Monday, February 24, 1936—ten days after I entered my Brooklyn dungeon—I was blindfolded, told to turn my coat collar way up and my hatbrim down, led into the garage, and placed in the rear seat of a sedan. "Remember," said Hank, climbing in beside me, "one funny move and I plug you."

Some one—I afterward learned it was Bill—got into the driver's seat. The car moved out into what I could tell, even through the blindfold, was the light of day. And the air! I never smelled anything so sweet.

After we were well out of the neighborhood Hank took off the blindfold. For the first time in ten days I saw daylight. If the sun had been out, the shock would have been blinding. Instead it was a rainy, sleety day, and there was snow and ice on the streets.

I kept urging Bill to drive faster in the hope that we would be pinched for speeding. We did stop several times in the heavy traffic, but never near a cop; and every time we stopped, Hank went into his routine of promising to plug me if I made a false move. Finally I made up my mind that the best thing to do was to go with them peaceably and depend on Parker and his men to nab them when we arrived in Mount Holly. Knowing Parker's methods, I felt sure he would have every approach to his home adequately covered.

About seven thirty we drove into Mount Holly's main street and pulled up to the curb. Bill got out and opened the rear door. I got out. Hank came just behind me, backing up his usual threats with the muzzle of his automatic. Bill took me by the left arm, Hank by the right, and started walking me down the opposite side of the street from where the Parkers lived. As we neared the house, Bill indicated a coupé standing out in front and said to Hank, "Well, they got here all right."

Directly opposite the house they released me and told me to walk right over and ring the doorbell. They again threatened to pop me off if I didn't obey them. But they needn't have worried. I regarded that home across the street, where I had so often been a guest, as a haven of refuge. I couldn't get to it too soon.

Ellis, Jr., opened the door, and made as if he was much surprised to see me. "We didn't expect you, doc, until the middle of the week," he said.

I turned and saw that Bill and Hank—Bleefeld and Weiss—were still standing unmolested. Ellis Parker, Jr., was looking calmly at them.

"Where's your father?" I demanded.

"In the library."

I was already in the hall.

"Ellis," I cried, "they're out there now—two of the men who kidnaped and beat me!"

My old friend showed no sign of taking any action.

"Catch them!" I urged.

"Not me!" he said. "I don't want to get my damned head blown off."

"Then let me call the state police."

"No!"

Ellis H. Parker, Sr., and Mrs. Anna Bading, his secretary. Wendel says both came along when he was conveyed to the state hospital.

Pictures, Inc., photo

Acme photo

Young Parker, who, Wendel says, drove the car that took him to New Lisbon.

From any one else, I would have known there was something wrong from the vehemence of that "No!" But I knew that Ellis hated the state police. He was always ridiculing it to me, or saying that it was tampering with his telephone and mail. What got me was that he, a police officer, having read my confession and knowing that I would never have signed it if these men hadn't made me, stood calmly by and made no effort to arrest them.

"Did you get the confession I mailed you?" I asked, bewildered.

"Yes, doc; and I immediately took it to Governor Hoffman."

"Why did you do that?"

"Because you're my friend and the governor's my friend."

"You don't think for a moment that I kidnaped and killed the Lindbergh baby?"

"Of course not, Paul."

"Then why the hurry to Governor Hoffman?"

"To help you."

"I thought you'd hold that confession until I arrived, and I'd explain it, and you'd tear it up."

"Sit down," he said. "Doc, you've put me on a hell of a spot."

"You on the spot! How about me?"

I showed him my wrists, arms, and hands, the bruises on my ankles and legs, the welts on my chest.

"You mean to say you're not going to arrest those two thugs for kidnaping and torturing me?"

"Not me!"

I could only stare at him in amazement.

"Doc," he said at last, "I am your friend, and you listen to me. If you got such a beating and were in the hands of such a gang as you say, your life isn't worth anything. You must have hurt somebody, or else that gang wouldn't have picked you up."

I reminded him that I had done nothing in the whole Lindbergh matter except at his direction in an effort to land the criminal. He said he knew that was so.

"But," he said, "it is better for you to do four or five years in jail than to go out now. They'd only slay you. You'll be safer in jail."

"What do you mean by that, Ellis?"

"I mean I'm going to place you under arrest."

"What for?"

"It is my duty as a police officer."

Again I told him what had happened to me: how I had been imprisoned and tortured, how I had stood it all and, until they had threatened to torture and destroy my family, refused to confess to a crime I never committed—but he wouldn't let me go on.

"I'll hear all those details tomorrow," he said.

"Those crooks may be out of the jurisdiction tomorrow!"

"Now look here, doc," he remonstrated. "You and I have been friends, and I want to help you, but I want you to let me handle this my own way. You know I have had forty-two years of detective experience. I'll make the investigation of this Brooklyn business for you, and in a few days I can tell Governor Hoffman that I have investigated

TIRED?
ALL IN?
*You're not yourself
if you have*
INTESTINAL
TORPOR

Don't let Intestinal Torpor rob you of energy, keep you feeling dull, headachy, worn. Intestinal Torpor—sluggish, torpid muscular activity in the intestinal tract—can usually be relieved without harsh, nauseating purges. For pleasant, dependable relief, millions of men and women wisely use Stuart's Compound.

Harmless and non-habit forming, Stuart's Compound was prepared especially to relieve depressing Intestinal Torpor. It increases the muscular action in the intestines. Stuart's Laxative Compound affords a natural, healthy way to proper elimination of body wastes—relieving Intestinal Torpor.

If torpid, lazy elimination causes you to feel under-the-weather—try Stuart's Laxative Compound today! It has given quick, effective relief from Intestinal Torpor to millions, for more than 40 years. Get a package from your druggist today. See for yourself what results it brings.

STUART'S
LAXATIVE COMPOUND
formerly known as
STUART'S CALCIUM WAFERS

Civil Service Handbook Now Available

Here at last is a comprehensive Civil Service Handbook at a price you can afford. Nothing more to buy, nothing more to pay. Only $1 brings you this volume containing a wealth of information on how to go about getting yourself on the Government payroll, detailed Home Study Courses, including 1000 Questions and Answers of former tests, 30 Actual previous examinations (with correct replies) for such positions as postal clerk, mail carrier, stationary engineer, factory inspector, electrician, librarian, fireman, bookkeeper, prison keeper, and many others. It tells the mistakes to avoid in arithmetic, grammar, spelling, geography, history, civics—just the type of information called for in civil service examinations.

A Government position means steady, year-round work, good salary, paid vacations and sick leaves; and a liberal retirement pension. Do not miss this chance! See how simple it is! The CIVIL SERVICE HANDBOOK by William A. Brooks is just what you need to prepare yourself for the big opportunity. The price is now only $1 postpaid. Send for it today. You run no risk. Money back if not satisfied.

ACE FEATURE
SYNDICATE, INC.
Dept. L 12-19
1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

the whole matter. You'll be better off getting the entire business cleared up at one time. Then the governor can help you."

This didn't gee with his previous statement about going to jail for four or five years. But what could I do? He was, after all, a police officer, and I would just get myself in wrong if I tried to resist him.

Besides, I couldn't get it out of my mind that in his heart he must still be my friend.

"And in the meantime," I said at last, "how about the confession?"

"The governor has it, and has promised to keep it in his safe and give it to no one."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Positively. Doc, trust me with this. I will hide you away for a few days. I have a friend coming to see me tonight, and I'll tell him to keep you company."

"Why hide me away? Send me to Trenton and deliver me to the officials there."

"I can't do that. It would spoil my plans."

I then asked him why I shouldn't stay right there in his own home. I knew there was plenty of room on the third floor. But he said that was impossible: some of the children were home, the house was full. Next I suggested the Mount Holly jail.

"I can't do that, either. I don't control the sheriff. Our candidate lost out at the election."

"If you think I am guilty of this crime, why don't you deliver me to Prosecutor Hauck at Flemington and let me stand trial just as Hauptmann did? I'm not afraid!"

"I didn't say I thought you were guilty, doc. I said I wanted to get you out of this."

"I know what you said, Ellis, but I don't like the looks of this. I demand that you notify Attorney General Wilentz."

"Why, that —— —— —— would hang you if he had that confession!"

ELLIS, JR., came in then, and said he had been over to his own house for supper. I was too weak to go on with the argument at this time, so I remarked that I was hungry, too. The old man told his son to see if his mother could fix me up with something. A little later he returned with some egg sandwiches and coffee.

Though I ate, as I often had before, at the dining-room table of my erstwhile friend, my mind was not lulled to slumber. I realized that something must have happened in that house—something that would affect me more poignantly, more seriously than all the pummelings I had received at the hands of those Brooklyn brigands. What is it that the poet says? "Defend me from my friends; I can defend myself from my enemies."

When I went back to the library, Parker told me he had decided to hide me for the time being in New Lisbon, about sixteen miles from Mount Holly, on the property of what was locally known as the Four Mile Colony but was really the State Hospital for the Insane and the Epileptic. I didn't like the sound of the name very well, but I knew it would be clean and have good beds and plenty of good country air.

I asked to be allowed to phone my wife; but he said he didn't want anybody to know I was there. Then I asked to see a doctor. He said no to that, too; it wouldn't do to let anybody see my wounds. If anybody said anything about my ear, I was to say it was a sore.

"That isn't right," I protested. "I need a doctor."

"Where you're going there are plenty of doctors."

"How long will I have to stay there?"

"You can't stay longer than Friday, because the Appropriation Committee of the Legislature meets there then."

Even in my bedraggled condition, I had to smile at that: a legislative appropriation committee meeting in an insane asylum!

ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

Thatcher Colt, a police officer himself, takes cognizance of the fact that the case against his fellow law-enforcement officer, Ellis H. Parker, is still pending. He would not willingly prejudice that case either for or against the famous New Jersey detective.

However, Colt does feel that this chapter of Mr. Wendel's story raises several questions of importance not only to his own business of law enforcement but to public welfare generally.

How far is a police official justified in going in his dealings with criminal and underworld characters—granting, of course, that those dealings are entered into in the pursuit of what he believes to be the truth about a given crime?

The question was raised once before in the Lindbergh case, when Bitz and Spitale were publicly announced as go-betweens to deal with the gangsters who were then thought to be the kidnapers of the missing baby. It is driven home by Paul Wendel's story.

The public's reaction in the former instance was varied. Mr. Colt wonders what it may be in this.

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3 P. M., E. S. T.

"That'll give me time enough to make my investigation and go to Governor Hoffman," continued Parker. "And by the way, I want you to write me a memorandum."

"All right," I said. "Go ahead and dictate it."

Anna Bading had come in by now, and in her presence I wrote the following letter:

February 24, 1936.

Mr. Ellis H. Parker, Sr.,
Chief of County Detectives,
Mount Holly, New Jersey.

Dear Sir:

I am willing to stay in your custody until the investigation is concluded.

(Signed) P. H. WENDEL.

It struck me at the time as peculiar, if I really was under arrest in a legal manner, that he should need my permission to keep me in custody. Policemen don't usually ask their prisoners if they are willing. But I had no recourse but to write as I was told.

While we were waiting—for what

I didn't know—I showed Anna Bading some of my bruises and told her a little of my experiences. I also asked her if she thought I had anything to do with the Lindbergh crime, and she said of course she did not.

"I wish I had known where you were," interrupted Parker, Sr. "I was in New York yesterday myself, and I could have gotten a friend of mine in the New York police department to raid the place. In fact, I've been in New York several times since the 14th, and I could have helped you."

I said something about his having been in New York oftener than usual.

"Yes," he said. "You know, Governor Hoffman has a good chance of being the Vice-Presidential candidate at the Republican convention this summer—that is, if he can break the Lindbergh case."

He then told how he and the governor both felt that Hauptmann didn't do the job; that he was only the money passer. He said they expected to tie up Dr. Condon with Hauptmann, and a lot more stuff like that. He looked at his watch. His son said it was ten fifteen.

"Let's get going," said the old man, rising.

I put on my overcoat. As I did so, he went over and opened the parlor door, and out came a man I had never seen before.

"All right, George," Parker said. "You follow me."

PARKER and I got into the back seat of Parker's car. Ellis, Jr., took the driver's seat, with Anna Bading beside him. The man called George got into a coupé, which was apparently the same car which had caused Bill to say that afternoon, "Well, they got here all right." The coupé followed us all the way. As we neared the Four Mile Colony, Parker, Sr., said again:

"Now, doc, I want you to promise me that you won't talk to any one about this kidnaping until I have completed my investigation. I don't want you to show your bruises to any one, either—not even to this man who is accompanying us. I will make the investigation, and I feel sure we can tear up the confession and let you get out in a few days."

Dr. Carroll T. Jones, superintendent of the institution, and his assistant, Scott Atkinson, were waiting for us at what I took to be the door of Dr. Jones's official residence. Parker got out and went into conversation with the two men. When he came back, he said Dr. Jones wanted me to write a paper for him similar to the one I had signed at the Parker home. Anna Bading handed me notebook and pencil, and by the light in the car I wrote the same words I had written for Parker.

We went into the garage and up to the second floor. This garage thing was getting on my nerves! However, I was shown into a neat parlor-bedroom-and-bath effect—a paradise after my dungeon cell.

Jones and Atkinson were both very friendly. Jones brought me a newspaper, and told Parker he would have a radio put in next day.

"Take it easy, Paul," said Parker as he left. "Get a good night's sleep, and I'll see you about noon tomorrow."

After they had gone, the man from the coupé came over to me and said, "I'm George Thomas."

Who and what was Thomas? Above all, who—on the face of things as they now stood—might have been the "big boss uptown" and the "finger man"? For Wendel's own startling inferences, read him in Liberty next week.

Answer to the "Matter of Change" Puzzle on Page 52

The best way to solve the problem is this: Let every one put down on the counter the coins he has, and let us represent them by the number of cents in each:

Customer: 100, 3, 2. Tradesman: 50, 25. Stranger: 10, 10, 5, 2, 1.

Now, remembering that the purchase cost 34 cents, it is plain that the tradesman has to receive 109 cents (his 75 cents plus the 34 cents the customer owes him); the customer, 71 cents; and the stranger, his 28 cents. The rest is a matter of arrangement, remembering that nobody got back any of his original coins. The tradesman takes 100, 5, 2, and 2; the customer 50, 10, 10, and 1; and the stranger the remaining two coins, 25 and 3.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 57

1—That of James Abram Garfield (1831-81), twentieth President of the United States.

2—Lamech, Genesis 4:19—"And Lamech took unto him two wives: the name of the one was Adah, and the name of the other Zillah."

3—From the tails of squirrels.

4—According to scientists of the Johns Hopkins University School of Hygiene and Public Health: 2,645,500,000.

5—Edwin Markham.

6—Adolphe Menjou. Produced in 1923, the picture's leading lady was Edna Purviance.

7—Forty-six to two (or 523 to eight).

8—On the undersurface of its arms are the tube feet a starfish uses in moving about.

9—Oolong.

10—Maryland. Anne Arundel Town is now Annapolis.

11—About three cents a day.

12—Yes.

13—The Black Sea.

14—For forty-six years.

15—About 360 pounds (the average woman is said to consume about thrice her weight).

16—Moisture in the plaster.

17—The average rate is eighty words a minute.

18—Ten cents a deck in the United States.

19—Charles Horace and William James.

20—

Edgar Wallace.

$1 Complete

DISCARD YOUR AERIAL

NO MORE LIGHTNING DANGER

Buzzes, Clicks, And Shorts from summer rains and winter snow and sleet when using an F. & H. Capacity Aerial Eliminator—equals an aerial 75 ft. long, strung 50 ft. high, yet occupies only 1½ inch by 4 inch space behind your radio—guaranteed to give you nationwide reception or your money back.

Does away with Aerial entirely—Just place an F. & H. Capacity Aerial Eliminator (size 1½ in. x 4 in.) within your set. Simple instructions furnished with unit. Easily connected by anyone to aerial and ground of set. Your radio will then operate and tune in the same manner as if it were connected to an aerial. Operates on both short and long waves.

BETTER TONE AND DISTANCE GUARANTEED

Sensitivity, selectivity, tone and volume improved. No lightning danger or unsightly lead in and aerial wires. Makes your set complete in itself. Forget aerial wires and troubles—move your set anywhere.

NOT NEW—VALUE ALREADY PROVED

On the market five years. 80,000 satisfied customers in U. S. and Foreign countries. In use from the Arctic region of Norway to the tropics of Africa. Chosen by Government for use on Naval Hospital bedside radios. Each factory tested on actual long distance reception. Can not harm set—(Derives its energy from the earth radio waves, it therefore also in many cases helps to reduce fading and noises.)

5 DAYS TRIAL Mail coupon at once. Pay postman $1.00 plus a few pennies postage on delivery. If not entirely satisfied, return within five days and your dollar will be refunded without question.

JUST MAIL THIS COUPON

F. & H. RADIO LABORATORIES, Dept. 6, Fargo, N. D.

Send F. & H. Capacity Aerial. Will pay postman $1 plus few cents postage. If not pleased will return within 5 days for $1 refund. Check here ( ) if sending $1 with order—thus saving postage cost—same refund guarantee. Check here ( ) if interested in dealer's proposition.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

TOWN .... STATE ....

F&H
CAPACITY
AERIAL ELIMINATOR
F&H RADIO LABORATORIES

Why Some Men Don't Get Bald

Because it's easier to *keep* a good head of hair than to *regain* it after it's gone! So they use Glover's regularly. Promotes scalp health; keeps Dandruff away; checks excessive Falling Hair; combats Baldness. Get Glover's Mange Medicine and Glover's Medicated Soap for the Shampoo at your druggist's, or have your Barber give you Glover's Treatments.

GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

The ONLY Cough Drop

MEDICATED WITH THROAT-SOOTHING INGREDIENTS OF VICKS VAPORUB

Medicated with Throat-Soothing Ingredients of
VICKS VAPORUB
VICKS MEDICATED COUGH DROPS

Boys!

FREE Prizes and Profits!

You can win any of over 450 swell, valuable prizes—absolutely free! And *at the same time,* you earn your own spending money!

Bicycles, radios, sporting equipment, books, games, musical instruments, camping kits—anything you can think of can be your own—*free!*

Send the coupon for free information on this easy way to make money and win prizes.

L 12-19-36

Liberty Magazine, Boy Sales Division,
1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Please tell me how I can become a Liberty Boy Salesman and make money and win free prizes.

NAME...................... AGE.....

ADDRESS..............................

CITY..................... STATE.....

Please have your parents show approval by signing here..............................

COVER LIMERICK CONTEST

$200 IN BIG CASH PRIZES FOR ONE LINE

YOU CAN WIN!

THE subject of gift neckties comes up for attention in this week's Limerick contest. Refer to the cover of this issue. There they are. Stripes and polka dots. And not bad for gift ties, at that. But there are, or there have been, gift ties about which the less said the better. It is of these, or rather of the helpless recipient of these, that this week's Limerick treats. Can you write the winning last line? It will win $100. The next best will win $50. Third prize is $25, and there are five prizes of $5 each. Write a last line for the Limerick right now, fill out the coupon, and send it in as directed in the rules. If you enter, your chance to win is excellent. The contest will be judged as rapidly as possible and the names of winners will be announced in the first available issue of Liberty. Wednesday, January 6, 1937, is the closing date of this week's contest.

The Rules

1. Anyone anywhere may compete except employees of the publishers and members of their families.
2. To compete, study the cover of this issue carefully, read the uncompleted Limerick on the coupon below, and write your own last line.
3. When you have written your last line for the Limerick, write a statement of not more than sixty words on what feature of this issue you like best and why.
4. Last lines will be judged on the basis of originality and story value. Statements will be judged on the basis of clarity and interest.
5. For the best last line accompanied by the best statement Liberty will award a First Prize of $100. In the order of their excellence other entries will receive: Second Prize, $50; Third Prize, $25; and five prizes, each $5. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
6. Send all entries by first-class mail to LIMERICK CONTEST EDITOR, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, January 6, 1937, the closing date of this contest.
7. The judges will be the editors of Liberty Magazine and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

CLIP HERE

DECEMBER 19

COVER LIMERICK
ENTRY COUPON

HERE IS THE LIMERICK:

Sing Ho! for the gay Christmas ties.
Sing Ho! for the victim who lies
And assures you he likes 'em
But hopes lightning strikes 'em—

....

(Write your own last line here)

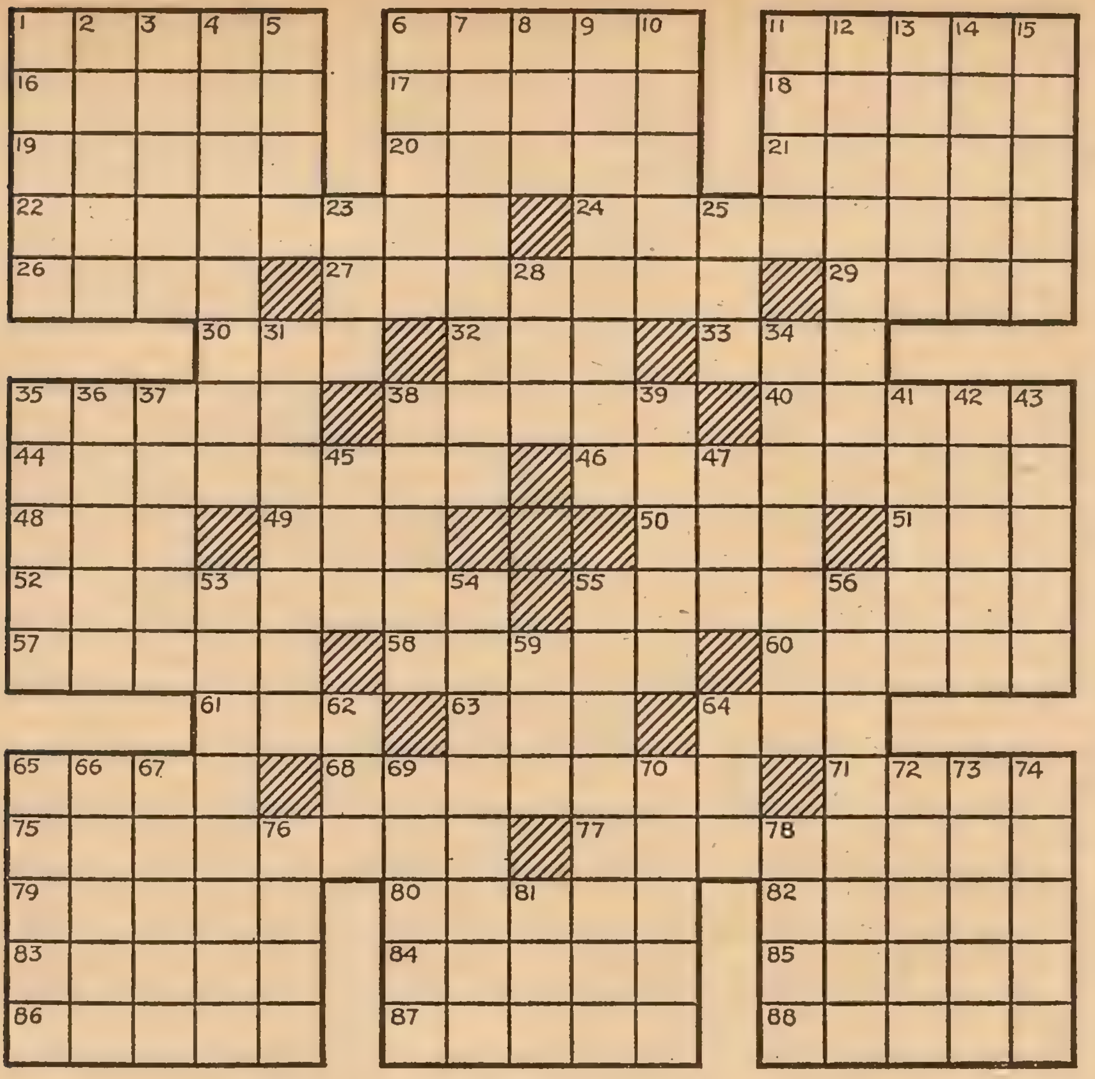
NAME ....

STREET ....

CITY.................. STATE..........

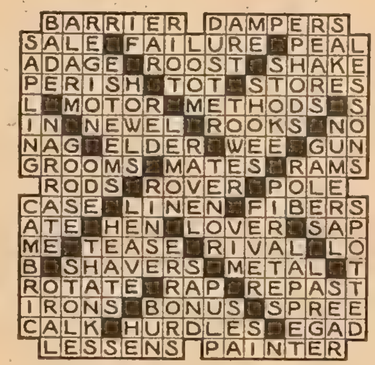
ANOTHER CASH PRIZE CONTEST NEXT WEEK!

CROSSWORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 Neat, classy (Eng. slang)
6 System of signals (pl.)
11 Greek-letter societies (col.)
16 Woman's name
17 Musical drama
18 Memento
19 Makes level
20 Doctrine
21 Slur over
22 Make longer
24 In error
26 A plant
27 Stupid
29 Decisive trial
30 A fish
32 Insect egg
33 A high priest of Israel
35 Fresh
38 Metal tag of a lace
40 Attack
44 A fish spear (pl.)
46 Ferociously
48 Cause to be quit of
49 Former pope
50 Measure of length
51 Small explosive sound
52 Not fit for food
55 Sewer system
57 To harmonize
58 Illuminating device (pl.)
60 Guides
61 Yell
63 Capuchin monkey
64 Theory
65 Bristle



```
 BARRIER DAMPERS 
SALE■FAILURE■PEAL
ADAGE■ROOST■SHAKE
PERISH■TOT■STORES
L■MOTOR■METHODS■S
IN■NEWEL■ROOKS■NO
NAG■ELDER■WEE■GUN
GROOMS■MATES■RAMS
 RODS■ROVER■POLE 
CASE■LINEN■FIBERS
ATE■HEN■LOVER■SAP
ME■TEASE■RIVAL■LO
B■SHAVERS■METAL■T
ROTATE■RAP■REPAST
IRONS■BONUS■SPREE
CALK■HURDLES■EGAD
 LESSENS PAINTER 
```

Answer to last week's puzzle

68 Everlasting
71 One of the states
75 Tincture of opium
77 A muffler
79 Woman's name
80 Belabors
82 Proportion
83 Wink
84 Celestial being
85 Asterisks
86 Factions
87 A shop
88 Keyed up

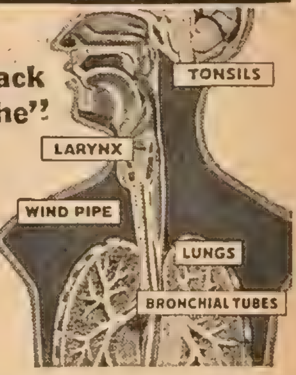
VERTICAL

1 A fish
2 A concrete mixer
3 Goddess of peace
4 Handled
5 Rapid
6 Sheepfold (pl.)
7 Apertures
8 Lair
9 Hermits
10 Silk fabric
11 Worry
12 Describing
13 Similar
14 Currents
15 Perfume
23 Fodder
25 Comprehend
28 Nothing
31 French workshop
34 Gun chargers
35 Minute groove
36 To twist
37 A duck
38 Coral island
39 Weeds
41 Leaf of a calyx
42 Funeral oration
43 Patterns
45 Beak of a bird
47 Solemn promise
53 Deteriorating
54 That which gives relief
55 Old maid
56 Chew the cud
59 Disfigure
62 Japanese coin
64 Sick
65 A comparatively thick slice (pl.)
66 Predatory bird
67 Garment
69 A large, deep-toned horn (pl.)
70 Passageway
72 Occurring every eighth day (med.)
73 Dams
74 Ascended
76 Inquires
78 Formerly
81 Past

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

Relieve COUGHS quickly by "Moist-Throat" Method

Get your throat's moisture glands back to work and "soothe" your cough away



THE usual cause of a cough is the drying or clogging of moisture glands in your throat and windpipe. When this happens, heavy phlegm collects, irritates. Then you cough. The quick and safe way to relief is by letting Pertussin stimulate those glands to pour out their natural moisture. Sticky phlegm loosens, is easily raised. You have relief!

Get after that cough today—with Pertussin. *Over 1,000,000 prescriptions for Pertussin were filled in one year.* This estimate is based on a Prescription Ingredient Survey issued by American Pharmaceutical Association.

PERTUSSIN
"MOIST-THROAT" METHOD OF
COUGH RELIEF

30¢ Prescription FREE

AC-7

Seeck & Kade, Inc., 440 Washington St., N. Y. C.
I want a Free trial bottle of Pertussin—quick!

Name__________
Address

ON APPROVAL . .

We defy you to tell this ring from one costing $300.00! To prove it to you we'll send it on for 25c down! If you do not think it the most exquisite piece of jewelry you ever owned; if your friends do not marvel at the glorious brilliance of the magnificent facsimile diamond return it and we will refund your money. Wear 10 days at our risk. If delighted, continue payments of $1.50 month till the total balance of $6.00 is paid. Ring shipped by return mail. Rush 25c in stamps or coin to:

Bradley, Dept. 6512, Newton, Mass.

CONSTIPATION
MADE HUSBAND DRAGGY

JUST NO GOOD!

HE just didn't feel like work or play. Always draggy and worn out—often cross and irritable. But like so many women, his wife knew about Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets). She put him wise. He found out what an astonishing difference there was in this purely vegetable laxative. Not merely partial relief. Instead thorough, cleansing action that aided in ridding his system of poisonous waste, refreshed him, made him feel like a "million." Try NR Tablets yourself. Note how gentle they are and non-habit forming. 25 tablets —25 cents at any drugstore.

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

FREE: Beautiful Six-color 1937 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of **NR** and **Tums.** Send stamp for packing and postage to A. H. Lewis Co., Desk 94T-18, St. Louis, Mo.

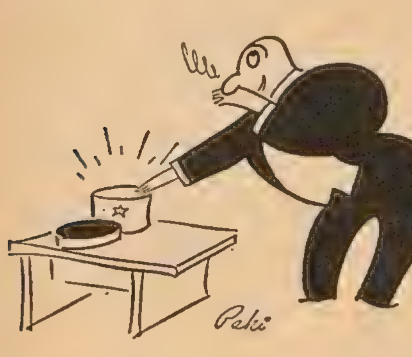
Vox Pop

A Witch's Paste, and Worth the Price!

New York, N. Y.—After reading your recent articles on Steinach's latest rejuvenation methods, I have just received a little jar of magic ointment.

No sorcerer's salve in the Arabian Nights could have a more exciting recommendation. Only a very little is needed for one treatment; a pinch to cover the bulb of the left hand's little finger is enough. Rub it briskly into the skin on the back of the hand and all is done.

Tired men like I am grow rested. Bored men like I am turn eager and interested. Sleepless men like I am begin to sleep and know the strident dreams of boys.



A witch's paste, and worth its price!

The little tin container gleams under my desk lamp as it waits to be opened, its creamy content pinched and rubbed into my aging epidermis. I am still a little suspicious of it, even though it is the *magnum opus* of that old man called Steinach who has sought in the laboratory to find a pill, a powder, or a paste to hold up the stealthy march of age. Steinach made this paste out of a weird ingredient.

Female hormones!

It is an unlikely proposition—to rub female hormones into my predominantly and self-consciously and satisfactorily consistent male organization. One does not idly dilute one's sex preponderance with an admixture of its opposite.

But that, as Steinach found out, is the only way. The male hormone is good for nothing. The female hormone is good for everything.

All this is true, for Steinach says it is true, and he has proved it with his rats (November 7 Liberty).

And he has proved what can be done to men with this cream. You just rub a little womanhood into your hide and you are a better man. Of course there are no female hormones in the cream. They are too expensive. But the cream has some greatly diluted female hormones in it—straight female hormones would devour a human. So it is weakened for use—like the dials of our watches catch some of the glory of radium salts merely by exposure.

I have just taken off the lid and peered into the smooth white mess. Grease from the gates of heaven or the hinges of hell? How can we know?

There! I have rubbed it in—deep! And if Vox Poppers are interested in what happens to me, I can tell them in a later communication.—*Eternal Ponce.*

ORIGIN OF ANY PUZZLE IS GENUINE MYSTERY

Toronto, Ont.—In the October 24 Liberty a puzzle is given regarding cigarettes—the brands and the number smoked by some poker players. This is the worst piece of plagiarism that I have seen for some time. If you will refer to the issue of Esquire for January of 1936, you will find that this puzzle was given in that issue, under the heading, Cool and Calculating, by J. C. Furnas. —*L. A. S. Dack.*

[F. Gregory Hartswick, the man who sent us this puzzle, writes:

May I crave your indulgence for a word which would straighten out the matter of the cigarettes-and-poker-players puzzle, which still seems to agitate your readers?

To begin with, the origin of any puzzle is a matter of deep and genuine mystery. Nobody knows how puzzles originate. They pop up, abide their little hour, and go their way. Of such is the cigarette problem.

Somebody told me about it several years ago, at lunch. His statement, made from memory, was wrong. I tried to find it in the old books, but could not. Eventually I straightened it out, partly by my own efforts and partly by hearing it again. I tried it on some friends, and it made such a hit that I decided to offer it for posterity, as being worthy of preservation in print. Liberty was kind enough to agree with this view.

But before the puzzle appeared in Liberty, though long after it had been bought, Mr. Furnas, the gifted author of And Sudden Death, sold an article to Esquire—an article containing not only the cigarette puzzle but several others of the same ilk. His idea was, in extension, the same as mine—he had heard this puzzle somewhere and thought that, with the addition of others, it would make a good article.

There can be no question of plagiarism or anything akin to it. Mr. Furnas and I, two authors entirely unacquainted with each other, had the same bright idea at the same time; he sold his to Esquire, and I sold mine to Liberty. I think the facts would show that I was way ahead of him on the sale, but publishing schedules are publishing schedules, and the Esquire article appeared first. That's all there is, there isn't any more.]

NOW IT'S UP TO JOHN ERSKINE

San Diego, Calif.—As a committee of one, I rise to express the profound gratitude of the whole country to Sea Urchin (October 31 Vox Pop).

Certainly her thesis upon sex—all about the little birds and the bees and so on—is all that John Erskine needed to make of him a finished writer.

I do not understand the paragraph concerning the absence of obliging bees and butterflies; please ask Sea Urchin to be more specific. No one has ever lamented the lack before—at least not in my presence.

Anyway, it's right up to you now, John. No more of this milk-toast literature you've been giving us for the last few years. You know now what sex is all about, and we shall certainly expect to see this new knowledge reflected in your works.

The entire nation breathlessly awaits a new thrill.—*Sand-Dab.*

BEARDS AND MEN AND SISSIES

Bremerton, Wash.—I have read your Vox Pop section for a long time, but I had no idea that men that shaved were sissies. In the November 7 issue I came across a letter from J. T. of Spokane, Washington, titled Whiskerless Sissies. Maybe Moses and Buffalo Bill sported long hair and beards, but how many women would tolerate their husbands looking like a bunch of Russian wolves?

What would happen to the dear old U. S. A.? There would be fewer marriages and of course less children. America has been civilized; let's not let it go back to Buffalo Bill and Moses. I'll take my husband with a face as smooth as silk.—*Mrs. R. A. Auriett.*

Detroit, Mich.—To the champion of whiskered gentlemen (November 7 Vox Pop): You say that the use of the razor has given man a back seat. I think you'd better look again. How do you account for the progressive Japanese, who does not have to shave for the simple reason that he does not have a beard? Surely our almond-eyed friend isn't hiding behind any damsel's skirt! —*C. Motl.*

FEELS SLANT-EYED, QUOTES POETRY

Little Rock, Ark.—I have just finished reading Achmed Abdullah's short story Jade-White Peace in November 7 Liberty. I like stories of the Orient; they always leave me feeling slant-eyed and mysterious. The effect of Jade-White Peace has gone so far as to leave me quoting poetry. I wonder if Mr. Abdullah wrote those stanzas he used in his story. If there is more I certainly would like to read it. Where can I find it?—*Vashti Jons.*

[Mr. Achmed Abdullah admits that he is the poet himself and wrote the lines especially for his story, Jade-White Peace. He may indulge in the muse again, and we advise Vashti to follow his work closely.—Vox Pop Editor.]

MUST ONE FLING OUT A BOMB?

Springfield, Mass.—Do you think that there is a normal way for a decent, honest, and active young Viennese to realize her abilities of writing, to make a little money by her short stories, essays, and poems, written in the best high German?

Unfortunately, this woman hasn't any helpful references, neither to prominent politicians, nor to influential financiers, nor to competent journalists.

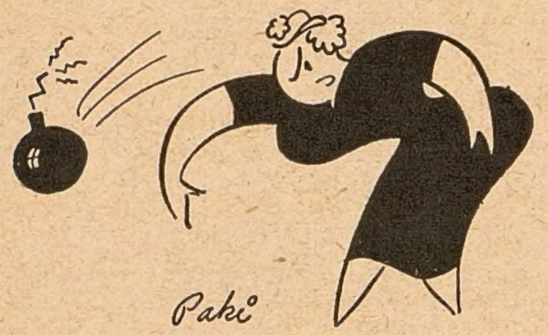
What is there to do in a desperate situation like this?

Must one commit robbery in the open air or an insolent kidnaping? Is it necessary to fling out a heavy bomb? To become a coiner or anybody's murderer?

Suicide is out of the question by this lively, energetic, and revolutionary woman, because she loves life and wants to enjoy it.

At all events: Something has to happen now!—*Viennese.*

[And something has happened—here she is in Vox Pop, where thousands of sympathetic souls will consider her peculiar predicament.—Vox Pop Editor.]



THE SMITH WHO IS "CLIPPER"

Tarentum, Pa.—In November 7 Vox Pop I noticed a letter signed by Peter Cashiol of Mingo Junction, Ohio, and your answer taking pains to correct Mr. Cashiol with regard to his correction of an article written by Jim Crowley of Fordham in the September 26 Liberty.

May I also correct you? We of the Tri-State area are accustomed to the term "Clipper" as applied to John P. Smith of Duquesne. However, I have heard of M. J. Smith of Villanova being called "Clipper" also.

All that remains for you to do is to decide who is correcting whom and why.

Maybe I'm in the wrong pew!
—*J. W. Nulty.*

[Many football fans have corrected us on mixing up the Smiths as to which bears the title of "Clipper." Our correction of Mr. Cashiol was based on the information given in Spalding's Official Football Guide (1936), which designates M. J. Smith as "Clipper."

It has been quite a little comedy of errors!—Vox Pop Editor.]

COMMON SENSE ON LINDBERGH CASE

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Just finished the very interesting article, What Will Happen Next in the Lindbergh Case? by Frederick L. Collins (November 7 Liberty), which is the first bit of common sense that I have read on this subject.

Like many of your readers, I am not convinced that this case has been solved by any means, and am with you one hundred per cent for its reopening, in order that the mystery may finally be solved.—*F. M. Blohm.*

WHAT WOULD JESUS DO?

Port Arthur, Tex.—Have just read What Would Jesus Do in the Present Crisis? by the Rev. Dr. Charles M. Sheldon (October 31 Liberty). It would be a fine thing if Liberty would print more articles like that.

What would Jesus do about birth control, which is destroying more life than all the accidents and diseases combined? Would He look with favor upon the industrial woman, whose greatest asset in industry is birth control so that she may enjoy financial gain?

Would He demand a house cleaning in our factories and offices so that all families might enjoy a decent living?

Would He sanction for a moment the present home destruction through divorce, the chief cause of which is birth control, adultery, and a perverted mind?
—*T. W. Feuge.*

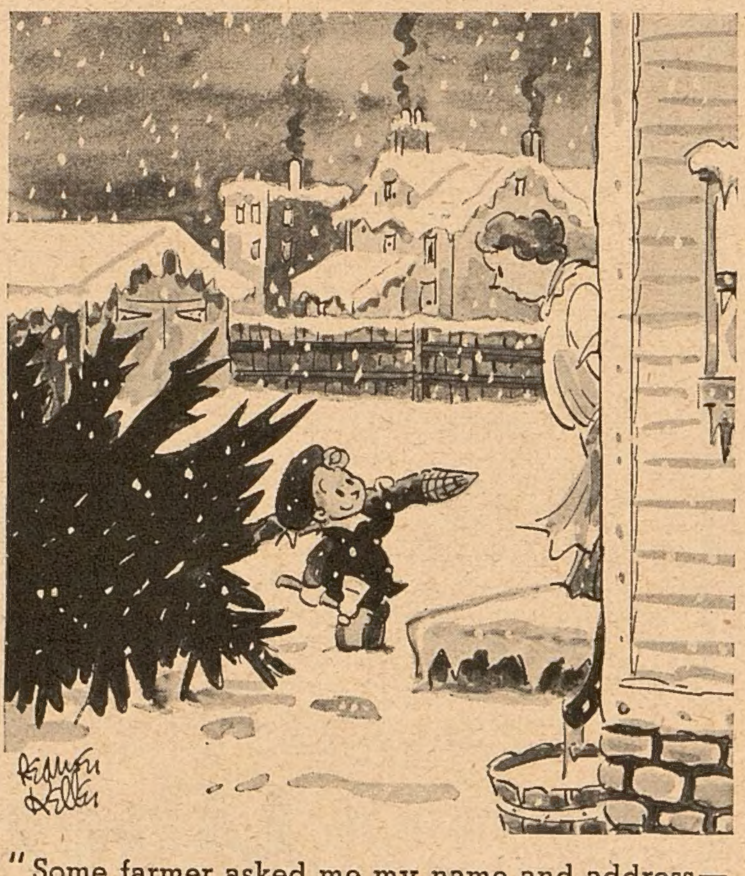
HORSESHOE UPSIDE DOWN

Lillooet, B. C.—Helluva way to place a horseshoe on page 7 of October 24 Liberty! Kentucky Derby stuff never got very far with all the luck running out of the horseshoe—a hoodoo to any race-horse story.

It has been twenty-four years since I left my native South, but that shouldn't change an age-old custom or superstition if you have it.

I can't read the story, for fear it will change my luck at Brighouse next summer.—*Dan G. Murray.*

"HARDTACK"



"Some farmer asked me my name and address—I guess he's going to come and see me sometime."

NO WIDOW CAN IMPROVE ON NATURE

Pasadena, Calif.—Allen Noe (November 7 Vox Pop) must have been hard hit by some widow to write so bitterly about all of us! Much that he says is true, however.

Of course we can "give any modern debutante or fast-thinking chorus girl cards and spades in the business of capturing men." Has not our one capture (or more) given us the experience and intelligence the two above-named lack? Intelligence is not book learning, it learning by experience; and being ma ried to a man or two or three has give us plenty!

As for "making suckers" of the men, nature attended so well to that, no widow could improve upon her work of creation. Man is so gullible that, fed an apple by a woman in Eden, he still feeds on "applesauce" unto this day; and judging by Allen Noe's letter, man still lays the blame upon woman for his temptation and fall! Blames her, be she maid, wife, or—*A Widow.*

PEOPLE DO NOT POSSESS GENDER

Greenville, Tex.—It would seem that Myrtle Cross and Victor Narkevitch (October 31 Vox Pop) are at odds over the alleged *gender* of created man. As I was taught in the public schools of Texas, people do *not* posses gender. Gender is the grammatical distinction of sex. Nouns and pronouns have gender, but my ancestors had sex. I might add that, in so far as I can calculate, the sex of fifty per cent of my ancestors was male and that of the other fifty per cent was female.
—*John William.*

WHAT DOES "PRO" MEAN?

St. Louis, Mo.—Considerable argument has arisen here as to the word "pro"—how it originated, what its meaning is, and why it is used instead of some other term that would be more readily descriptive in the particular term used.

Seems that the word "pro" is coming more and more into use, and it might be an interesting article to put in your magazine (of which I am a steady reader), or, if you like, answer me direct.
—*Henry J. Dentzman.*

[We never knew there was any argument about the derivation of the word "pro." Isn't it simply the abbreviation used for professional? Our dictionary says so.—Vox Pop Editor.]

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

It Happened In

VALHALLA, N. Y.--Valhalla's eighty volunteer firemen went to the fire commissioner's office to protest against a new fire siren installed in the neighboring town of North White Plains.

Their business affairs are being interrupted for no good reason. Worst of all, they are losing sleep.

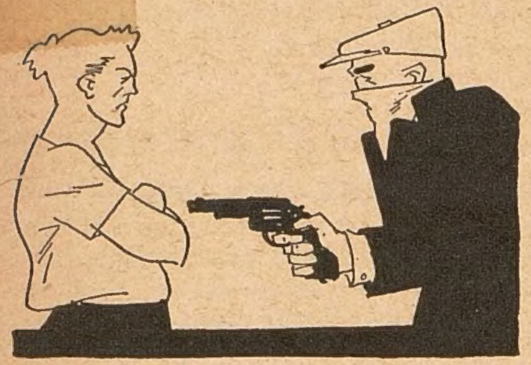
It's all because North White Plains has changed from a fire whistle that went "Whooo!" to a siren that goes "Wheee!"

Valhalla's siren goes "Wheee!" too.

CHICAGO, ILL.—"You should not point guns, Franz," said Mrs. Riedinger. "You ht hurt some one. But you can't me."

he stepped up to the intruder and pped off his mask. Then she gasped. he man was not her husband, but a real burglar. She screamed, wheeled to reach the telephone. The burglar shook her roughly.

"I ought to plug you for that," he growled. He fled with five dollars and her purse.



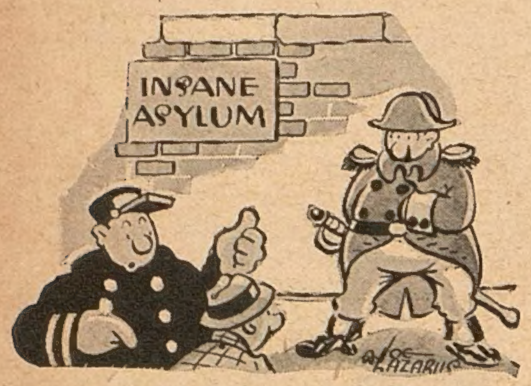
NORWICH, N. Y.—Swarms of bees, flies, and bugs stuck fast on his newly painted house puzzled F. E. Lothridge.

Lothridge had mixed the ingredients and painted the house himself.

The presence of the insects puzzled him until investigation showed a can of oil intact in his cellar, and an empty maple-syrup can near by.

SAN JOSE, CALIF.--Mrs. Anna Knepner has asked for a divorce on the grounds that she has been obliged to milk cows for thirty-one years.

Use the word "Office"



"He's office nut!"

CONTENTS

Editorial What Do the Workers Really Want? Bernarr Macfadden 4

Short Stories
When That Day Comes....... Charles C. Leavitt 10
He Learned About Women—Liberty's Short Short Guiles Davenport 19
The Fourth Bride.................... Naomi Lane Babson 22
Thank You . . . Thank You . . . So Much!! .. Della Deil 40
Love Letters of a Prizefighter and a Hollywood Extra Bert Green 55

Serials
Beginning—
Music in His Feet.......................Robert Neal Leath 28
Wise Virgin—Part II.........................Walton Green 46
Wendel Tells All—Part IV.................Paul H. Wendel 58

Articles
Rah, Rah, Russia!......................Nolen Bulloch 6
If King Edward Should Marry an American Frederick L. Collins 16
Peeking Under the Mat..................Norton B. Jackson 20
Underworld Nights......................Edward Doherty 37
More Private Flying.......................Eugene L. Vidal 54

Features To the Ladies! by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin 26; Color Clothes a Lovelorn Caravan—Movies—by Beverly Hills 43; Good Books by Oliver Swift 53; Twenty Questions, 57; $200 Cover Limerick Contest, 62; Crossword Puzzle, 63; Vox Pop, 64; It Happened In—, 66.

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER PAINTED BY JOHN NEWTON HOWITT

IS CLARK GABLE A CHANGED MAN?

It is five years since the "great god Gable" declared that when he had made enough money he was going to quit Hollywood and travel—do the things and see the things he had always wanted to.

How does he feel today? Have the five years of success changed his viewpoint? Has Gable "gone Hollywood"?

Five years ago he had just tasted fame and fortune. He was powerful, dynamic, slightly antagonistic—a little gauche. What is this man today? What have the last five years done to him?

Adela Rogers St. Johns has been a friend of Clark Gable for years—it was to her he confided his five-year plan for retirement. She has just seen him again and asked about it. The surprising things she learned she will tell you in Liberty next Wednesday in an amazingly frank article about the man who, today as well as five years ago, is the greatest drawing card in moving pictures!

THE SPANISH CROWN PRINCE TALKS ABOUT THE THRONE

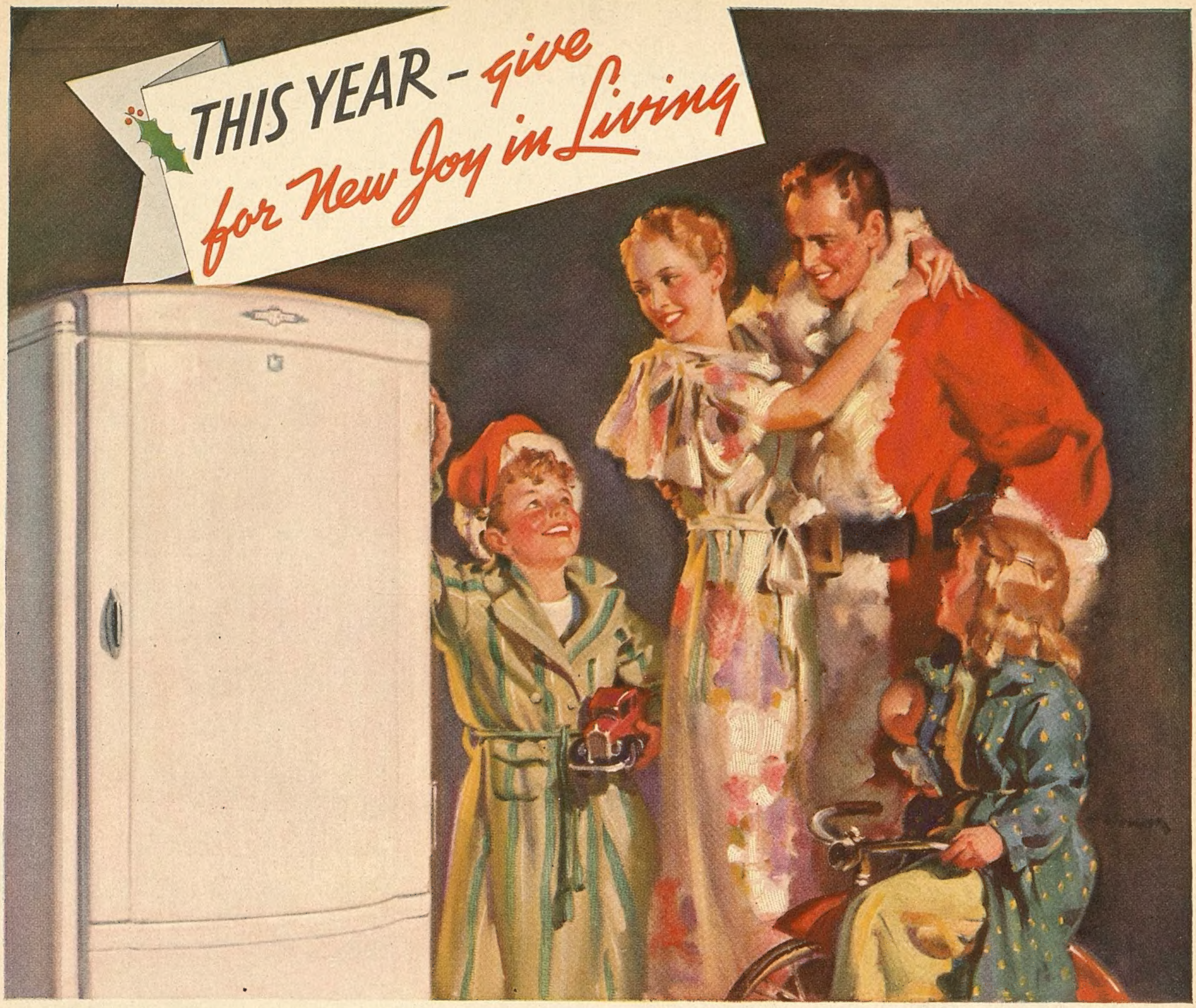
What will be the outcome of the murderous civil war raging in Spain? Just who are the "rebels" and for what do they stand? Do they represent an uprising by a handful of ambitious military leaders, or is the movement backed by a majority of the people of Spain? And what about former King Alfonso? On which side does he stand—and the rest of the royal family?

Count de Covadonga, former Prince of the Asturias, speaks with authority on these questions in an article in Liberty next week. Furthermore, he reveals frankly the place that the royal family occupies in the turbulent Spanish scene, and makes some very significant predictions as to their future course of action and the bearing the civil war has on the general peace of Europe. It is decidedly an article that you do not want to miss!

Also stories and articles by John Erskine, Frederick L. Collins, H. L. Mencken, Lenora Mattingly Weber, Bert Green, Nat Holman, and others.

NEXT WEEK IN Liberty ON SALE DEC. 16

Get Your Copy of Liberty on Wednesday


THIS YEAR - give
for New Joy in Living

Frigidaire WITH THE "Meter-Miser"

The Gift That Keeps Food Safer at an Amazing Saving
. . . and PROVES IT!

• This Christmas brings your long-awaited opportunity to give the Gift for New Joy in Living, the New Frigidaire with the Meter-Miser. You may be sure it will delight Mother beyond words. For it will fulfill to perfection her dream of some day having this magnificent new "refrigerated pantry" for her very own.

A glorious thrill in store for all

Tempting new frozen delicacies. Luscious salads, desserts and drinks. Alluring novelty and variety in meals. Food kept safer than ever before. All this will be yours to enjoy in fullest measure.

And the first lady of your home will discover an utterly new kind of convenience in Frigidaire's stunning cabinet—wider, roomier, with its shelf space out in front, instantly reached. Yet she will save money out of her present budget every day! For Frigidaire not only saves amazingly on food bills, but its miracle cold-making unit, the Meter-Miser, cuts current cost to the bone! No wonder Frigidaire is preferred by thousands of America's smartest housekeepers!

The gift that gives you PROOF!

There are no disappointments when you give a Frigidaire. For you buy not on mere claims or promises, but on eye-witness PROOF, right in your Frigidaire Dealer's store. Visit him today. See the PROOF that Frigidaire meets not just one or two, but *All Five* Standards for Refrigerator Buying. Then arrange for delivery to your home on a pay-as-you-save plan so liberal it will astonish you. Every year from now on, you'll be glad you gave this Gift for New Joy in Living.

FRIGIDAIRE DIVISION
General Motors Sales Corporation • Dayton, Ohio

G M
FRIGIDAIRE
MADE ONLY BY GENERAL MOTORS
Look for this Name-Plate

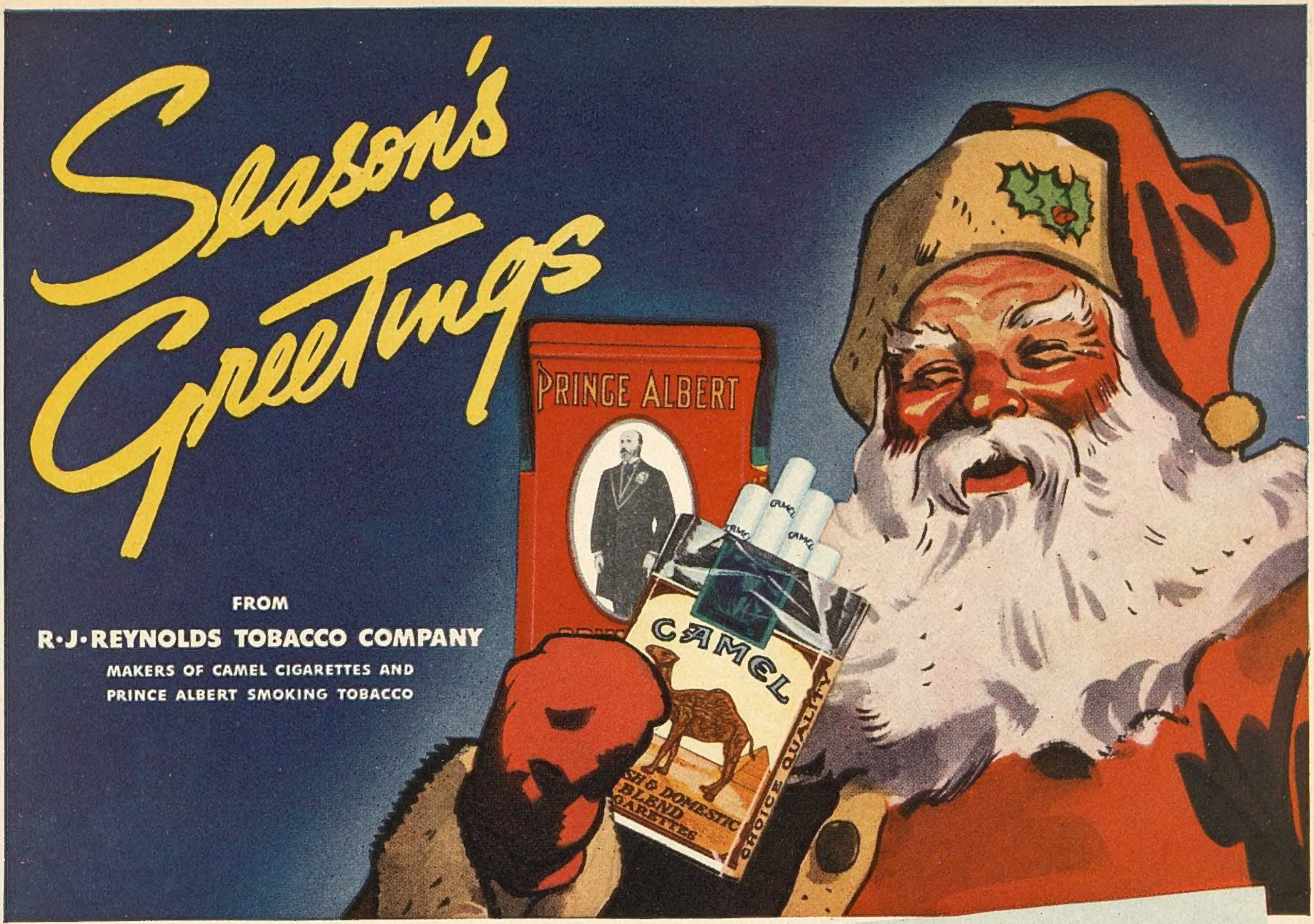
Sterling Silver Gift Medallion
Affixed Free of Charge

To Mary
CHRISTMAS
1936

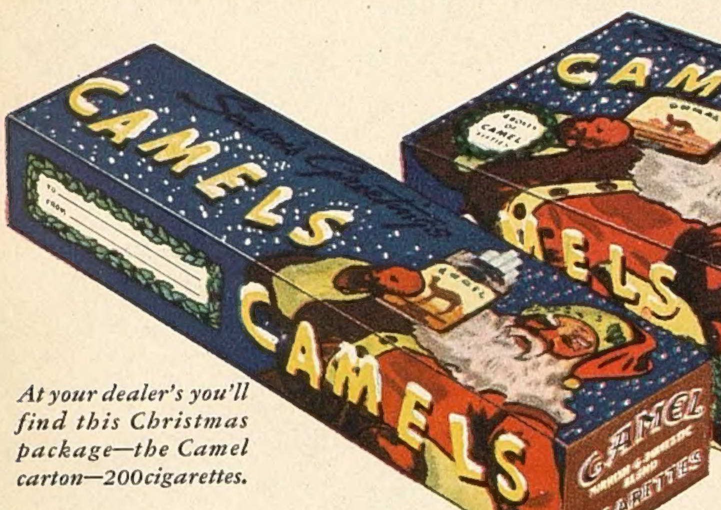
This handsome medallion, engraved with any inscription you desire, will be affixed to your Christmas Frigidaire free of charge—a permanent record of your Gift for New Joy in Living.

"IT'S WONDERFUL HOW MUCH FARTHER MY ALLOWANCE GOES NOW!"

• Frigidaire will actually save money for Mother every day. Its exclusive cold-making unit, the Meter-Miser, cuts food-protection cost to the bone! Yet keeps food safer, freezes more ice—faster, and guards against service expense because it's the simplest refrigerating mechanism ever built! Quiet, unseen, trouble-free!


Season's Greetings
PRINCE ALBERT
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

FROM
R·J·REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES AND
PRINCE ALBERT SMOKING TOBACCO


Season's Greetings
CAMELS
CAMELS
CAMELS
CAMEL
CIGARETTES

At your dealer's you'll find this Christmas package—the Camel carton—200 cigarettes.

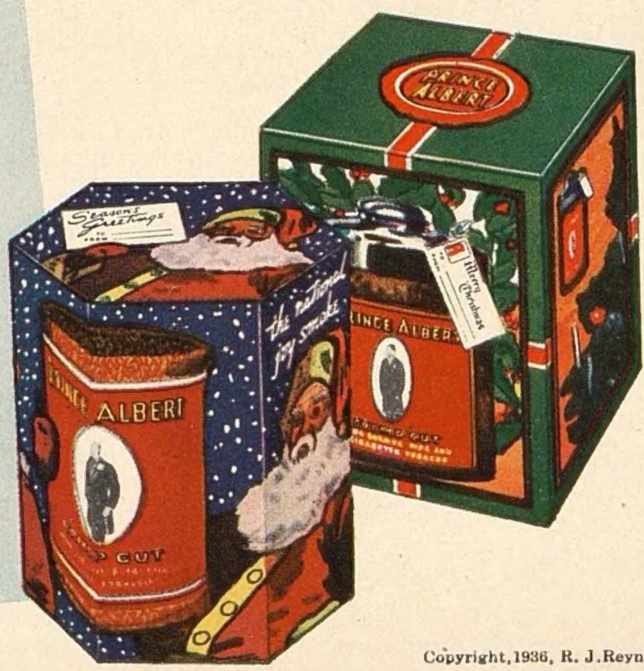
Another Christmas special—4 boxes of Camels in "flat fifties"—wrapped in gay holiday dress. {right, above}

Camels

There's no more acceptable gift in Santa's whole bag than a carton of Camel Cigarettes. Here's the happy solution to *your* gift problems. Camels are sure to be appreciated. And *enjoyed!* With mild, fine-tasting Camels, you keep in tune with the cheery spirit of Christmas. Enjoy Camels at mealtime—between courses and after eating — for their aid to digestion. Get an invigorating "lift" with a Camel. Camels set you right! They're made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

Prince Albert

It's easy to please all the pipe-smokers on your list. Just give them the same mellow, fragrant tobacco they choose for *themselves* — Prince Albert — the National Joy Smoke. "P. A." is the largest-selling smoking tobacco in the world—as mild and tasty a tobacco as ever delighted a man. And Prince Albert does not "bite" the tongue. Have bright red-and-green Christmas packages of Prince Albert waiting there early Christmas morning . . . to wish *your* friends and relatives the merriest Christmas ever.


Season's Greetings
PRINCE ALBERT
the national joy smoke
PRINCE ALBERT
PRINCE ALBERT
Merry Christmas
CRIMP CUT

One full pound of mild, mellow Prince Albert—the "biteless" tobacco—packed in the cheerful red tin and placed in an attractive Christmas gift package. {far left}

Here's a full pound of Prince Albert, packed in a real glass humidor that keeps the tobacco in perfect condition and becomes a welcome possession. Gift wrap. {near left}

Copyright, 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.